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THE

COMPLETE WORKS OF GEORGE HERBERT.

VOL. I. VERSE.

MEMORIAL-INTRODUCTION.
THE TEMPLE: THE CHURCH-PORCH AND THE CHURCH; OR SACRED POEMS AND PRIVATE EJACULATIONS.
NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

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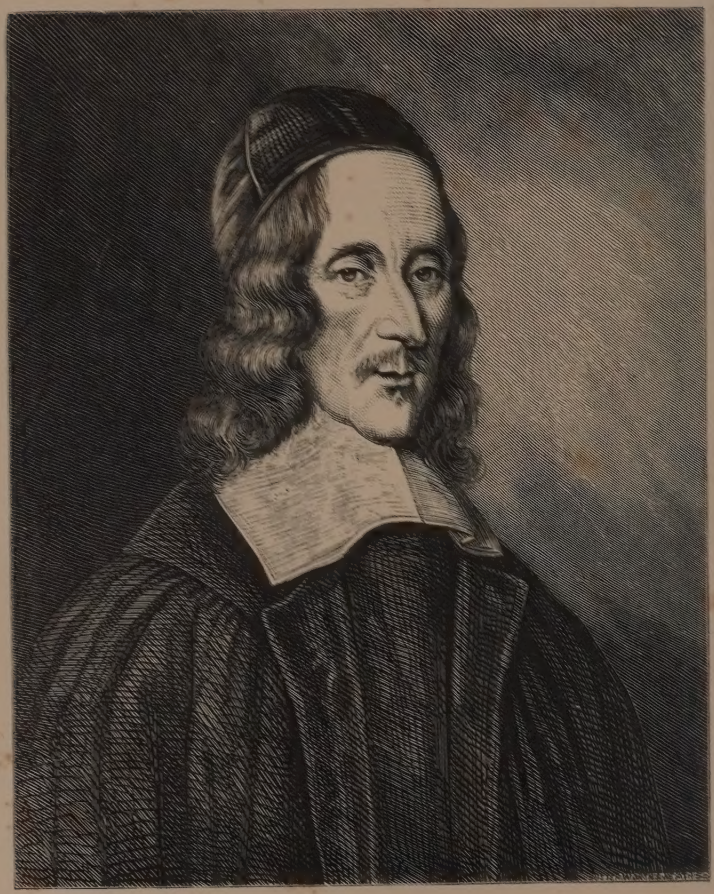

The Fuller Worthies' Library.

THE COMPLETE WORKS

IN VERSE AND PROSE

OF

GEORGE HERBERT.

FOR THE FIRST TIME FULLY COLLECTED AND COLLATED WITH THE ORIGINAL AND EARLY EDITIONS AND MSS. AND MUCH ENLARGED WITH

I. HITHERTO UNPRINTED AND INEDITED POEMS AND PROSE FROM THE WILLIAMS MSS. ETC.
II. TRANSLATION OF THE WHOLE OF THE LATIN AND GREEK VERSE AND LATIN PROSE.
III. MEMORIAL-INTRODUCTION, ESSAY ON LIFE AND WRITINGS, AND NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.
IV. IN QUARTO, PORTRAITS ON STEEL, AND OTHER SPECIALLY-PREPARED ILLUSTRATIONS AND FACSIMILES.

Edited by the

REV. ALEXANDER B. GROSART,
ST. GEORGE'S, BLACKBURN, LANCASHIRE.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. I. VERSE.

PRINTED FOR PRIVATE CIRCULATION.
1874.

106 *copies only.*

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TO

EDWARD JAMES HERBERT,

HIGH STEWARD OF THE UNIVERSITY OF CAMBRIDGE; BARON CLIVE OF PLASSEY IN THE KINGDOM OF IRELAND; BARON HERBERT OF CHERBURY; VISCOUNT CLIVE OF LUDLOW; AND FOURTH EARL OF POWIS;

I dedicate

THIS FIRST ADEQUATE EDITION OF THE COMPLETE POEMS OF HIS SAINTLY ANCESTOR;

VERY RESPECTFULLY AND GRATEFULLY,

ALEXANDER B. GROSART.

CONTENTS.

Those with a star [*] are in the Williams MS.; † indicates additions or various readings in the Notes and Illustrations; ‡ appear for the first time. These markings (left side) apply to all the volumes. The ¶ and § prefixed to the headings of the poems of The Temple are given as in 1632-3 onward. G.

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II. The interior of Leighton Bromswold Church, showing the Reading-desk and Pulpit, &c., after a photograph by Maddison, Huntingdon . . . . . *to face page* xxv

III. Bemerton Church (before its restoration), after an original painting by T. G. Targett, Salisbury . . . . . *on page* xxv

IV. (1) South-east view of the Church of St. Mary, Leighton Bromswold, from Dr. Zouch's edition of Walton's 'Lives;' (2) View of the Church and Parsonage of Bemerton, from an original drawing taken on the spot (1825) for the Venerable Archdeacon Coxe; (3) View of Fuggleston Church, from an original drawing made on the spot (1825). These three from Major's edition of Walton's 'Lives' (1825) . . *to face page* lv

*** Nos. II. and IV. (1, 2, 3) are anastatic etchings by Rev. W. F. Francis, Bury St. Edmunds, Suffolk, reproduced by Mr. Stephen H. Cowell, Ipswich.

PREFACE.

From Nicholas Ferrar and Barnabas Oley and Izaak Walton earlier, to William Pickering, James Yeowell, William Jerdan, Robert Aris Willmott, and C. Cowden Clarke more recently, many loving and capable Editors have spent time and pains (in the old sense) on the Works of the '*divine* Herbert'—epithet irreversible as 'judicious' for Richard Hooker, 'holy' for Richard Baxter. I wish, therefore, right cordially to acknowledge the labours of my predecessors on this Worthy. It were to belie my innermost feeling, not to express my sense of obligation with emphasis. Nevertheless, it may be permitted me to point out certain things whereby the present edition claims to be in advance of others:

1. *For the first time* the text throughout is reproduced in integrity of wording and orthography. Collation and re-collation of the original and early editions revealed manifold, in some cases flagrant and ignorant, departures from both, and important errors in even the most careful, while the punctuation has been chaos (*e.g.* Pickering's, 1835, 1838, and onward: Bell and Daldy's=Yeowell, 1865: Willmott: Jerdan: Clarke). The more prominent are pointed out in their places in the Notes and Illustrations, and others will be recognised by the critical Student. The text of Herbert has suffered more than most from successive misprints, and small but in the aggregate destructive changes and 'improvements' by successive Editors.

As Mr. CHRISTIE, in his Dryden, well observes: 'The importance of corrections of this sort will not be judged by the smallness of the change for the worse introduced by carelessness or design' (Pref. p. xii.). A few out of many examples may interest here, although their full importance can only be arrived at by an examination of them in their text and context. Taking Pickering's exquisite edition typographically of 1835, and others later, the following are noticeable; Yeowell's, as really careful, is also in some instances chosen:

1. The Printers to the Reader: 'No man can more ambitiously seek than he did earnestly endeavour the resignation of an ecclesiastical dignitie, which he was *possessour* of;' misprinted 'professor:' Bell and Daldy (=Yeowell, 1865, &c.). Willmott and Clarke have strangely omitted the whole of this admirable Epistle, written by Nicholas Ferrar.

2. Ibid. 'And these are but 'a few:' '*a*' dropped out.

3. *The Church Porch*, st. vi. l. 5, 'devest:' mis-spelled 'divest;' see Note *in loco*. So in 83. Vanitie, l. 15; and Yeowell, &c.

4. Ibid. st. xiii. l. 3, 'Cowards *tell* her:' Willmott misprints 'tells.'

5. Ibid. st. xxiv. l. 5, 'Loose not thyself:' Pickering, Yeowell, and all, misprint 'Lose,' to the losing of the sense; see Note *in loco*.

6. Ibid. st. xxx. l. 5, 'makes his *cloth* too wide:' Pickering, Yeowell, and all, misprint 'clothes.'

7. Ibid. st. lxx. l. 2, 'send them to *thine* heart:' ibid. 'thy,' an abounding 'improvement' in all.

8. Ibid. st. lxxi. l. 6, 'are either:' 'improved' to 'either are' in all.

9. 2. *The Sacrifice*, l. 110, 'usèd and wishèd:' misprinted by all 'wish'd,' which spoils the line.

10. Ibid. l. 234, 'Yet by my subjects *am* condemn'd to die:' misprinted '*I'm*' by Yeowell and Clarke also.

11. 3. *The Thanksgiving*, l. 34, 'But mend *mine* own :' misprinted 'my ;' a frequent 'improvement,' ibid.

12. Ibid. line 41, 'that all together may accord :' misprinted 'altogether,' which makes nonsense ; so Yeowell.

13. 6. *The Sinner*, l. 12, 'thine :' again 'thy,' and so frequently 'e'en' for 'ev'n.'

14. 10. *Easter, The Song*, line 1, '*straw* Thy way :' misprinted 'strew ;' so Yeowell and Clarke.

15. 12. *Holy Baptisme*, l. 5, 'spring and *rent* :' misprinted 'vent ;' so Yeowell.

16. 16. *Affliction*, l. 21, 'straw'd :' misprinted 'strew'd ;' so Clarke and Yeowell.

17. Ibid. l. 25, 'begun :' misprinted 'began ;' see Note *in loco*, ibid.

18. Ibid. l. 26, 'cleave :' misprinted 'clave ;' wrong, as the present tense follows ; so Yeowell.

19. 17. *Repentance*, l. 3, 'momentanie :' misprinted 'momentarie ;' see Note *in loco ;* so Yeowell and Clarke.

20. 18. *Faith*, l. 26, 'gainèd :' misprinted 'gain'd,' which spoils the line ; so Yeowell.

21. 22. *Love*, l. 24, 'Thy goods :' Willmott misprints 'gods.'

22. 33. *Sinne*, l. 10, 'sinnes in perspective :' misprinted 'prospective ;' so Yeowell, Willmott, Clarke, &c.

23. 35. *Church-Monuments*, l. 7, '*this* school :' misprinted or 'improved' to 'the,' which weakens the sense.

24. 45. *Constancie*, l. 22, 'tentations ;' misspelled 'temptations ;' so Yeowell and Clarke.

25. 48. *Sunday*, l. 11, 'worky-days :' misprinted 'working-days' by Clarke, &c.

26. 49. *Avarice*, l. 7, 'wert :' misprinted 'wast ;' so Yeowell and Clarke.

27. 52. *Employment*, l. 25, 'dressèd :' misprinted 'dresseth,' ibid.

28. 53. *Deniall*, l. 8, 'pleasures :' misprinted 'pleasure.'

29. 57. *The World*, l. 14, 'sommers,' Fr. sommier= beams: misprinted 'summers;' so Yeowell and Clarke.

30. 90. *Providence*, l. 136, 'non-sense :' misprinted and makes 'nonsense,' ibid.

31. Ibid. l. 146, 'advise :' misprinted 'advice,' ibid.

32. 97. *Giddiness*, l. 15, 'it's :' misprinted ''tis,' ibid.

33. 105. Eph. iv. 30, ll. 4, 5, 'grievèd, griev'd :' misprinted both 'grieved,' although the metre requires 'griev'd' in l. 5, ibid.

34. 106. *The Familie*, l. 10, 'plaies,' qy.='plies :' misprinted 'plays,' ibid.

35. 111. *The Pilgrimage*, l. 14, 'wold :' misprinted 'world,' which is neither sense nor rhyme; see Note *in loco*.

36. 129. *The Search*, l. 21, 'I tun'd :' misprinted absurdly 'turn'd;' so Yeowell and Clarke.

37. *On Lord Danvers*, Vol. II. p. 47, l. 6, 'the :' misprinted 'thy,' ibid.

38. *The Church Militant*, Vol. II. p. 5, l. 55, 'Christ-Crosse:' misprinted 'Christ's-Cross;' see Note *in loco*, ibid.

The Greek and Latin have been hitherto most slovenly given; perhaps ours will be found accurate, as well in the previously published as in the new from MSS. The Prose of Herbert would furnish an equally long list of misprints and improvements. I limit myself now to the *Jacula Prudentum*, and I take Yeowell's text (Bell and Daldy, 1865), with this result on collation of the 1640 and 1651 editions, apart from misspellings: 'shoulders' for 'shoulder,' 'drowning' for 'a-drowning,' 'comes' for 'come,' 'heavens' for 'havens,' 'deaths' for 'dearths,' 'weight' for 'weigh,' 'payer' for 'prayer,' 'loved' for 'beloved, 'light' for 'night,' 'brambles' for 'brables,' 'mouth,' for 'month,' &c.

These are a mere handful, put down *currente calamo* as I send away the proof-sheets collated with my revised text. In Notes and Illustrations there are others fully and

critically discussed.[1] The whole of these errors and corruptions have been anxiously rectified and purified in this edition. In so doing I have had constantly before me all the editions of the Verse from the first, 1632-3, to the thirteenth, 1709, as well as after ones until now; and similarly with the Prose.

II. *For the first time* are recorded in the Notes and Illustrations the many Various Readings (*a*) from MSS., (*b*) original and early editions; most of the rarest literary and biographic value.

III. *For the first time* there is furnished anything like a critical and exegetical commentary, in Notes and Illustrations, on all calling for elucidation. Herbert's reading was as odd and discursive as ever was Robert Burton's, and its application as allusive and unexpected as Thomas Fuller's; and there are subtleties and obscurities —shadows broaden by the measure of light from whence they are objected—of thinking and construction and wording, as well as quaint notices of now-forgotten manners, customs, and usages, that claim record and explanation. Hitherto all, or nearly all, have been left as though readers were still contemporaries. A more meagre and inadequate, not to say discreditable, annotation than that thus far bestowed on HERBERT is scarcely predicable of any other classic. I may be excused stating that I have not spared myself or willing fellow-workers any toil of search and research, or prolonged and deliberate study, in order worthily to furnish this body of Notes and Illustrations. No real difficulty has been consciously shirked; and I

[1] It is remarkable how self-evident misprints escape even keen eyes —*e.g.* how strange that in 64. 'Man,' line 8, it should have been left to me to discover the long-continued error of 'no' for 'mo'=more. 1632-3 originated the blunder; the Williams MS. enabled me authoritatively to correct it. So in the Parodox, line 39, 'plaint our case' (in Vol. II.), from Dr. Bliss onwards, the MS. contraction 'o^{r}'= our has been misprinted 'or,' which makes nonsense. Errors of this type abound.

venture to hope that readers will not consult these Notes without obtaining help in their understanding (or misunderstanding) of the text.

IV. *For the first time* relatively large additions are given, from (*a*) MSS., (*b*) overlooked books (*e.g.* six English sacred poems, and nearly the whole of *Passio Discerpta* and *Lucus*, from the Williams MS., the 'Psalms,' from Playford (one first reprinted by Farr), and other single poems; so also in the Prose. Including the Translations, there is fully a third of absolute addition, in quality equal to the best hitherto printed, with slight exceptions.

V. *For the first time* the Latin and Greek verse and the Latin prose are translated, including the Latin first printed by us from the MSS. As already remarked, beautiful editions typographically have only made the more offensive the unscholarly misprints of Greek and Latin—*e.g.* Pickering's and Willmott's, &c.

VI. *For the first time*, in the Memorial-Introduction, various new outward facts will be found—*e.g.* his ancestry; his education, dates and circumstances; his supposed 'deaconship' shown to have been a probable error; his 'sinecure office' once held by Sir Philip Sydney; his marriage entry, &c.; his will, and other points. In Vol. III. I carefully reprint Izaak Walton's 'Life' of HERBERT, with considerable additions, elucidatory and corrective; but it had been mere editorial laziness to have contented myself therewith. It is one of those books that must live; yet for facts and dates, none who follow 'meek Izaak' can trust him. I name this with the profoundest veneration for his winsome memory. Hence our Memorial-Introduction. Perhaps our Essay on the Life and Writings will be found of use to some students, as interpreting inward significances.

VII. *For the first time* (in our quarto) the original Portrait of HERBERT, as first given in the edition of The

Temple of 1674, is reproduced faithfully; that is, without touching up or idealisation. Taken probably from a crayon drawing *ad vivum* by R. White,—an engraver who ranks with Faithorne, Vertue, Vaughan, Gaywood, and Marshall,—the history of this portrait is but imperfectly known; but as it is the admitted source of all the subsequent engravings, it is easy for any one to decide between it and the others. From Sturt (1703) onward to Jerdan's and Willmott's (Routledge and Tegg) and Pickering's, of 1835, 1844, &c., and Bell and Daldy's (Yeowell's), there has been a gradual obliteration of the lines and look of the 'o'er-inform'd' face. Of the wood-engravings nothing need be said, save that they are no more HERBERT than the publishers'. Of Pickering's, the steel engraving of 1835 is the best; retouched for 1844 and later, to the worse. Major's, in Walton's 'Lives' (1825), by Warren, like Pickering's, is a good bit of work as work, but is even more untrue than Pickering's; so the engraving by Engleheart in Willmott's 'Lives of the Sacred Poets.'

My opinion is that the 1674 engraving gives us GEORGE HERBERT when somewhat wasted by his disease; and hence any portrait that does not preserve the angularities of the original gives a wrong impression of the man. In the Pickering and Major engravings there seems to me also too much of an attempt to express his intellect and intellectual bright-eyedness in his face, which results in the diminishing of other characteristics. To me, comparing it with 1674, the forehead is too perpendicular and too regular. The arches of the eyelids (though this is hardly so visible in the 1835 plate) are made too much arcs of a circle of the same level, whereas in the 1674 there is a slight up-turning of the outer part of each; and from this or some other cause, and from the greater compression of the upper lip in the Pickering, we lose the expression of gentle humour which is apparent in the 1674, and which, as it existed in HERBERT, goes

to prove that this last was a more faithful and artistic copy than from its somewhat coarse style might be imagined. In the Pickering also the nose is not curved but hooked, more Cæsarine or Wellingtonian, and it wants that indication of HERBERT'S emotional temper which his brother, Lord Cherbury, designated by 'choler'—the more marked nostril. To conclude, in this old portrait of 1674 I seem to see thoughtfulness mingled with quiet 'wit,' and a gentleness and mildness that would not give a harsh answer or a harsh reproof; but with deep conflict-born lines, and indications of a quick, somewhat impulsive, and (using the word in its fuller and older sense) passionate mind. Every true and reverent lover of GEORGE HERBERT must agree with me in returning upon the only authentic engraving, viz. of 1674; all the more that, for the reasons given, it is in every way superior to the later 'improvements' upon it. It is just that worn, wistful, ascetic, unearthly face of the HERBERT we love, not untouched of awe, 'so awful is goodness.' I would note the glowing dark eyes, the small sensitive mouth,—liker a woman's than a man's,—the long Shakespearean upper lip, slightly moustached, the thin tremulous-nostrilled nose, the wasting cheeks. In the touched-up modern engravings (that in the 'Leisure Hour' for our Papers therein—and re-given in our octavo, simply because hastily promised—not excepted) the nose and chin especially are false to character. In the 1674 edition also appeared for the first time these Lines, which 'should have been under his Picture':

> 'Behold an orator, divinely sage,
> The prophet and apostle of that Age:
> View but his Porch and Temple, you shall see
> The body of divine philosophy.
> Examine well the lines of his dead face,
> Therein you may discern wisdom and grace.
> Now if the shell so lovely doth appear,
> How orient was the pearl imprison'd here!'

'He was,' says Walton, 'of a stature inclining towards leanness; his body was very straight, and so far from being cumbered with too much flesh, that he was lean to an extremity. His aspect was cheerful, and his speech and motion did both declare him a gentleman; for they were all so meek and obliging, that they purchased love and respect from all that knew him.' Aubrey states that 'he was of a very fine complexion.'

Besides this portrait, which has practically been withheld for two hundred years (1674-1874), daintily done by Mr. W. J. Alais, of London,—who has so exquisitely engraven for us Donne, Marvell, Southwell, Sidney, Bp. Croft similarly, and the noble full-sized Edmund Spenser,—I, for *the first time*, furnish illustrations of HERBERT persons, places, and things of the deepest interest, all prepared expressly for myself (*e. g.* the HERBERT family monument, and sculptured portrait-Faces of his father and mother; Leighton Bromswold Church, within and without; Bemerton; facsimile of Williams MS., &c.), the whole in our quartos. As in my edition of JOSEPH FLETCHER'S Poems, I am deeply indebted to Rev. W. F. FRANCIS, of Bury St. Edmunds, for the anastatic etchings.

Other features of this edition will be discovered by the observant reader. I indulge the hope that my labours on this Worthy will bring renewed attention equally to the holy and beautiful Life and the unique Writings. Whoever turns to either will find himself in fellowship with a 'lovely spirit' of a grand Age;

> 'When the world, travelling an uneven way,
> Encounter'd greater truths in every lot,
> And individual minds had power to force
> An epoch, and divert its vassal course.'[1]

In the Essay (Vol. II.) I give account—as introduction to a critical statement of characteristics—of the Williams and Bodleian MSS., and a singular MS. of most of The

[1] Poems of F. W. Faber, D.D. (1857), p. 518.

Temple, now in the library of my excellent friend Frederick W. Cosens, Esq., London. I have also therein the satisfaction of giving the notes of Archbishop Leighton (such as they are) in his copy of HERBERT—long a-missing and eagerly as fruitlessly sought for.

It is now a very pleasant duty to offer my sincere thanks to various reverers of GEORGE HERBERT for services rendered in the most spontaneous and kind way. I would name in the forefront the Rev. RICHARD WILTON, M.A., of Londesborough Rectory, Market Weighton, for his co-work on the translations, verse and prose. We have about halved between us the verse, Latin and Greek; and ours, as in Crashaw, has been a very delightful association. My Brother, on his part, has shown as cunning a faculty of poetic utterance as in his charming 'Wood Notes and Church Bells.' I would thank second, my never-failing, richly-stored friend, Dr. BRINSLEY NICHOLSON, who, as in others of the Fuller Worthies' Library, has responded to my many calls upon his very remarkable reading and insight with a generous willinghood that I find it difficult to acknowledge sufficiently. Throughout I am indebted to him in all manner of ways. To B. H. BEEDHAM, Esq., Ashfield House, Kimbolton; to Rev. THOMAS LADDS, M.A., Leighton Bromswold; to Rev. W. P. PIGOTT, M.A., Bemerton; to W. ALDIS WRIGHT, Esq., M.A., Trinity College, and Professor MAYOR, Cambridge; to G. H. WHITE, Esq., and Colonel CHESTER, London; to DAVID LAING, Esq., LL.D., Edinburgh; to CHARLES ROBSON, Esq. (of my Printers); to E. R. MORRIS, Esq., Homestay, Newtown; to Dr. MORRIS JONES, Liverpool; to Canon GREENFEL, Durham; and Rev. THOMAS BOYD, B.A., Bishop Auckland, and numerous voluntary Correspondents, I wish to express a sense of loving and grateful obligation for communication of facts and documents, verification of references, local notes, and other aids most agreeably rendered. At the British Museum

and Williams Libraries, and the Bodleian, Oxford, as invariably, I met with every facility and unreserve of available help. For the instant and confiding use of all the HERBERT MSS. in the Williams Library I must specially record my gratitude. A more genial, self-forgetting book-lover than the Williams Library-keeper (Rev. THOMAS HUNTER) I could not conceive. I feel sure that the Readers of my Essay will thank me for the full quotations from the Essays of Dr. SAMUEL BROWN, GEORGE GILFILLAN, Professor NICHOL, and the brilliant Paper in 'The Christian Remembrancer.' I have just learned that the author of the last is the Rev. ISAAC GREGORY SMITH, M.A., Vicar of Great Malvern, Worcestershire, in whose volume of collected Essays it forms one of various suggestive Papers.

Anything else needing to be said will be found elsewhere in these volumes. And now I offer my HERBERT as an honest piece of somewhat hard work; fitted perhaps to draw more and still more hearts to a genuine Singer and Thinker, to know and love whom deeper and nearer can only bring profit.

'And as the waxing moon can take
The tidal waters in her wake,
And lead them round and round, to break
Obedient to her drawings dim;
So may the movements of His mind,
The first Great Father of mankind,
Affect with answering movements blind,
And draw the souls that breathe by Him.'[1]

ALEXANDER B. GROSART.

PARK VIEW, BLACKBURN, LANCASHIRE,
4th March 1874.

Missing Letter from George Herbert to Bishop Lancelot Andrewes.

It is very much to be wished that the Letter thus men-

[1] Poems by Jean Ingelow (1864), p. 55.

tioned by Walton were recovered from its hiding-place: 'For the learned Bishop, it is observable, that at that time there fell to be a modest debate betwixt them two about Predestination, and Sanctity of Life; of both which the Orator did, not long after, send the Bishop some safe and useful aphorisms, in a long letter, written in Greek; which letter was so remarkable for the language and reason of it, that, after the reading it, the Bishop put it into his bosom, and did often show it to many Scholars, both of this and foreign nations; but did always return it back to the place where he first lodged it, and continued it so near his heart till the last day of his life.' I must indulge the 'Pleasures of Hope' that such a Letter has not perished; and I invite Readers to keep a vigilant outlook for it.

MEMORIAL-INTRODUCTION.

If the head of the House of Spenser, in his generation, was wisely advised to regard the name of Edmund Spenser in the roll of an illustrious ancestry as '*the richest jewel of his coronet*;' and if to-day one is glad to find an Earl Spencer eager to accept the (possible) lineage, and covetous to spell with an 's' rather than a 'c,'—equally is it the '*gloir*' of the families of Powis and Pembroke to be able —and perhaps more certainly—to inscribe in their descents the name of GEORGE HERBERT.

The late lamented SIDNEY HERBERT, Lord Herbert of Lea, father of the present Earl of Pembroke and Montgomery, showed his sense of the honour by public speech and many a beautiful letter when he sought to enlist friends, far and near—and splendidly succeeded—in the erection of a Church at Bemerton, in memorial of GEORGE HERBERT,—his boast of being a Sidney melting into a yearning and wistful gratitude that he was also a HERBERT of the GEORGE HERBERT stock; while the present scholarly Earl Powis—and hence our Dedication, which mere rank never should have won—has given various proofs of his sympathetic estimate of the same kinship. Our genealogical researches have revealed to us others high-placed and noticeable intrinsically, who claim the 'blood' of GEORGE HERBERT, and hold it as an inestimable possession.

Turning to the elaborate 'Ten Tables' of Pedigrees of the 'noble family of HERBERT' prefixed by Earl Powis to his private edition of Lord HERBERT of Cherbury's 'Expedition to the Isle of Rhé' (contributed to the Philobiblon Society, 1860, 4to), the first begins with Charlemagne and Hildegardis, daughter of Childebrand, Duke of Swabia; passes to Pipin and Bernard, kings of Italy (A.D. 810, 818), to HERBERTS Counts de Vermandois; and ends in Sir WILLIAM HERBERT, who is called William ap Thomas, of Ragland Castle (in Welsh, Margoah Gles or Gumrhi). The second Table is as follows:

Sir RICHARD HERBERT (as *supra*) = GLADYS, dau. and heir. of Sir David Gamm, Kt., and widow of Sir Roger Vaughan, Kt.

Sir RICHARD HERBERT, second son. = MARGARET, dau. of Thomas ap Griffith ap Nicholas, and sister of Sir Rice Thomas, K.G.

Sir RICHARD HERBERT, Kt., second son, seated at Montgomery. = ANN, dau. of Sir David ap Enion ap Llewellin Vaughan, Kt.

EDWARD HERBERT, first son. = ELIZABETH, dau. of Mathew Price, of Newton, com. Montgomery.

RICHARD HERBERT, first son, seated at Montgomery Castle, dyed 1597. = MAGDALEN, dau. of Sir Richard Newport, of High Ercall, coun. Salop, Knt., dyed 1627.

The last pair were the Father and Mother of GEORGE HERBERT, he having been their fifth son; their first, the afterwards variously-renowned EDWARD, Baron HERBERT of Cherbury.[1]

[1] Lord Powis's volume, as before, pp. v.-xvi. As only 40 copies were printed, it is almost equal to MS. The after Tables, iii. to x. are full of interest, though they are not without mistakes. Herbertiana: Montgomeryshire Collections, vol. vi. p. 410; vol. iii. p. 365; Burke's Landed Gentry, vol. i. p. 605, 'Hughes of Guerches.'

Looking at similar Pedigrees of the Mother, they prove equally remarkable. She was the youngest daughter of Sir Richard Newport, the largest landed proprietor of his time in the county of Salop, and descended, through the eldest daughter of Sir John Burgh, from the reigning princes of Powys-land. Her mother was Margaret Bromley, daughter and heiress of Sir Thomas Bromley, a member of the Privy Council, and an executor of the Will of King Henry VIII.[1]

[1] These family epitaphs, inedited, have been kindly transmitted to me by B. H. Beedham, Esq., Ashfield House, Kimbolton:

I.

Here lyethe the bodyes of Sir Rychard
Newporte Knyghte whiche dyed beinge one of
the quenes mat Counsell in the marches of
Wales and disceased the xij daye of
September in the yeare of our lord god 1570
and dame Margaret his Wyef which disceased
the in the yeare of or lorde god

[Underneath round two shields]
Dame Margaret: Newport daughter of Justis
Brōlye.

(From Wroxeter Church, Salop.)

II.

Here lyeth sr thomas bromley Knyght whyche
dyed beyng lord chyffe Justes of england also
beyng on of the executors to the kyng of
most famous memorye henry the eyghtthe whyche
desised the xv day of may in ano dñi 1555
& dame Isabell his wyfe the whyche desesed
in the the yere of oure lord
on whose sowles god haue mcy.

[Underneath]
Margaret wyfe unto R [?] Newport daughtr
& heire unto the right worshypfull
Knyght.

(From Wroxeter Church, Salop.)

These are respectively the father and mother of HERBERT's mother, and the maternal grandfather. See Lord Campbell's Lives of the

Of RICHARD HERBERT we have proud words by his eldest-born in the famous Autobiography, mainly recounting deeds of daring and single-mindedness: and from Barnabas Oley and Izaak Walton. 'My father,' observes his son, 'I remember to have been black-haired and bearded, as all my ancestors of his side are said to have been; of a manly or somewhat stern look, but withal very handsome and well compact in his limbs, and of a great courage.'[1] He won an abiding repute for stout-heartedness, lavish hospitality, and kindness to the humblest. He 'sleeps well' and royally beneath a prominent altar-tomb in the Lymore-estate chancel of Montgomery Church.

Of Magdalen Newport more will fall to be said hereafter: now, suffice it to recall that Donne addressed to her a Sonnet 'Of S. Mary Magdalen,' playing on her Christian name, full of fine praise, and in her comparative old age composed his 'Autumnal Beauty' in her honour, and sings 'Affecyon here takes Reverence's name;'[2] and when she died preached one of his greatest sermons at her funeral; while in his 'Parentalia' GEORGE HERBERT never wearies in uttering his love, veneration, and gratitude,—one of the pieces (No. ii.) being second only to Cowper's 'On receiving his Mother's Picture.'

One should scarcely have minded to recount even thus much of 'endless genealogies,' if only titularly great names had formed the HERBERT lineage. As it is, the most

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Lord Chancellors (vol. ii. pp. 237-55) for Life of Sir Thomas Bromley. In Simon Thelwall's 'Le Digest des Briefes originels, et des choses concernants eux' (1579), I find a long and noticeable Epistle-dedicatory to Bromley, 'Knight, Lorde Chauncellour of Englande.' Cf. preceding reference, 'Herbertiana,' vol. vi.

[1] The Life of Edward Lord Herbert of Cherbury, reprint of Sir Walter Scott's edition of 1809, *n.d.* p. 11-12 (Moxon).

[2] Our edition of Donne's Poems, vol. i. pp. 187-190, for the 'Autumnal Beauty;' vol. ii. pp. 274-5, for the Sonnet.

cursory glance over Lord Powis's Ten Tables and the usual genealogies, will satisfy that the HERBERTS can hold their own against the bluest blood of England and France and Germany, and will verify Oley's eulogy that 'Mr. GEORGE HERBERT was extracted out of a generous [=generosus], noble, and ancient family;'[1] nor abate from Walton's, that he was of 'a Family that hath been blessed with men of remarkable wisdom, and a willingness to serve their country, and, indeed, to do good to all mankind; for which they are eminent.'[2] From century to century HERBERTS are found taking their places in some of the noblest and whitest pages of our national History; and so it remains 'unto this day.' Nor were it hard to establish that his descent counted for a good deal to GEORGE HERBERT, and furnishes elements of character that alone solve problems of his Life and Writings—none the less that, as an old snatch of Welsh song celebrates, it was a 'miller's daughter' who brought Montgomery Castle and other broad lands into the family. This is worth notice, perhaps, inasmuch as John Aubrey has preserved the lines in Welsh and English.[3] We can only find room for the latter:

'O God! woe is me miserable, my father was a miller,
And my mother a milleresse, and I am now a ladie.'

[1] 'Prefatory View of the Life and Virtues of the Author,' prefixed by Barnabas Oley to the Country Parson (1652).

[2] Life, 1670-1.

[3] Letters, as before, vol. ii. pp. 390-1. The account is as follows: 'In Brecknockshire, about three miles from Brecknock, is a village called Penkelly (Anglicè, Haselwood), where is a little castle. It is an ancient seat of the HERBERTS. Mr. HERBERT of this place came by the mother's side, a Wgan [Vaughan?]. The Lord Cherbury's ancestor came by the second venter, who was a miller's daughter. The greatest part of the estate was settled on the issue by the second venter, viz. Montgomery Castle and Aberystwith. Upon the match with the miller's daughter are to this day recited or sung by the Welsh these verses (as above).

One likes to indulge the 'Pleasures of Imagination' that she might have sat for our Laureate's 'Miller's Daughter,' the fair shy Alice; and it may be, the nineteenth-century love-story gives us a key to the earlier in fact and feeling alike, as thus:

'slowly was my mother brought
To yield consent to my desire:
She wish'd me happy, *but she thought*
I might have look'd a little higher;
And I was young—too young to wed:
"Yet must I love her for your sake;
Go, fetch your Alice here," she said:
Her eyelid quiver'd as she spake.
And down I went to fetch my bride:
But, Alice, you were ill at ease;
This dress and that by turns you tried,
Too fearful that you should not please.
I loved you better for your fears,
I knew you could not look but well;
And dews, that would have fall'n in tears,
I kiss'd away before they fell.
I watch'd the little flutterings,
The doubt my mother would not see;
She spoke at large of many things,
And at the last she spoke of me;
And turning look'd upon your face,
As near this door you sat apart,
And rose, and with a silent grace
Approaching, press'd you heart to heart.'[1]

[1] 'The Miller's Daughter;' in all the editions. *En passant*, not the least of Tennyson's services as a public Teacher as well as the supreme poet-artist of our age, is his inflexible assertion of the nobility of worth and of good kind hearts as over against 'bluest blood.' The sorrow is that at this time o' day any should forget that the humblest ichor is as really of God as is the 'bluest.' One is pained to find in unlooked-for places acceptance of the old folly of (so-called) mesalliance independent of character, and the converse; *e.g.* even Dr. John Hannah, in his excellent edition of the Poems and Psalms of Bishop Henry King (1843), thus annotates *in loco:* 'Robert Rich was married to Frances, fourth and youngest daughter

The Reader at this place (in our quarto form) might do worse than pause to study our anastatic etching of (*a*) The monument in Montgomery Church, showing all its quaintly-grand and storied details : (*b*) The two Faces of RICHARD and MAGDALEN HERBERT, more enlarged than in the full view of the monument.[1] In the base there are 'images' of the 'seven sons and three daughters ;'—as Oley remarks before Walton, 'Job's number and Job's distinction' (distribution). All are conventional, else the first and fifth had been priceless, for then we should have

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of Oliver Cromwell ; *but this degradation of a noble family* was not of long continuance, for Rich died on the 16th of the following February, aged 23' (p. 185). All my admiration and regard for Dr. Hannah cannot hinder me from protesting against such nonsense, and worse : at once unhistoric—for the Cromwells were of blood equal to any of the Riches—and false in its *morale*—seeing that Frances Cromwell was good and humble and noble after a very different type from the Riches ; while to-day where is the House that, apart from political partisanship, would not deem it renown to descend from Oliver Cromwell rather than from Charles II. and his polluted race? Matthew Prior struck deeper truth than perhaps he was aware of in an epigram-epitaph, which many in their Rank-fetishism would do well to ponder :

'Nobles and heralds, by your leave
Here lies—what once was Matthew Prior ;
The son of Adam and of Eve :
Can Bourbon or Nassau claim higher ?'

Better still is Bishop Hacket's verdict : 'Never was pedigree so well set out as that of Noah : These are the generations of Noah ; Noah was a just man,' &c. (Life by Plume, p. iii.).

[1] Taken expressly for me by Owen, artist-photographer of Newton, Montgomery, and reproduced by the Rev. W. F. Francis, Bury St. Edmunds, and Mr. Stephen H. Cowell, Ipswich. The lithograph of the HERBERT monument in Herbertiana (vol. vi.) was kindly placed at my service ; but it proved to be so scratchy and feeble, and obliterative of its character even architecturally, that I could not use it. The Monument and the enlarged sculptured portrait-Faces of RICHARD and MAGDALEN HERBERT are in Vol. II. (quarto)—the latter on steel.

looked on the child-faces of EDWARD and GEORGE HERBERT. In the two faces of Father and Mother (*meo judicio*) there is such vivid character and unflattering realism as assures us of portraiture by a 'cunning hand;' while a close study—as of those others at Stratford-on-Avon and St. Patrick's Cathedral, Dublin—brings out insignia that authenticate them beyond doubt. It is surely something to look on the true 'presentment' of the Father and Mother of GEORGE HERBERT (not to name the others).

The inscriptions of the monument do not record those honours of RICHARD HERBERT which find commemoration in the 'Autobiography,' *e.g.* Custos Rotulorum, Deputy-Lieutenant and Justice of the Peace for the county, and Governor of the Fortress of Montgomery;—but do tell that the 'monument was made at the cost of MAGDALEN his wife'—a notable thing, seeing her own 'effigie' beside her deceased lord, forms part of it, while Latin hendecasyllabics must have been prepared in the expectation that she too was to be laid there. These lines merit a passing minute's heed:

IN SEPULCHRUM RICHARDI HERBERTI, ARMIGERI, ET MAGDALENAE UXORIS EJUS; HENDECASYLLABA.

Quid virtus, pietas, amorve recti,
Tunc cum vita fugit, juvare possunt
In coelo relevent perenne nomen
Hoc saxum doceat, duos recludens
Quos uno thalamo fideque junctos
Heic unus tumulus, lapisve signat.
Jam longum sape, Lector, et valeto,
Æternum venerans ubique nomen.[1]

In English (by the 'sweet singer' of 'Wood Notes and Church Bells'[2]):

[1] John Aubrey's Letters, vol. ii. pp. 388-9, collated with the monument.

[2] Rev. Richard Wilton, M.A., Londesborough Rectory, Market Weighton.

ON THE SEPULCHRE OF RICHARD HERBERT, GENTLEMAN, AND MAGDALEN, HIS WIFE: HENDECASYLLABICS.

Goodness and love of truth, ah, what do they
Avail when this brief life has fled away?
Let this stone teach the lesson, that in heaven
To them an everlasting name is given:
This monumental stone, which shuts the door
On two, who in one faith were join'd of yore,
And one couch; and whom one tomb rises o'er.
Be wise for heaven, O Reader, and farewell,
And in the fear of God at all times dwell.

In an Essay on the Life and Writings of our Worthy[1] I give a critical examination of both in their inward meanings and significances and worth. In this Memorial-Introduction I limit myself very much to the outward Facts.

GEORGE HERBERT was born on the 3d of April 1593 in the Castle of Montgomery, Wales,[2]—the hereditary possession of his family from 'the Miller's Daughter,' if Aubrey and the Welsh verse are to be credited. That this Castle was the birthplace of our Worthy gives a new charm to Dr. Donne's charming poem of the 'Primrose Hill,' whereon it stands. At the time (according to Walton)[3] it was 'a place of state and strength, and had been successively happy in the family of the Herberts, who had long possessed it; and with it a plentiful estate, and hearts as liberal to their poor neighbours.' Even onward, when this 'family did in the late Rebellion suffer extremely in their estates, and the heirs of that Castle saw it laid level with that earth that was too good to bury those wretches that were the causes of it' ('meek' Izaak's ungentle words), Anthony a-Wood calls it 'a pleasant

[1] See Vol. II.

[2] Oley, Walton, and all the authorities; but see our annotated edition of the Life of Herbert by Walton, *in loco* (Vol. III.).

[3] Life of Herbert, as before; and so throughout, unless otherwise specified.

and romancy place;'[1] and Aubrey expatiates on 'the exquisite prospect four different ways'[2] from it. We have sought in vain for a view of this once noble Castle, prior to its destruction through the stern-sad necessities and retributions of the Commonwealth.[3] All that we have been able to furnish (again in our quarto) is a vignette of the Ruins.[4]

The birth-year—1593—reminds us that his Mother's friend and his own, Donne, was at the very time working on his toothed and memorable Satires, as the contemporary Harleian MS. 5110 bears, 'Jhon Dunne, his Satires, Anno Domini 1593;'[5] reminds us also that in that same year Richard Hooker was sending forth 'Book I.' of the 'Ecclesiastical Polity,' and—at an opposite pole—William Shakespeare his 'Venus and Adonis;' while 'by Mulla's shore' Edmund Spenser was perchance musing of 'Colin Clout's come home again.' 1593 is allusively notable too for the great and fearless Epistle-dedicatory of John Napier to the King, wherein, digressing from the 'Apoca-

[1] Athenæ Oxon. (Bliss), *s.n.*, Edward Lord Cherbury.

[2] Letters, as before.

[3] Sir Walter Scott, in his Preface to his edition of Lord Cherbury's Life (1809), thus with characteristic candour narrates the facts: 'When the differences between King Charles and his parliament broke out, Lord Herbert joined his interest to that of the latter. He seems previously to have made a speech in behalf of the king, which gave great offence to the House; but the year after he changed his politics and supported the parliament, for which change he became a great sufferer from the vengeance of the royalists.—Parl. Hist. vol. xi. pp. 3, 87. He attended the army of the parliament to Scotland in 1639, and *obtained idemnification for his castle of Montgomery, which had been demolished by their order*.' It was convenient to Walton, and since to others, to forget this 'idemnification' and the facts. See more in annotated edition of Walton's Life of Herbert, *in loco* (Vol. III.).

[4] By Rev. W. F. Francis, from Major's edition of Walton's Lives (1825)—in our Vol. III. There are wretched little engravings in contemporary Maps, but of no authority.

[5] Our edit. of Donne's Poems, vol. i. p. 3.

lypse' of his treatise,[1] he charged James to 'reform' his Court, house, family, and, above all, 'his own heart'—very different language from, alas, Herbert's own onward, when even more needed.

Preceding GEORGE there had been EDWARD, RICHARD, WILLIAM, CHARLES: succeeding him came HENRY, and posthumously THOMAS; also three daughters, ELIZABETH, MARGARET, and FRANCES.[2] Their father, RICHARD HERBERT, died in 1597, so that in GEORGE'S fourth year these 'little ones' were left fatherless, and their Mother heir of the promises of the widow's God. She accepted 'in faith' the deeply-felt responsibility thus prematurely laid upon her—for her husband died comparatively young—and gave herself up with a fine enthusiasm of consecration to the training and general education of her fatherless family, in their castled home and at Oxford. She provided a duly-qualified tutor for them—one regrets that neither Oley nor Walton nor Lord Cherbury has preserved his name. But the deeper teaching, that went to the roots of their truest life, was all her own—outcome of a passionate love and a yearning care beautiful to think of even at this far-off day. 'Often,' says Walton, 'did she bless God that they were neither defective in their shapes nor in their reason; and very often reproved them that did not praise God for so great a blessing.' Until Master GEORGE was in his twelfth year (1604-5) the education of the entire household was mainly 'at home.' Visiting the shattered Remains, I liked to let Fancy busy herself in calling up these remarkable boys and girls at play within the ancestral grounds; and there kept ringing through memory the

[1] 'A plaine Discovery of the whole Revelation of St. John, set downe in Two Treatises; whereunto are annexed certaine Oracles of Sibylla agreeing with the Revelation and other Places of Scripture.' Edinb. (Waldegrave), 1593, 4to.

[2] See our Notes and Illustrations to Walton's Life of Herbert in Vol. III. for notices of these members of the Herbert family.

subtle-thoughted 'Primrose' of Dr. Donne, 'being at Montgomery Castle, upon the hill on which it is situate.' One stanza may vivify our narative:

> 'Upon this primrose hyll—
> Where, if Heaven wo'ld distil
> A shower of rayne, each severall dropp might goe
> To his owne primrose, and grow mana soe,
> And where their forme and their infinity
> Make a terrestrial galaxy,
> As the small stars doe in the sky—
> I walke to fynd a true-loue, and I see
> That it 'is not a meere woman that is shee,
> But must or more or less than woman bee.'[1]

About his twelfth year GEORGE was sent to Westminster School, which is proud to enrol his name among her sons. We think of another Westminster boy later—William Cowper—similarly sent up to town from the country with life-long hurt to his delicate sensitive nature.[2] But our HERBERT had mingled more with society, and thus early was of robuster stuff than the gentle recluse. Besides it is probable, if not absolutely certain, that he was with his mother and some of his brothers in Oxford, while still very young. This last point requires elucidation. The dates of the 'Autobiography' and of Walton and Wood are scanty and conflicting. Lord Cherbury states that 'his parents thought fit to send him to Oxford' when he was 'twelve years old;' that is, having been born in 1581, in 1593-4. But he immediately adds: 'I had not been many months in the University but news was brought me of my father's death, his sickness being a lethargy, *caros*, or *coma vigilans*, which continued long upon him: he seemed at last to die without much

[1] Our edition of Donne's Poems, vol. ii. pp. 233-4.

[2] Cowper uttered his sense of injury in his 'Tirocinium.' My friend Mr. Howard Staunton remembers both in his 'Great Schools of England' (1869), pp. 130-1: the whole section on Westminster (pp. 94-132) is interesting.

pain, though in his senses. Upon opinion given by physicians that his disease was mortal, my mother thought fit to send for me home; and presently, after my father's death, to desire her brother, Sir Francis Newport, to haste to London to obtain my wardship for his and her use jointly, which he obtained. Shortly after I was sent again to my studies in Oxford, where I had not been long but that an overture for a match with the daughter and heir of Sir William Herbert of St. Gilian's was made;' and onward, 'About this time I had attained the age of fifteen, . . . yet notwithstanding the disparity of years betwixt us, upon the eight-and-twentieth of February 1598, in the house of Eton, where the same man, vicar of ——, married my father and mother, christened and married me, I espoused her. Not long after my marriage I went again to Oxford, together with my wife and mother, who took a house, and lived for some certain time there.'[1] There seem to be various mistakes in these early recollections. For seeing that Master EDWARD was sent for only a few months after being entered at the University, the summons when his father was on his death-bed—viz. in 1597—must have been another, and he was then in his sixteenth, not his twelfth year, and when married, in his eighteenth-nineteenth not his fifteenth year. The closing statement is the most interesting in relation to GEORGE, for it explains that it was not until 1597-8 that their mother took up her residence in Oxford. That is to say, when EDWARD (according to Wood) became a gentleman commoner of University College in 1595, 'aged fourteen years,' he was by himself under tutors; whereas on his return to the University, after his father's death and his own marriage in 1597-8, he was thenceforward under his mother's eyes; and thus GEORGE being in his fifth year in 1598, and not removed to Westminster till his twelfth year, in all likelihood was of the brothers taken to Oxford.

[1] Life, as before, pp. 16, 17.

Walton, with welcome chattiness, thus informs us on this period: 'In this time of her widowhood, she being desirous to give EDWARD, her eldest son, such advantages of learning and other education as might suit his birth and fortune, and thereby make him the more fit for the service of his country, did, at his being of a fit age, remove from Montgomery Castle with him, and some of her younger sons, to Oxford; and having entered EDWARD into Queen's College and provided him a fit tutor, she commended him to his care; yet she continued there with him, and still kept him in a moderate awe of herself, and so much under her own eye as to see and converse with him daily; but she managed this power over him without any such rigid sourness as might make her company a torment to her child; but with such a sweetness and compliance with the recreations and pleasures of youth as did incline him willingly to spend much of his time in the company of his dear and careful Mother; which was to her great content: for she would often say, "That as our bodies take a nourishment suitable to the meat on which we feed, so our souls do as insensibly take in vice by the example or conversation with wicked company;" and would therefore as often say, "That ignorance of vice was the best preservation of virtue; and that the very knowledge of wickedness was as tinder to inflame and kindle sin, and to keep it burning." For these reasons she indeared him to her own company, and continued with him in Oxford four years; in which time her great and harmless wit, her cheerful gravity, and her obliging behaviour gained her an acquaintance and friendship with most of any eminent worth or learning that were at that time in or near the University.' Walton was evidently unaware of EDWARD'S marriage and of other circumstances; but the four years' continuance of the Mother in Oxford, reaching from 1598 to 1603-4 or thereby, warrants us in concluding that GEORGE shared this oversight, discipline, and affectionate

vigilance. So that it was during these years, in all probability, his reverent-love and loving-reverence for his Mother grew up that break out in the 'melodious tears' of the 'Parentalia.' Very fine is the picture of this illustrious lady in the second poem of the 'Parentalia,' already referred to; and it will actualise to us the whole home-influences to turn back upon it. Here it is in Latin and in English:[1]

'Corneliae sanctae, graves Semproniae,
Et quicquid uspiam est severae foeminae,
Conferte lacrymas; Illa quae vos miscuit
Vestrasque laudes, poscit et mixtas genas.
Namque hanc ruinam salva Gravitas defleat,
Pudorque constet vel solutis crinibus;
Quandoque vultus sola majestas, Dolor.
Decus mulierum periit; et metuunt viri
Utrumque sexum dote ne mulctaverit.
Non illa soles terere comptu lubricos,
Struices superbas atque turritum caput
Molita, reliquum deinde garriens diem,—
Nam post Babelem linguae adest confusio,—
Quin post modestam, qualis integras decet,
Substructionem capitis et nimbum brevem,
Animam recentem rite curavit sacris
Adorta numen acri et ignea prece.
Dein familiam lustrat, et res prandii,
Horti colique distributim pensitat.
Suum cuique tempus et locus datur.
Inde exiguntur pensa crudo vespere.
Ratione certa vita constat et domus,
Prudenter inito quot diebus calculo.
Tota renident aede decus et suavitas
Animo renidentes prius. Sin rarior
Magnatis appulsu extulit se occasio,
Surrexit una et illa, seseque extulit:
Occasione certat imo et obtinet.
Proh! quantus imber, quanta labri comitas,
Lepos severus, Pallas mixta Gratiis;

[1] See Vol. II. pp. 58-63: translation by Rev. Richard Wilton.

Loquitur numellas, compedes, et retia;
Aut si negotio hora sumenda est, rei
Per angiportus et maeandros labitur,
Ipsos Catones provocans oraculis.
Tum quanta tabulis artifex? quae scriptio?
Bellum putamen, nucleus bellissimus
Sententiae cum voce mire convenit.
Volant per orbem literae notissimae:
O blanda dextra, neutiquam istoc pulveris,
Quo nunc recumbis, scriptio merita est tua,
Pactoli arena tibi tumulus est unicus.
Adde his trientem Musices, quae molliens
Mulcensque dotes caeteras, visa est quasi
Caelestis harmoniae breve praeludium.
Quam mira tandem sublevatrix pauperum?
Languentium baculus, teges jacentium,
Commune cordis palpitantis balsamum:
Benedictiones publicae cingunt caput,
Caelique referunt et praeoccupant modum.
Fatisco, referens tanta quae numerant mei
Solum dolores,—et dolores, stellulae!
At tu qui inepte haec dicta censes filio,
Nato parentis auferens Encomium,
Abito trunce cum tuis pudoribus.
Ergo ipse solum mutus atque excors ero
Strepente mundo tinnulis praeconiis?
Mihine Matris urna clausa est unico,
Herbae exoletae, ros-marinus aridus?
Matrine linguam refero, solum ut mordeam?
Abito barde! Quam pie istic sum impudens!
Tu vero Mater perpetim laudabere
Nato dolenti: literae hoc debent tibi
Queis me educasti; sponte chartas illinunt
Fructum laborum consecutae maximum
Laudando Matrem, cum repugnant inscii.

Holy Cornelias, and Sempronias grave,
And all of serious womanhood, I crave
Your tears; for she, who blended what in you
Shines good and beautiful, claims as her due

Your blended sorrows. For this downfall raise
Loud weepings, Dignity, nor lose thy praise:
Stand, Modesty, with locks loose-flowing down;
Sorrow is sometimes Beauty's loftiest crown.
The glory of women has perish'd; and men dread
Lest of each sex with her the dower has fled.
The fleeting suns she would not wear away
In vanity of dress and self-display,
Piling proud structures in the morning hour
Upon her head, rear'd upwards like a tow'r;
Then spending the long day in talk and laughter—
For tongues' confusion comes tower'd Babel after!—
But after modest braiding of her hair,
Such as becomes a matron wise and fair,
And a brief bath, her freshen'd mind she brought
To pious duties and heart-healing thought,
Addressing to the Almighty Father's throne
Such warm and earnest prayers as He will own.
Next she goes round her family, assigning
What each may need for garden, distaff, dining.
To everything its time and place are given;
Then are call'd in the tasks at early even.
By a fix'd plan her life and house go on,
By a wise daily calculation;
Sweetness and grace through all her dwelling shine,
Of both first shining in her mind the sign.
But if at times a great occasion rise—
With visit of some noble—she likewise
Rises, and raises up herself, and vies
With the occasion, and the victory gains.
O, what a shower of courteous speech she rains!
Grave pleasantry, grace mix'd with wit is heard;
Fetters and chains she weaves with every word.
Or if some business for the hour should ask,
She glides through turns and windings of the task
With her replies, a match for wisest men.
Then what a mistress was she of the pen!
What graceful writing hers! Mark the fair shell,
Wherein a kernel fairer still may dwell,
The voice and sentiment agreeing well.
Through all the world her well-known letters flit:
Charming right hand, that dust is all unfit,

Where now thou liest; for thy writing fine,
Pactolus' sand sole fitting tomb of thine.
Add music, smoothing, soothing other gifts,
Which, for a moment, the rapt spirit lifts
As with a prelude of Heaven's harmony.
Then what a helper of the poor you see
In her! A prop of languid folk and slow,
A roof for those who live forlorn and low,
A common balm on throbbing bosoms shed,
While public blessings hover round her head,
Rehearsing now the manner of the sky,
Anticipating her reward on high.
I droop as all her virtues I relate,
Which by my sorrows I enumerate;
Stars are they now, my tearful griefs of late.
But thou who think'st these things not fitly done,
A mother's praise forbidding to a son,
Away with thy false foolish modesty!
Heartless and silent then shall only I
Be found, when her fine praise rings to the sky?
My mother's urn, is't closed only to me—
Wither'd the herbs, and dry the rosemary?
Owe I to her a tongue only to grieve?
Away, thou foolish one, and give me leave!
Shame to forget while pious praise I weave.
Thou shalt be prais'd for ever, mother mine,
By me, thy sorrowing son; for surely thine
This learning is, which I deriv'd from thee,
Which o'er the page now flows spontaneously,
Its highest fruit of labour seen to attain
In praising thee, though Folly may arraign.'

With these experiences of a childhood ripening into boyhood, passed in a sweet content with his Mother and brothers, and latterly, with ineffaceable memories of 'most of any eminent worth or learning that were at that time in or near the University,' he went—as we have seen—to London, and was 'commended to the care of Dr. Neale, who was then Dean of Westminster; and by him to the care of Mr. [Richard] Ireland, who was then chief master of that school.'

GEORGE HERBERT was thus 'entered' at Westminster under every possible advantage. Of his progress and character at school, Walton continues: 'The beauties of his pretty behaviour and wit shined and became so eminent and lovely in this his innocent age, that he seemed to be marked out for piety, and to become the care of Heaven, and of a particular good angel to guard and guide him. And thus he continued in that school, till he came to be perfect in the learned languages, and especially in the Greek tongue, in which he after proved an excellent critic.' The 'pretty behaviour' was doubtless by the impress of his Mother, to whom—as he gratefully and graciously sings Parentalia, iv.)—he owed his 'first and *second* birth.' That he was bookish and scholarly even thus soon is testified by two things: (*a*) That being in his fifteenth year a King's Scholar, he was elected out of the school for Trinity College, Cambridge; (*b*) That Andrew Melville's Latin epigram-satire on certain ultra-ritualisms in the King's Chapel having been circulated in the school, he 'replied' to it by way of prelibation to his after-answers in Epigrams-Apologetical to his 'Anti-Tami-Cami-Categoria'—the latter fact arguing no little self-esteem and self-possession even to grotesqueness, seeing that the venerable scholar against whom this stripling David came forth was no vulgar-boasting Goliath, but a man foremost among the foremost in ripe learning and intellect, intrepidity and worth. Of this epigram-warfare I shall have more to say elsewhere (in Essay): of the King's Scholarship and election to Trinity, be it remembered that the demands on those who attained these honours were high and thorough. Summarily, the Life of Bishop Hacket (by Plume)—a schoolfellow at Westminster, and elected to Cambridge with him—yields this anecdote, that the Head-Master [Ireland] on their departure assured them, 'that he expected to have credit from them two at the University, or would never hope for it after-

wards by any while he lived ; and added withal, that he need give them no counsel to follow their books, but rather to study moderately and use exercise, their parts being so good, that if they were careful not to impair their health with too much study, they would not fail to arrive to the top of learning in any art or science.'[1]

The Admission-Books of the University and other MS. records furnish these entries : He was admitted Scholar 5th May 1609, on the same day with John Hacket (as above); matriculated Pensioner at Trinity 18th December 1609, by the name of GEORGIUS HARBERT—and so the poet of the 'Prophecies of Cadwallader' (1604) spelled his name 'William H*ar*bert;' became B.A. in 1612-13 ; Minor Fellow, 3d October 1614 ; Major Fellow, 15th March 1615 (1616) ; A.M. 1616 ; Sublector quartæ classis, 2d October 1617.[2] These years cover from his fifteenth-sixteenth year (1608) to his twenty-third (1617).

As at Westminster he had the paternal care of the good Dean Neale, so at Trinity, by the continued carefulness of his Mother—who just about the time of his going to Cambridge was again married, to Sir John Danvers—he enjoyed the like friendship (for 'patronage' is not the right word) of one equally estimable, and of larger intellect and richer every way—Dr. Nevil, Dean of Canterbury and Master of Trinity College. He took a personal interest in providing a tutor for the young 'King's Scholar' fresh from Westminster—again it is a disappointment that *his* name has not come down apparently—and Walton thus writes of the introduction : 'It may be noted, that from his first entrance into the College, the generous ['*most magnificent*' are Bishop Plume's words] Dr. Nevil was a cherisher of his studies, and such a lover of his person that

[1] 1675 (folio), p. v.

[2] Letters *penes me* from the late Joseph Romilly, Esq., Registrar of the University, and William Aldis Wright, Esq., M.A. of Trinity College, Cambridge.

he took him often into his own company, by which he confirmed his native gentleness.' Contemporaneously Dr. Nevil was showing kindred interest in Giles Fletcher, whose 'Christ's Victorie and Triumph in Heaven and Earth, over and after Death,' appeared in 1610 with a characteristic epistle to the Master.[1]

There seems no question that GEORGE HERBERT very speedily made himself a name at the University for varied as well as sound learning: 'varied,' inasmuch as the evidence seems unimpeachable that, besides the usual Latin and Greek, he 'read' in French, Italian, and Spanish, as well as Hebrew—much as Richard Crashaw was doing in Cambridge while *he* was departing.[2] He came to the front soon. The 'Epicedivm Cantabrigiense, in obitum immaturum, semperq. deflendum Henrici, Illustrissimi Principis Walliae,' &c., 1612, contains his two Poems (Latin) in commemoration of the lamented young Prince. He was then in his nineteenth year. So with other Royal Collections. In 1618 he was 'Rhetoric Reader;' and elsewhere I shall adduce a remarkable exhibition by him in this capacity, from Hacket's Life of Archbishop Williams.[3] So that it seemed inevitable that, on a probable vacancy in the office of Public Orator of the University, he should have 'moved' to get it; nor is it less noticeable that throughout he held the claims of any other than himself as light. He sought the post with ardour, as his Letters remain to attest. He 'engaged' the advocacy of Sir John Danvers, his stepfather—who, from first to last, was most generous to his stepson in his somewhat unaccountable

[1] See our edition of the complete Poems of Giles Fletcher (1868), pp. 60-4.

[2] See our edition of the complete Works of Richard Crashaw (1873), vol. i. Memorial-Introduction.

[3] In the Orators' Book is a note in, it is believed, Herbert's autograph, which gives the 19th January as the date. The explanation probably is that, while elected on 18th, he made the note of it on 19th.

pecuniary straits and book-hunger, of which more again—felt sure of the good will of his 'ancient acquaintance' Sir Francis Nethersole, the present Public Orator, and to his kinsman the Earl of Pembroke and Sir Benjamin Rudyard, and others.[1] The successor of Nevil as Master of Trinity—Dr. John Richardson, one of the translators of the authorised version of our English Bible—wrote a testimonial-letter for him, which HERBERT himself characterised as 'expressing the Universitie's inclination to him.' He obtained the coveted office. On 21st October 1619, a grace passed, allowing the Orator, Sir Francis Nethersole, to go abroad in the King's business, and appointing GEORGE HARBERT (*sic*, as in the matriculation) his deputy. On 18th January 1619-20, Sir Francis Nethersole resigned, and GEORGE HERBERT was elected. By anticipation he had described the office of Public Orator as follows: 'It is the finest place in the University, though not the gainfullest, yet that will be about 30*l.* per annum. But the commodiousness is beyond the revenue, for the Orator writes all the University letters, be it to the King, Prince, or whoever comes to the University. To requite these pains, he takes place next to the Doctors, is at all their assemblies and meetings, and sits above the Proctors.' These were 'gaynesses' which he acknowledged would 'please a young man;' and he was *the* young man intended (being in his twenty-sixth year).

From 1619 to 1627 he discharged—with certain significant interruptions—the duties of Public Orator. These brought him into intimate relations with the statesmen and dignitaries of the day; and the King was waited on vigilantly (to say the least) at neighbouring Royston on his frequent visits. These visits brought Bacon and Bishop Lancelot Andrewes to Cambridge, and with both HERBERT formed a lifelong friendship. He kept himself before all likely to be influential in advancing him in the

[1] See our Essay, as before.

line of his predecessors as Public Orator—Sir Robert Naunton and Sir Francis Nethersole—and corresponded with Lodowick, Duke of Lennox, and James, Marquis of Hamilton. His 'sickness' was named in the Letters of contemporaries, showing that he bulked before them.[1] Within all these activities was an ever-recurring 'conflict' between giving himself to the service of the State or of the Church—never absolutely abandoning the latter 'design,' yet over-shadowing it with pursuit of the 'painted pleasures' of the Court. Even tenderly-loving and reverential Izaak Walton has to admit that the condescension of the King, and the seductive charms of the royal circle, dazzled his eyes and tempted him so much, that now 'he seldom looked towards Cambridge, except when the King was there,' but '*then he never failed*.'

A study of the facts, and the remaining literary memorials of them, leaves the impression of scholarliness, culture, power, winningness; but equally unquestionable is the impression that in the audacity of the Westminster boy assailing Andrew Melville we have 'the father of the man:' that if he was well born, he knew it, and would have others know: that if 'personable' and 'a gentleman' in manners, he set himself forth with all available adornment of attire, gratifying, says Walton euphemistically, his 'genteel humour for clothes:' that if 'gentle' natively, as Walton puts it, it was only when he had everything his own way: that if 'marked out for piety' (as again Walton puts it, his Writings of the Cambridge years, and even his 'Parentalia,' with very trivial exceptions, are pagan rather than Christian: that if there are glimpses in his Letters and in his double Sonnet to his Mother of gracious thought, and thrills of tender feeling, he nevertheless was in the world and of it with zest, spite of his '*better self*;' so much so, that behind his most vital utterances there was an evident strife and alternation, not so keen and in-

[1] See Letters in Vol. III.

tense, even awful, as the struggle of Phineas Fletcher,[1] yet real; that, in fine, if onward he became a 'man of God' after the divinest exemplar, he was, until 'led' by a way which he knew not, a courtier, a time-server, and a flatterer of those who ought not to have been flattered by any, much less by one such as HERBERT; so that George Ellis, in his brief notice of him, only roughly and harshly states the matter of fact in saying 'that Nature intended him for a knight-errant, but *disappointed ambition made him a saint*.' Willmott deems Ellis 'unjust,' and accuses him of ignorance of HERBERT's history. I fear he knew that history and its meanings better and deeper than his Critic, who cites a bit of a Letter written in his seventeenth year to meet facts of his twenty-sixth-thirtieth years. Sir Walter Scott gives the same judgment: 'He had studied foreign languages, in hopes of rising to be Secretary of State: but *being disappointed in his views at Court*, he took orders, became prebend of Lincoln, and rector of Bemerton, near Salisbury.' All this demands thinking out and a judicial-critical verdict, and shall have it. For the present I must observe that I do not the less—rather the more—recognise the loveliness of the after-life in thus holding GEORGE HERBERT to have been a debtor to the constraining and mastering 'grace of God' beyond most of his eminent contemporaries. Not of nature (natively), but from Above—not as primary, but ultimate—came that saintliness which has perfumed his memory through the centuries, and will enduringly.

Studying the University career of our Worthy, there seem to be these *memorabilia* in it of outward fact, which however we can simply name here: (*a*) his learning and culture and eclectic studiousness, ranging from the Classics to Valdesso: (*b*) his public honours and offices; (*c*) his attendances at Court; (*d*) his friendships, as with Bacon

[1] See our edition of Phineas Fletcher, four vols., Memorial-Introduction and Essay.

and Andrewes, the former leading to his translation (in part) of one at least of Bacon's greatest works, and the affectionate dedication by Bacon to him of his versification of certain Psalms; (*e*) his correspondence, official and private; (*f*) his literary work; (*g*) his character, as self-revealed. More of all these elsewhere.[1]

Appointed in 1619 Public Orator, he continued 'in this place,' says Walton, 'eight years, and managed it with as becoming and grave a gaiety as any had ever before or since his time. For he had acquired great learning, and was blest with a high fancy, a civil and sharp wit, and with a natural elegance, both in his behaviour, his tongue, and his pen.' 'Many particular evidences' are withheld by his Biographer, but he mentions three—(*a*) his Letter to the King acknowledging the gift of the royal author's 'Basilicon Doron' for the University; (*b*) his Epigrams-apologetical in controversy with Andrew Melville of Scotland, in answer to his Anti-Tami-Cami-Categoria; (*c*) his appointment to a sinecure office that had formerly been held by Sir Philip Sidney. These invite commentary; but now only the last falls to be dwelt upon.

Walton thus gives the fact: 'The love of a Court-conversation, mixed with a laudable ambition to be something more than he was, drew him often from Cambridge to attend the King wheresoever the Court was, who then gave him a *sinecure*, which fell into his Majesty's disposal, I think, by the death of the Bishop of St. Asaph. It was the same that Queen Elizabeth had formerly given to her favourite, Sir Philip Sidney, and valued to be worth an hundred and twenty pounds per annum.'

None of the Biographers of Sidney, from Collins to Bourne and Lloyd, has so much as named this 'sinecure,' as none of the Biographers or Editors of HERBERT has succeeded in tracing it. We have at long-last the satisfaction of doing so. From the Sidney Papers preserved at

[1] In Essay, as before.

Penshurst, and which had escaped the notice of all the consulters of these treasures there until Mr. Alfred J. Horwood reported on them for the 'Royal Commission of Historical Manuscripts' (3d Report, 1872, p. 227), it is discovered that Sir Philip Sidney held church preferment, and, like Milton later, was probably destined for the Church. These documents will be read by all with deep interest:

'1564, May 6. Philip Sydney, clerk, appoints Master Gruff John, clerk, bachelor of law and rector of Ysceifiog [mis-read by Mr. Horwood, Skyneog], to be his proctor to appear before Thomas, Bishop of St. Asaph, and excuse his absence and allege the cause; and of the rectory and church of Whitford, to take admission and institution and corporeal possession; and to renounce the jurisdiction of the Pope, take the oath of allegiance, &c. &c. (This is a copy certified by William Bullock, registrar of St. Asaph.)[1]

'(1564) 6 Eliz. May 7. Original institution by the Bishop of St. Asaph, under his seal, of Philip Sydney [he was then ten years old], Scholar, to the church of Whyteford.

'(1564) 6 Eliz. May 8. Original admission by Thomas, Bishop of St. Asaph, of Philip Sydney, clerk, to the rectory and church of Whitford, vacant by the just deprivation of Hugh Whitford, the last rector. [Episcopal seal.] At the foot is a certificate by John Prece, the bishop's vicar, of Sydney's admission by Gruff John [John Gruff?] the proctor.

'(1564) 6 Eliz. June 4. Copy of indenture between Thomas, Bishop of St. Asaph, and Philip Sydney, clerk, son of Sir Henrie Sydney, Kt., and William Mostyn, of Mostyn (as surety). The bishop collates Philip Sydney to

[1] I annotate that this Thomas, Bishop of St. Asaph, was Thomas Davies, D.D., of St. John's College, Cambridge. He was consecrated Bishop, May 26, 1561. Consult Wood's Athen. Oxon. *s.n.* Reg. Academ. Le Neve and Bishop Meyric's Return for 1561.

the church of Whyteford, on the deprivation of Hugh Whitford.'

Mr. Horwood adds: 'I recollect that in another bundle of papers, opened and re-closed some time before I saw the above, there is a paper in Italian which relates to the same subject.'

This is not the place for enlargement on this new and noticeable incident in the life of Sidney. Willis and other authorities blunder over it, and in their lists of Vicars and Rectors. Suffice it here to state, that the Rectorship of Whitford was a 'sinecure,' and that it was held by Bishop Parry, as implied in Walton's account. Bishop Parry died on Sept. 26, 1623: and thus in 1623 GEORGE HERBERT obtained the comparatively lucrative 'sinecure' post. If it was worth 120*l.* in 1623, its present value of well-nigh 1000*l.* is significant in relation to both dates.[2]

It is to be regretted that the Registers and other Papers of Whitford, Flintshire, of the earlier (Sidney and later (Herbert) periods have perished. But there seems no reasonable doubt that this sinecure 'Rectorship,' in distinction from the Vicarship, was the 'sinecure office' bestowed on our Worthy by the King. It seems equally certain that Herbert held it as a layman, which is another element toward our conclusion that he likewise held the Prebendaryship of Lincoln, in connection with Leighton Bromswold, as a layman.[3]

[1] Willis's Survey of St. Asaph. In the new edition the errors are retained; but my friendly correspondent, E. R. Morris, Esq., Homestay, Newtown, has sent corrections for insertion among the errata.

[2] In Willis's Survey it is described as a sinecure, value 28*l.* 17*s.* 6*d.* This valuation no doubt is from the King's Book of 1564, or earlier.

[3] Whitford has no history in itself; yet must the association of SIR PHILIP SIDNEY and GEORGE HERBERT with it as the lay-Rectors henceforward give it a kind of consecration. It is to be wished that some local antiquary would get at the facts more fully. Bishop Parry was in nowise remarkable, unless in that he was author of the Revised Version of the Welsh Bible. He was born at Ruthin, in the

The 'eight years' assigned by Walton to the Public Oratorship advances us to 1627.[1] This was in many ways a crisis-year in the life of HERBERT. Previously he had wished to resign his offices in the University, and lay himself out for political advancement and rewards. But his Mother opposed; and being of the old-fashioned way of thinking that the fifth commandment is permanent in its obligation, not limited to our teens, he would not 'resign' without the consent of his Mother.[2] Another Hand—the nail-marked Hand—was to guide him out of that phantasmagoria of ambition that was firing a naturally imperious imagination. Walton thus narrates the circumstances and the 'leading': 'In this time,' says he, 'of Mr. HERBERT'S attendance and expectation of some good occasion to re-

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county of Denbigh, in 1560; educated at Westminster, under Camden; elected student at Christ Church, Oxford, 1579; became subsequently one of the Masters of Ruthin School; Chancellor of Bangor Cathedral and Vicar of Gresford, in 1592; Dean of Bangor, 1599; elected to the See of St. Asaph, Oct. 19, 1604, confirmed Oct. 29, and consecrated Dec. 30. He founded a pension of 6*l.* per annum at Jesus College for a scholar born in the town of Ruthin or in the diocese of St. Asaph. He died on 26th September 1623, and was buried in the cathedral. Among Dr. Bliss's Oxford-printed books was a 'Concio ad Clerum' of 1594 by him. The present Bishop of St. Asaph kindly sends me this memorandum: 'I have found in a list of Sinecure Rectors in the History of the Diocese of St. Asaph, by the Rev. D. R. Thomas, the following entry: "Cilcain 1596. Yale Thomas—Parry, Bishop in Com."'

[1] Letters of the late Joseph Romilly, Esq., as before, confirm Walton, that he held the office of Public Orator until 1627, in which year Dr. Creighton succeeded him. It would appear that his deputy Thorndike had the duties delegated to him pretty frequently, and for considerable periods.

[2] Walton states, 'in conformity to her [his Mother's] will, he kept his Orator's place till after her death, and then presently declined it; and the more willingly, that he might be succeeded by his friend Robert Creighton, who is now Dr. Creighton and the worthy Bishop of Wells.'

move from Cambridge to Court, God, in Whom there is an unseen chain of causes, did in a short time put an end to the lives of two of his most obliging and most powerful friends—Lodowick, Duke of Richmond, and James, Marquis of Hamilton; and not long after him, King James died also, and with them all Mr. HERBERT'S Court hopes; so that he presently betook himself to a retreat from London, to a friend in Kent, where he lived very privately, and was such a lover of solitariness, as was judged to impair his health more than his study had done.' 'In this time of retirement,' he continues—and his words are very weighty—'he had many conflicts with himself, whether he should return to the painted pleasures of a Court-life, or betake himself to a study of divinity, and enter into sacred Orders, to which his dear Mother had often persuaded him. These were such conflicts as they only can know that have endured them; for ambitious desires and the outward glory of the world are not easily laid aside; but at last God inclined him to put on a resolution to serve at His altar.' In agreement with this account there are scattered up and down his Letters and Poems half-unconscious intimations of a recurring 'conflict' as between the 'painted pleasures' of the Court and his early-formed purpose of entering God's service in His Church. From year to year he delayed a final decision—not without pangs of contrition and cries of penitence and abasement. We may not pronounce that it was an unworthy ambition to cherish the hope of being Secretary of State, or that it would have been wrong for GEORGE HERBERT to have 'served' under the King. But we must hold him to have been blameable in that he so long hesitated to carry out what was the conviction of his mind and the impulse of his heart. Even when he had made his ultimate resolve to give himself to The Church there was a twofold opposition—(*a*) from Court-friends, who sought to alter his resolution to enter into sacred

Orders, as being 'too mean an employment, and too much below his birth and the excellent abilities and endowments of his mind;' (*b*) from his own self-knowledge of the reluctance and resistance with which he had come to the resolution; a self-knowledge that certainly had no such enormities to burden conscience as Donne had, nevertheless in the white light of the divine presence humbling and accusing enough. He overcame both; and thenceforward sought only the 'one thing;' how he could 'spend and be spent' for his magnanimously patient and forbearing Master, Who, as in the quaint Letter of Drummond of Hawthornden to Sir Maurice Drummond (written almost contemporaneously), had been saying to him—'You have spent now many years at Court, and yet that clock which hath struck *ten* to others is still pointing at *one* or *two* to you. Have you not yet taken a distaste and satiety of that old mistress of yours, the Court? Her long delay in preferring you, tells you are too honest' (Works, 1711, pp. 145-6).

There is a shadow of obscurity over HERBERT's taking of Orders. 'Within that year'—Walton states without giving the year—'he was made deacon; but the day when, or by whom, I cannot learn.' He proceeds: 'But that he was about that time made deacon is most certain; for I find by the records of Lincoln that he was made prebendary of Layton Ecclesia, in the diocese of Lincoln, July 15th, 1626, and that this prebend was given him by John, then Lord Bishop of that see.'

No little search and research have been spent by myself and others in trying to discover a record of our Worthy's having been '*made* a deacon.' There is nothing of it at Salisbury or Lincoln or Ely. Seeing that Walton's statement is inferential—that is, from the certainty that 'he was made prebendary of Layton Ecclesia'—I suspect that the explanation must be that HERBERT held the prebend as a layman, just as we have seen he held the

'sinecure' rectorship of Whitford in 1623. This indeed seems settled by HERBERT'S own words in 128. The Priesthood (ll. 4-6):

> 'fain would I draw nigh,
> Fain put thee on, exchanging my lay sword
> For that of th' Holy Word' (=The sword of The Spirit).

The statesman-bishop of Lincoln, John Williams—our Protestant Wolsey—would have none of the scruples and stringency in insisting on 'ordination' of a Jewell, in so conferring it, and its acceptance so would obviate scruples on the prebendary's part. An incident told in Ayre's Life of Jewell illustrates the practice. It is thus related: 'A courtier, who was a layman, having obtained a prebend in the church of Sarum, and intending to let it to another lay person for his best advantage, acquainted Bishop Jewell with the conditions between them, and some lawyer's opinion about them, to which the Bishop replied, "What you lawyers may answer I know not, but for my part, to my power I will take care that my church shall sustain no loss whilst I live."'[1] After-circumstances harmonise with this holding of the prebend as a layman, as will come out.

The church of Leighton Bromswold (or Layton Ecclesia of Walton), which the 'prebend' also bestowed, is in Huntingdonshire, and is of singular historic interest. Elsewhere I give the facts and associations.[2] What falls here to be remembered is that having visited the church and found it 'ruinated,' as it had been for twenty years, he resolved at once to have it 'reparated.' A Correspondence of singular interest is found in the Life of Nicholas Ferrar,[3] and which we have transferred to our collection

[1] Works of Bishop Jewell (Parker Society), vol. iv. p. xvii. Biog. Mem. Cf. vol. ii. pp 10, 11, &c.

[2] See a Paper by me in 'Sunday at Home' (Religious Tract Society) for September 1873; also our annotated reprint of Walton's 'Life' in Vol. III.

[3] Nicholas Ferrar: Two Lives by his Brother John and by

of Herbert's 'Letters.'[1] There was an 'estate' attached to the 'prebend,' and the prebendary probably consecrated its income to his pious object. Still it seemed something wild and rash even to his good Mother. She sent for him, and urged him in the circumstances to return the 'prebend' to the Bishop, remonstrating that it was unreasonable to expect that he, with his weak body and empty purse, should be able to build churches. The son asked one day to consider, and on seeing her the second time entreated 'that she would, at the age of thirty-three, allow him to become an undutiful son; for he had made a vow to God, that if he were able he would rebuild the church.'[2] So sweet and filial persuasiveness prevailed; and Lady Danvers subscribed herself 50*l.*, and prevailed upon the Earl of Pembroke to give 50*l.*, which indeed he increased to 100*l.* through 'a witty and persuasive letter' of the Prebendary.[3] Others were like benefactors; and the church, if not rebuilded (for that is too large a word) was lifted out of its ruins. Specially was it 'restored' within. The pulpit and reading-desk and pews remain 'unto this day' as HERBERT bestowed them; the two former of equal height, for he was wont to say 'that they should neither have a precedency or a priority of the other; but that prayer and preaching, being equally useful, might agree like brethren, and have an equal honour and estimation.'[4] The reader may now turn and look at our anastatic etching of the interior of Leighton Bromswold Church (in our quarto form).[5] It lies trans-

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Doctor Jebb. Now first edited with Illustrations [literary, not pictorial] by J. E. B. Mayor, M.A. Cambridge, 1855, pp. 49, 50, 84 seq.

[1] Letters in Vol. III.

[2] Walton, as before.

[3] Ibid.

[4] Ibid.

[5] See opposite page xxv. I owe very hearty thanks to the Rev. Thomas Ladds, the present Incumbent, for procuring photographs for me of Leighton Bromswold, &c.

figured in the light of the holy memories of GEORGE HERBERT and Nicholas Ferrar and Arthur Woodnot.

Following on the deaths of Lodowick, Duke of Lennox, and James, Marquis of Hamilton, and the King, came that of Bacon on 9th April 1626, whereon he wrote a noticeable addition (in Latin) to his verse-commemorations of his illustrious friend; and while Leighton Bromswold was being 'repaired' came the most desolating and darkening of all his sorrows, the death of his lady-mother in 1627.[1] The 'Parentalia' remains to attest his grief and reverence. His own health was fragile. Probably this, with the loss of his Mother, determined his complete resignation of the Public Oratorship and retirement from the University. In the immediately succeeding year he is found in London, and at the house of his brother Sir HENRY, at Woodford, in Essex, threatened with 'consumption.' In 1628 (1629 as we should now write) he was at Dauntsey, Wilts, the seat of his relative (by his Mother's second marriage) the Earl of Danby. Its 'choice airs' and the lavish kindness of his noble host improved his health and cheered his drooping spirit, with a double result, viz. his Marriage and his Ordination as a Clergyman (or 'Priest to the Temple'). Of both, Walton must be allowed to tell us, even though we must afterwards dissipate the romance of the marriage. Having described his person and manners, he goes on: 'These and his other visible vertues begot him so much love from a gentleman of a noble fortune and a near kinsman to his friend the Earl of Danby, namely from Mr. Charles Danvers, of Bainton, in the county of Wilts, Esq., that Mr. Danvers, having known him long and familiarly, did so much affect him that he often and publicly declar'd a desire that Mr. HERBERT would marry any of his nine daughters (for he

[1] As before noticed, Donne preached her funeral sermon; and on its publication HERBERT appended his poems in Latin and Greek called 'Parentalia.'

had so many), but rather his daughter Jane than any other, because Jane was his beloved daughter; and he had often said the same to Mr. HERBERT himself; and that if he could like her for a wife and she him for a husband, Jane should have a double blessing; and Mr. Danvers had so often said the like to Jane, and so much commended Mr. HERBERT to her, that Jane became so much a Platonick as to fall in love with Mr. HERBERT unseen. This was a fair preparation for a marriage; but, alas, her father dyed before Mr. HERBERT'S retirement to Dauntsey; yet some friends to both parties procur'd their meeting, at which time a mutual affection entered into both their hearts, as a conqueror enters into a surprised city; and love having got such possession govern'd, and made there such laws and resolutions as neither party was able to resist; insomuch that she chang'd her name into HERBERT the third day after this first interview. This haste might in others be thought a love frensie or worse; but it was not, for they had wooed so like princes as to have select Proxies; such as were true friends to both parties; such as well understood Mr. HERBERT'S and her temper of mind; and also their estates so well before this interview, that the suddenness was justifiable by the strictest rules of prudence. And the more because it prov'd so happy to both parties; for the eternal Lover of mankind made them happy in each other's mutual and equal affections and complyance; indeed so happy that there was never any opposition betwixt them, unless it were a contest which should most incline to a complyance with the other's desires.' We must add very poetical and very improbable; for it seems utterly unlikely that there could have been 'long and familiar' knowledge of HERBERT by Mr. Charles Danvers and that profound esteem, without visits to his house. Besides, it looks more than strange that Jane Danvers and HERBERT should never have even seen each other before, considering that her

near relative, Sir John Danvers, had been at the very time, for sixteen years, the husband of GEORGE HERBERT'S Mother, and a true second-father to him.[1] I suspect good Izaak was over-credulous herein, and that this must be ranked among the 'some mistakes' for which he hoped to 'purchase pardon from a good-natured Reader' in his Epistle before his collected Lives (1670). It is due to Walton to remember his express intimation in the same Epistle: 'I am to tell the Reader that, though this life of Mr. HERBERT was not writ by me in haste, yet I intended it a Review before it should be made public; but that was not allowed me, by reason of my absence from London when it was printing.'

The marriage of GEORGE HERBERT to Jane Danvers took place at Edington on 5th March 1628 (1629).[2]

Of his Ordination Walton gives this full and pleasantly-quaint narrative: 'About three months after this marriage, Dr. Curle, who was then rector of Bemerton in Wiltshire, was made Bishop of Bath and Wells, and not long after translated to Winchester, and by that means the presentation of a clerk to Bemerton did not fall to the Earl of Pembroke (who was the undoubted patron of it), but to the King, by reason of Dr. Curle's advancement: but Philip, then Earl of Pembroke (for William was lately dead), requested the King to bestow it upon his kinsman GEORGE HERBERT; and the King said, "Most willingly to Mr. HERBERT, if it be worth his acceptance:" and the Earl as willingly and suddenly sent it to him without seeking; but though Mr. HERBERT had formerly put on a resolution for the Clergy; yet, at receiving this presentation, the apprehension of the last great account that he was to make for the cure of so many souls made him fast

[1] See Aubrey and Jackson's Wiltshire, pp. 224-226.

[2] The original Register has disappeared, but this entry is taken from a copy preserved fortunately in the Registry: Letter from B. H. Beedham, Esq., Ashfield House, Kimbolton, *penes me*.

and pray often, and consider for not less than a month: in which time he had some resolutions to decline both the priesthood and that living. And in this time of considering, "he endured," as he would often say, "such spiritual conflicts as none can think, but only those that have endured them."

'In the midst of these conflicts his old and dear friend, Mr. Arthur Woodnot, took a journey to salute him at Bainton (where he then was with his wife's friends and relations), and was joyful to be an eye-witness of his health and happy marriage. And after they had rejoiced together some few days they took a journey to Wilton, the famous seat of the Earls of Pembroke; at which time the King, the Earl, and the whole Court were there, or at Salisbury, which is near to it. And at this time Mr. HERBERT presented his thanks to the Earl for his presentation to Bemerton, but had not yet resolved to accept it, and told him the reason why; but that night the Earl acquainted Dr. Laud, then Bishop of London, and after Archbishop of Canterbury, with his kinsman's irresolution. And the bishop did the next day so convince Mr. HERBERT that the refusal of it was a sin, that a tailor was sent for to come speedily from Salisbury to Wilton to take measure, and make him canonical clothes against next day; which the tailor did: and Mr. HERBERT being so habited went with his presentation to the learned Dr. Davenant, who was then Bishop of Salisbury, and he gave him institution immediately (for Mr. HERBERT had been made deacon some years before); and he was also the same day (which was April 26, 1630) inducted into the good, and more pleasant than healthful, parsonage of Bemerton, which is a mile from Salisbury.'

One is gladdened to find Laud giving counsel so fitting and kindly, and to know that it was the venerable Davenant who gave him 'institution.' If we smile at the swift message for the tailor, we are convinced by it that he was

still a 'layman,' though Prebendary of Lincoln, for only a 'layman' would be wearing 'sword and silk clothes such as had now to be exchanged for canonicals' (Walton). 'When at his induction,' continues Walton, 'he was shut into Bemerton Church, being left there alone to toll the bell, as the law requires him, he staid so much longer than an ordinary time before he returned to his friends that staid expecting him at the church-door, that his friend Mr. Woodnot looked in at the church-window, and saw him lie prostrate on the ground before the altar: at which time and place (as he after told Mr. Woodnot) he set some rules to himself for the future manage of his life; and then and there made a vow to labour to keep them.'[1]

It were to violate the sanctities of reverence to retell the story of the 'ministry' at Bemerton and its all too premature close. The reader will turn to Walton's Life,[2] and discover how true are his opening words thereon: 'I have now brought him to the parsonage of Bemerton and to the thirty-sixth year of his age, and must stop here, and bespeak the reader to prepare for an almost incredible story of the great sanctity of the short remainder of his holy life; a life so full of charity, humility, and all Christian virtues, that it deserves the eloquence of St. Chrysostom to commend and declare it.'

The sharp sword of the ever-active spirit wore out its fragile sheath, the body. 'Consumption' was in him from

[1] In his 'Motto on the Bell, "Jesus be our speed" (1623),' the Poet of 'Wood Notes and Church Bells' (1873: Bell and Daldy) introduces the custom, and in a foot-note recalls the incident in relation to Herbert *supra*:

'When to gather souls for God
First he set me o'er this fold,
As within the church I stood,
And alone the bell I toll'd,
It, as I for succour sigh'd,
"Jesus be thy speed" replied.'

[2] In our Vol. III., with additions and corrections.

his Cambridge student-days, and the moist climate, perhaps, hastened 'the end.' Living from day to day as his very own Parson of 'The Priest to the Temple,' few servants of The Master have crowded into a public ministry of just about the same duration as His, so much of true work and word. Without, he was a benediction wherever he went, for he went about continually doing good. Within, he was building up the '*living stones*' of his Temple; for nearly all his sacred Poems probably belong to Bemerton. The close was rounded into a pathetic beauty. His heart, if ever one was, was that 'harp of a thousand strings' of which William Cowper sang, and debarred of his twice-a-week foot-walk to Salisbury Cathedral, he himself took his lute and played. He not merely '*walked*' down the 'valley of the shadow of death'—knowing no 'fear' and so making no 'haste'—but sang. 'The Sunday before his death,' says Walton, 'he rose suddenly from his bed or couch, called for one of his instruments, took it into his hand, and said, "My God, my God,

> "My musick shall find Thee,
> And every string
> Shall have his attribute to sing:"

and having tuned it, he play'd and sung:

> "The Sundaies of man's life,
> Thredded together on Time's string,
> Make bracelets to adorn the wife
> Of the eternall glorious King:
> On Sunday, Heaven's dore stands ope,
> Blessings are plentifull and rife,
> More plentifull then hope."

Thus he sung on earth such hymns and anthems as the angels and he and Mr. Farrer [Ferrar] now sing in heaven.' Loving hands and hearts tended him. Over at Little Gidding Nicholas Ferrar prayed for him in golden words that we still read.[1] At last, softly as a little child,

[1] See Professor Mayor's Nicholas Ferrar, as before, pp. 87-89, added to Walton's Life in our Vol. III.

he 'fell asleep' in Jesus, and his eyes were closed here to open 'in glory;' as finely said Sozomen (lib. ii. c. 11), 'Paulisper . . . . oculos claude; nam statim lumen Dei videbis.' The Register of Fuggleston and Bemerton thus records the burial: 'Mr. GEORGE HERBERT, Esq^r, Parson of Fugglestone and Bemerton, was buried 3 day of March, 1632.'[1] His dust lies within the little church of Bemerton; and pilgrim-feet are drawn to it from generation to generation, and will more and more.

It only remains that here—and for the first time—I give *literatim* GEORGE HERBERT'S Will, which neither Oley nor Walton nor any after-inquirer seems to have sought for.[2] It suggests much, as will appear hereafter.

EXTRACTED FROM THE PRINCIPAL REGISTRY OF HER MAJESTY'S COURT OF PROBATE (in the Prerogative Court of Canterbury, Ao. Dño. 1632).

I GEORGE HERBERT commending my soule and body to Almightie God that made them doe thus dispose of my goodes. I giue all my goodes both within doores and without doores both monneys and bookes and howshould stuffe whether in my possession or out of my possession that properly belonge to me vnto my deare wife excepting onely these legacies hereafter insuing. First there is seaven hvndred poundes in Mr. Thomas Lawleys handes a Merchant of London which fell to me by the death of my deare neece Mrs. Dorothy Vaughan whereof two hvndred poundes belonges to my two Neeces that survive and the rest unto my selfe: this whole sum of fiue hvndred pounds I bequeath vnto my Neeces equally to be devided betweene them excepting some legacies of my deceased Neece which are to be payd out of it vnto some whose names shal be annexed vnto this bill [*sic*]. Then I bequeath twenty pounds vnto the poore of this parish to be devided according to my deare wiues discretion. Then I bequeath to Mr Hays the Comment

[1] See on this date in annotated Life of Herbert, by Walton (Vol. III.).

[2] Furnished me by B. H. Beedham, Esq., as before: collated for me with the original by Colonel Chester. Mere '*official* copies' of Wills or other documents, as a rule, are worthless.

of Lucas Brugensis vpon the Scripture and his halfe yeares wages aforehand. then I bequeath to Mr. Bostocke St. Augustines Workes and his halfe yeares wages aforehand, then I leave to my servant Elizabeth her dubble wages giuen her, three pound more besides that which is due to her: to Ann I leave thirty shillinges: to Margaret twenty shillinges: To William Twenty Nobles, To John twentie shillinges, all these are over and aboue their wages: To Sara thirteene shillinges foure pence, Alsoe my Will and pleasure is that Mr. Woodnoth should be mine Executor to whome I bequeath twenty pound, whereof fifteene pound shal be bestowed vppon Leighton Church, the other five pound I giue to himselfe. Lastlie I besech Sir John Danvers that he would be pleased to be Overseer of this will—

GEORGE HERBERT.

(Testes) NATHANIELL BOSTOCKE—ELIZABETH BURDEN.

On the other side are the names of those to whome my deceased Neece left legacyes.

All those that are crost are discharged already, the rest are to be payd.

To Mrcs Magdalen Vaughan one hvndred pound To Mrs Catharine Vaughan one hvndred pound To Mr George Herbert one hvndred pound× To Mrs Beatrice Herbert forty pound× To Mrs Jane Herbert tenn pound× To Mrs Danvers five pound× To Amy Danvers thirty shillinges To Mrs Anne Danvers twenty shillinges To Mrs Mary Danvers twenty shillinges To Mrs Michel twenty shillinges To Mrs Elizabeth Danvers Mr Henry Danvers wife twenty shillinges, to the poore of the parish twenty pound× To my Lord of Cherbury tenn pound To Mr Bostocke forty shillings× To Elizabeth Burthen thirty shillinges× To Mary Gifford tenn shillinges× To Anne Hibbert tenn shillinges× To William Scuce twenty shillinges× To Mrs Judith Spencer five pound To Mary Owens forty shillinges. To Mrs Mary Lawly fifty shillinges× To Mr Gardiner tenn pound MS. that the fiue pound due to Mrs Judeth Spenser is to be payd to Mrs Mary Lawly at Chelsey MS. that there are diuers moneys of mine in Mr Stephens handes Stationer of London, having lately receaved an hvndred and two poundes besides some Remainders of monyes wherof he is to giue as I know he will a Just account: if there be any body els that owe me any thing else of old debt I forgiue them.

PROBATUM fuit Testamentum suprascriptum apud London coram venerabili viro magistro Willimo Mericke legum Doctore Surrogato venerabilis viri Domini Henrici Marten militis legum

etiam doctoris Curie Prerogative Cantuariensis Magisteri Custodis sive Commissarij legitime constituti duodecimo die mensis Martij Anno Domini juxta cursum et computaconem Ecclesie Anglicane Millesimo sexcentesimo tricesimo secundo juramento Arthuri Woodnoth Executoris in hujusmodi Testamento nominati cui commissa fuit administratio omnium et singulorum bonorum jurium et creditorum dicti defuncti de bene et fideliter administrando eadem ad Sancta Dei Evangelia in debita juris forma jurat.

So much for our Memorial-Introduction of the outward facts in the Life of George Herbert. I may be permitted to ask the reader to accompany me farther, by now turning to the Essay in Vol. II., and then to Walton's Life as annotated in Vol. III. He will be pleased also to look at our anastatic etchings of (1) The Church and Parsonage of Bemerton previous to modern restoration beyond recognition: (*a*) In the smaller view from Major's 'Walton's Lives' 1825: (*b*) The larger, both in the present volume: (2) The little view of Fugglestone, also from Major, in the present volume.[1]

I will now only detain from The Church Porch and The Temple until the finely-touched tribute of Richard Crashaw is read, as follows:

'On Mr. George Herbert's Booke intituled The Temple of Sacred Poems: sent to a Gentle-woman.

Know you, faire, on what you looke?
Divinest love lyes in this booke:
Expecting her from your faire eyes,
To kindle this his sacrifice.
When your hands untie these strings,
Thinke yo' have an angell by the wings;
One that gladly would be nigh,
To waite upon each morning sigh;
To flutter in the balmy aire
Of your well-perfumèd praier;
These white plumes of his hee'l lend you,
Which every day to Heaven will send you:
To take acquaintance of each spheare.

[1] See Contents for the Illustrations in quarto form, with details.

And all your smooth-fac'd kindred there.
And though Herbert's name doe owe
These devotions; fairest, know
While I thus lay them on the shrine
Of your white hand, they are mine.'[1]

ALEXANDER B. GROSART.

[1] Our edition of the complete Works of Richard Crashaw: 2 vols., vol. i. pp. 139-140.

THE PORTRAIT OF GEORGE HERBERT

BY R. WHITE.

SINCE my Preface was printed off, I have discovered in the Williams Library a virgin copy of the first edition of the Life of HERBERT by Izaak Walton, 1670; and, lo! facing the title-page, is a most brilliant impression of another Portrait of HERBERT by the same R. WHITE to whom we are indebted for that in the 1674 edition of 'The Temple.' It is the same Face, but younger and unworn, and with a subtle light of humour over it, exceedingly attractive. I cannot say that I prefer it to the wasted, wistful Face of 1674, for its pathetic *realism* is infinitely precious. Still I rejoice to have come on this healthier, sunnier Portrait. It is plain that White, in re-engraving the Face for the 1674 'Temple,' must have worked after a later drawing, when the dying Poet bore the insignia of change.

Portrait and other collectors despoil many of these old books of their engravings sorrowfully. I have seen at least a dozen copies of the 1670 Life of HERBERT without the Portrait, never one until now with it. I hope hereafter to reproduce this earlier Face of HERBERT, as prepared for Izaak Walton, largely and finely. None extant is true to or worthy of it.

ALEXANDER B. GROSART.

THE

TEMPLE.

SACRED POEMS

AND

PRIVATE EJA-

CULATIONS.

By Mr. GEORGE HERBERT.

PSAL. 29.
In his Temple doth every man
speak of his honour.

CAMBRIDGE:
Printed by *Thom. Buck*,
and *Roger Daniel*, printers
to the Universitie.
1633.

THE

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AND

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By Mr. GEORGE HERBERT,
late Oratour of the Universitie
of *Cambridge.*

The Second Edition.

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¶ And are to be sold by *Fr. Green.*

THE PRINTERS TO THE READER.

THE dedication of this work having been made by the Authour to the Divine Majestie onely, how should we now presume to interest any mortall man in the patronage of it! Much lesse think we it meet to seek recommendation of the Muses for that which himself was confident to have been inspired by a diviner breath then flows from Helicon. The world, therefore, shall receive it in that naked simplicitie with which he left it, without any addition either of support or ornament more then is included in itself. We leave it free and unforestalled to every man's judgement, and to the benefit that he shall finde by perusall. Onely, for the clearing of some passages, we have thought it not unfit to make the common Reader privie to some few particularities of the condition and disposition of the Person.

Being nobly born, and as eminently endued with gifts of the minde, and having by industrie and happy education perfected them to that great height of excellencie, whereof his fellowship of Trinitie Colledge in Cambridge, and his Oratorship in the Universitie, together with that knowledge which the King's Court had taken of him, could make relation farre above ordinarie. Quitting both his deserts and all the opportunities that he had for worldly preferment, he betook himself to the Sanctuarie

and Temple of God, choosing rather to serve at God's altar then to seek the honour of State-employments. As for those inward enforcements to this course (for outward there was none), which many of these ensuing verses bear witnesse of, they detract not from the freedome, but adde to the honour of this resolution in him. As God had enabled him, so he accounted him meet not onely to be called, but to be compelled to this service: wherein his faithfull discharge was such as may make him justly a companion to the primitive saints, and a pattern or more for the Age he lived in.

To testifie his independencie upon all others, and to quicken his diligence in this kinde, he used in his ordinarie speech, when he made mention of the blessed name of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, to adde 'My Master.'

Next God, he loved that which God himself hath magnified above all things, that is, his Word: so as he hath been heard to make solemne protestation, that he would not part with one leaf thereof for the whole world, if it were offered him in exchange.

His obedience and conformitie to the Church and the discipline thereof was singularly remarkable: though he abounded in private devotions, yet went he every morning and evening with his familie to the Church; and by his example, exhortations, and encouragements drew the greater part of his parishioners to accompanie him dayly in the public celebration of Divine Service.

As for worldly matters, his love and esteem to them was so little, as no man can more ambitiously seek then he did earnestly endeavour the resignation of an eccle-

siastical dignitie, which he was possessour of. But God permitted not the accomplishment of this desire, having ordained him his instrument for re-edifying of the Church belonging thereunto, that had layen ruinated almost twenty years. The reparation whereof, having been uneffectually attempted by publick collections, was in the end by his own and some few others' private free-will offerings successfully effected. With the remembrance whereof, as of an especial good work, when a friend went about to comfort him on his death-bed, he made answer, 'It is a good work, if it be sprinkled with the bloud of Christ:' otherwise then in this respect he could finde nothing to glorie or comfort himself with, neither in this nor in any other thing.

And these are but a few of many that might be said, which we have chosen to premise as a glance to some parts of the ensuing book, and for an example to the Reader.

We conclude all with his own motto, with which he used to conclude all things that might seem to tend any way to his own honour,

'*Lesse than the least of God's mercies.*'

THE TEMPLE.

I. ¶ THE DEDICATION.

Lord, my first-fruits present themselves to Thee;
Yet not mine neither; for from Thee they came,
And must return. Accept of them and me,
And make us strive who shall sing best Thy Name.
Turn their eyes hither who shall make a gain;
Theirs who shall hurt themselves or me refrain.

II. THE CHURCH PORCH.

PERIRRHANTERIUM.

[I. Invitation to youth to read. II.-IV. Chastity. V.-IX. Temperance. X.-XII. Evil-speaking. XIII. Lying. XIV.-XVI. Indolence. XVII.-XIX. Education. XX. Constancy. XXI. Sincerity. XXII. XXIII. Gluttony. XXIV.-XXX. Self-discipline. XXXI. XXXII. Dress. XXXIII. XXXIV. Gambling. XXXV.-XLII. Conversation. XLIII.-XLV. Behaviour to the great. XLVI. Friendship. XLVII. XLVIII. Suretyship. XLIX.-LIV. Social intercourse. LV.-LIX. Purpose of life. LX. LXI. Foreign travel. LXII. Personal property. LXIII.-LXV. Almsgiving. LXVI.-LXXV. Public worship. LXXVI. Self-examination. LXXVII. Conclusion. G.]

I.

THOU whose sweet youth and early hopes inhance
Thy rate and price, and mark thee for a treasure,
Hearken unto a Verser, who may chance
Ryme thee to good, and make a bait of pleasure:
A verse may finde him who a sermon flies,
And turn delight into a sacrifice.

II.

Beware of lust; it doth pollute and foul
Whom God in Baptisme washt with His own Bloud;
It blots thy lesson written in thy soul;
The holy lines cannot be understood:
How dare those eyes upon a Bible look,
Much lesse towards God, whose lust is all their book!

III.

Wholly abstain, or wed. Thy bounteous Lord
Allows thee choise of paths; take no by-wayes,
But gladly welcome what He doth afford,
Not grudging that thy lust hath bounds and staies.
Continence hath his joy; weigh both, and so,
If rottennesse have more, let Heaven go.

IV.

If God had laid all common, certainly
Man would have been th' incloser; but since now
God hath impal'd us, on the contrarye enclosed, fenced
Man breaks the fence, and every ground will plough.
O, what were man, might he himself misplace!
Sure, to be crosse, he would shift feet and face. contrary

V.

Drink not the third glasse,—which thou canst not tame
When once it is within thee, but before
Mayst rule it as thou list,—and poure the shame,
Which it would poure on thee, upon the floore.
It is most just to throw that on the ground
Which would throw me there if I keep the round.

VI.

He that is drunken, may his mother kill
Bigge with his sister: he hath lost the reins,
Is outlawd by himselfe; all kinds of ill
Did with his liquor slide into his veins.
The drunkard forfets Man, and doth devest
All worldly right, save what he hath by Beast.

VII.

Shall I, to please another's wine-sprung minde,
Lose all mine own? God hath giv'n me a measure
Short of his canne and bodie; must I finde = 'that other's'
A pain in that wherein he findes a pleasure?'
Stay at the third glasse; if thou lose thy hold,
Then thou art modest, and the wine grows bold.

VIII.

If reason move not gallants, quit the room—
All in a shipwrack shift their severall way;
Let not a common ruine thee intombe:
Be not a beast in courtesie, but stay,—
Stay at the third cup, or forgo the place:
Wine above all things doth God's stamp deface.

IX.

Yet, if thou sinne in wine or wantonnesse,
Boast not thereof, nor make thy shame thy glorie.
Frailtie gets pardon by submissivenesse;
But he that boasts shuts that out of his storie;
He makes flat warre with God, and doth defie
With his poore clod of earth the spacious skie.

X.

Take not His Name, Who made thy mouth, in vain;
It gets thee nothing, and hath no excuse.
Lust and wine plead a pleasure, avarice gain;
But the cheap swearer through his open sluce
Lets his soul runne for nought, as little fearing.
Were I an Epicure, I could bate swearing. subtract

XI.

When thou dost tell another's jest, therein
Omit the oathes, which true wit cannot need;
Pick out of tales the mirth, but not the sinne;
He pares his apple that will cleanly feed.
Play not away the vertue of that Name
Which is the best stake when griefs make thee tame.

XII.

The cheapest sinnes most dearly punisht are,
Because to shun them also is so cheap;
For we have wit to mark them, and to spare.
O, crumble not away thy soul's fair heap!
If thou wilt die, the gates of hell are broad;
Pride and full sinnes have made the way a road.

XIII.

Lie not; but let thy heart be true to God,
Thy mouth to it, thy actions to them both:
Cowards tell lies, and those that fear the rod;
The stormie-working soul spits lies and froth.
Dare to be true: nothing can need a ly;
A fault, which needs it most, grows two thereby.

XIV.

Flie idlenesse; which yet thou canst not flie
By dressing, mistressing, and complement.
If those take up thy day, the sunne will crie
Against thee; for his light was onely lent.
God gave thy soul brave wings; put not those feathers
Into a bed, to sleep out all ill weathers.

XV.

Art thou a magistrate? then be severe:
If studious, copie fair what Time hath blurr'd,
Redeem truth from his jawes: if souldier,
Chase brave employment with a naked sword
Throughout the world. Fool not; for all may have,
If they dare try, a glorious life, or grave.

XVI.

O England, full of sinne, but most of sloth!
Spit out thy flegme, and fill thy breast with glorie.
Thy gentry bleats, as if thy native cloth
Transfus'd a sheepishnesse into thy storie;
Not that they all are so, but that the most
Are gone to grasse, and in the pasture lost.

XVII.

This losse springs chiefly from our education:
Some till their ground, but let weeds choke their sonne;
Some mark a partridge, never their childe's fashion;
Some ship them over, and the thing is done.
Studie this art, make it thy great designe;
And if God's image move thee not, let thine.

XVIII.

Some great estates provide, but do not breed
A mast'ring minde; so both are lost thereby.
Or els they breed them tender, make them need
All that they leave; this is flat povertie:
For he that needs five thousand pound to live
Is full as poore as he that needs but five.

XIX.

The way to make thy sonne rich is to fill
His minde with rest, before his trunk with riches:
For wealth without contentment climbes a hill,
To feel those tempests which fly over ditches;
But if thy sonne can make ten pound his measure,
Then all thou addest may be call'd his treasure.

XX.

When thou dost purpose ought within thy power,
Be sure to doe it, though it be but small;
Constancie knits the bones, and makes us sowre,
When wanton pleasures becken, us to thrall.
Who breaks his own bond forfeiteth himself;
And, though hee bee a ship, is his owne shelf. reef

XXI.

Doe all things like a man, not sneakingly;
Think the king sees thee still; for his King does.
Simpring is but a lay-hypocrisie;
Give it a corner, and the clue undoes.
Who fears to do ill sets himself to task;
Who fears to do well sure should wear a mask.

XXII.

Look to thy mouth; diseases enter there.
Thou hast two sconses: if thy stomack call,
Carve, or discourse; do not a famine fear:
Who carves is kind to two; who talks, to all.
Look on meat, think it dirt, then eat a bit,
And say withall,—'Earth to earth I commit.'

XXIII.

Slight those who say, amidst their sickly healths,
'Thou liv'st by rule.' What doth not so but man?
Houses are built by rule, and Common-Wealths.
Entice the trusty sunne, if that you can,
From his ecliptick line; becken the skie!
Who lives by rule, then, keeps good companie.

XXIV.

Who keeps no guard upon himself is slack,
And rots to nothing at the next great thaw.
Man is a shop of rules, a well-truss'd pack,
Whose every parcell under-writes a law.
Loose not thyself, nor give thy humours way;
God gave them to thee under lock and key.

XXV.

By all means use sometimes to be alone;
Salute thyself; see what thy soul doth wear;
Dare to look in thy chest, for 'tis thine own,
And tumble up and down what thou find'st there:
Who cannot rest till he good fellows finde,
He breaks up house, turns out of doores his minde.

XXVI.

Be thrifty, but not covetous: therefore give
Thy need, thine honour, and thy friend his due.
Never was scraper brave man. Get to live;
Then live, and use it; els it is not true
That thou hast gotten. Surely use alone
Makes money not a contemptible stone.

XXVII.

Never exceed thy income. Youth may make
Ev'n with the yeare; but Age, if it will hit,
Shoots a bow short, and lessens still his stake,
As the day lessens, and his life with it.
Thy children, kindred, friends upon thee call,
Before thy journey fairly part with all.

XXVIII.

Yet in thy thriving still misdoubt some evil,
Lest gaining gain on thee, and make thee dimme
To all things els. Wealth is the conjurer's devil,
Whom when he thinks he hath, the devil hath him.
Gold thou mayst safely touch; but if it stick
Unto thy hands, it woundeth to the quick.

XXIX.

What skills it, if a bag of stones or gold
About thy neck do drown thee? Raise thy head;
Take starres for money,—starres not to be told
By any art, yet to be purchasèd.
None is so wastfull as the scraping dame;
She loseth three for one,—her soul, rest, fame.

XXX.

By no means runne in debt: take thine own measure:
Who cannot live on twentie pound a yeare,
Cannot on fourtie; he's a man of pleasure,
A kinde of thing that's for itself too deere.
The curious unthrift makes his cloth too wide,
And spares himself, but would his taylor chide.

XXXI.

Spend not on hopes. They that by pleading-clothes
Do fortunes seek when worth and service fail,
Would have their tale beleevèd for their oathes,
And are like empty vessels under sail.
Old courtiers know this: therefore set out so,
As all the day thou mayst hold out to go.

XXXII.

In clothes, cheap handsomenesse doth bear the bell;
Wisedome's a trimmer thing then shop e'er gave.
Say not then, 'This with that lace will do well;'
But, 'This with my discretion will be brave.' handsome
Much curiousnesse is a perpetuall wooing
Nothing with labour, folly long a-doing.

XXXIII.

Play not for gain, but sport. Who playes for more
Then he can lose with pleasure, stakes his heart;
Perhaps his wive's too, and whom she hath bore:
Servants and churches also play their part.
Onely a herauld, who that way doth passe,
Findes his crakt name at length in the church-glasse.

XXXIV.

If yet thou love game at so deere a rate,'
Learn this, that hath old gamesters deerly cost:
Dost lose? rise up; dost winne? rise in that state:
Who strive to sit out losing hands are lost.
Game is a civil gunpowder, in peace
Blowing up houses with their whole increase.

XXXV.

In conversation boldnesse now bears sway:
But know, that nothing can so foolish be
As empty boldnesse: therefore first assay
To stuffe thy minde with solid braverie;
Then march on gallant: get substantiall worth;
Boldnesse guilds finely, and will set it forth.

XXXVI.

Be sweet to all. Is thy complexion sowre?
Then keep such companie; make them thy allay;
Get a sharp wife, a servant that will lowre:
A stumbler stumbles least in rugged way.
Command thy self in chief. He life's warre knows,
Whom all his passions follow as he goes.

XXXVII.

Catch not at quarrels. He that dares not speak
Plainly and home is coward of the two.
Think not thy fame at ev'ry twitch will break;
By great deeds shew that thou canst little do,—
And do them not; that shall thy wisdome be;
And change thy temperance into braverie.

XXXVIII.

If that thy fame with ev'ry toy be pos'd, trifle, stopped
'Tis a thinne web, which poysonous fancies make:
But the great souldier's honour was compos'd
Of thicker stuffe, which would endure a shake.
Wisdome picks friends; civilitie playes the rest:
A toy shunn'd cleanly passeth with the best.

XXXIX.

Laugh not too much; the wittie man laughs least;
For wit is newes only to ignorance.
Lesse at thine own things laugh, lest in the jest
Thy person share, and the conceit advance: joke
Make not thy sport abuses; for the fly
That feeds on dung is colourèd thereby.

XL.

Pick out of mirth, like stones out of thy ground,
Profanenesse, filthinesse, abusivenesse;
These are the scumme, with which course wits abound:
The fine may spare these well, yet not go lesse.
All things are bigge with jest; nothing that's plain
But may be wittie, if thou hast the vein.

XLI.

Wit's an unruly engine, wildly striking
Sometimes a friend, sometimes the engineer;
Hast thou the knack? pamper it not with liking;
But if thou want it, buy it not too deere.
Many affecting wit beyond their power
Have got to be a deare fool for an houre.

XLII.

A sad wise valour is the brave complexion serious, grave
That leads the van and swallowes up the cities.
The gigler is a milkmaid, whom infection
Or a fir'd beacon frighteth from his ditties:
Then he's the sport; the mirth then in him rests,
And the sad man is cock of all his jests.

XLIII.

Towards great persons use respective boldnesse;
That temper gives them theirs, and yet doth take
Nothing from thine; in service, care or coldnesse
Doth ratably thy fortunes marre or make.
Feed no man in his sinnes; for adulation
Doth make thee parcell-devil in damnation.

XLIV.

Envie not greatnesse; for thou mak'st thereby
Thyself the worse, and so the distance greater.
Be not thine own worm; yet such jealousie
As hurts not others, but may make thee better,
Is a good spurre. Correct thy passions' spite;
Then may the beasts draw thee to happy light.

LXV.

When basenesse is exalted, do not bate take from
The place its honour for the person's sake;
The shrine is that which thou dost venerate,
And not the beast that bears it on his back.
I care not though the Cloth of State should be
Not of rich arras but mean tapestrie.

XLVI.

Thy friend put in thy bosome; wear his eies
Still in thy heart, that he may see what's there.
If cause require thou art his sacrifice, 1 Ep. John iii. 16
Thy drops of bloud must pay down all his fear:
But love is lost, the art of friendship's gone,
Though David had his Jonathan, Christ His John.

XLVII.

Yet be not surety, if thou be a father:
Love is a personall debt; I cannot give
My children's right, nor ought he take it: rather
Both friends should die then hinder them to live.
Fathers first enter bonds to Nature's ends,
And are her sureties ere they are a friend's.

XLVIII.

If thou be single, all thy goods and ground
Submit to love; but yet not more then all:
Give one estate, as one life. None is bound
To work for two, who brought himself to thrall.
God made me one man; love makes me no more,
Till labour come and make my weaknesse score.

XLIX.

In thy discourse, if thou desire to please,
All such is courteous, usefull, new, or wittie:
Usefulnesse comes by labour, wit by ease;
Courtesie grows at Court, news in the citie:
Get a good stock of these, then draw the card
That suites him best, of whom thy speech is heard.

L.

Entice all neatly to what they know best;
For so thou dost thyself and him a pleasure;—
But a proud ignorance will lose his rest,
Rather then shew his cards;—steal from his treasure
What to ask further: doubts well-rais'd do lock
The speaker to thee, and preserve thy stock.

LI.

If thou be master-gunner, spend not all
That thou canst speak at once, but husband it,
And give men turns of speech; do not forestall
By lavishnesse thine own and others' wit,
As if thou mad'st thy will: a civil guest
Will no more talk all then eat all the feast.

LII.

Be calm in arguing: for fiercenesse makes
Errour a fault, and truth discourtesie.
Why should I feel another man's mistakes
More then his sicknesses or povertie?
In love I should; but anger is not love,
Nor wisdome neither; therefore gently move.

LIII.

Calmnesse is great advantage; he that lets
Another chafe, may warm him at his fire,
Mark all his wandrings, and enjoy his frets,
As cunning fencers suffer heat to tire.
Truth dwels not in the clouds; the bow that's there
Doth often aim at, never hit the sphere.

LIV.

Mark what another sayes; for many are
Full of themselves, and answer their own notion.
Take all into thee; then with equall care
Ballance each dramme of reason, like a potion.
If truth be with thy friend, be with them both,
Share in the conquest, and confesse a troth.

LV.

Be useful where thou livest, that they may
Both want and wish thy pleasing presence still. lack
Kindnesse, good parts, great places, are the way
To compasse this. Finde out men's wants and will,
And meet them there. All worldly joyes go lesse
To the one joy of doing kindnesses.

LVI.

Pitch thy behaviour low, thy projects high;
So shalt thou humble and magnanimous be:
Sink not in spirit; who aimeth at the sky
Shoots higher much then he that means a tree.
A grain of glorie mixt with humblenesse
Cures both a fever and lethargicknesse.

LVII.

Let thy minde still be bent, still plotting where
And when and how the businesse may be done.
Slacknesse breeds worms; but the sure traveller,
Though he alight sometimes, still goeth on.
Active and stirring spirits live alone; =only
Write on the others 'HERE LIES SUCH A ONE.'

LVIII.

Slight not the smallest losse, whether it be
In love or honour; take account of all:
Shine like the sunne in every corner: see
Whether thy stock of credit swell or fall.
Who say 'I care not,' those I give for lost,
And to instruct them 'twill not quit the cost.

LIX.

Scorn no man's love, though of a mean degree,—
Love is a present for a mightie king;
Much lesse make any one thine enemie:
As gunnes destroy, so may a little sting.
The cunning workman never doth refuse
The meanest tool that he may chance to use.

LX.

All forrain wisdome doth amount to this,
To take all that is given, whether wealth,
Or love, or language; nothing comes amisse;
A good digestion turneth all to health:
And then, as farre as fair behaviour may,
Strike off all scores; none are so cleare as they.

LXI.

Keep all thy native good, and naturalize
All forrain of that name; but scorn their ill;
Embrace their activenesse, not vanities:
Who follows all things, forfeiteth his will.
If thou observest strangers in each fit,
In time they'l runne thee out of all thy wit.

LXII.

Affect in things about thee cleanlinesse,
That all may gladly board thee, as a flowre.
Slovens take up their stock of noisomenesse
Beforehand, and anticipate their last houre.
Let thy minde's sweetnesse have his operation
Upon thy body, clothes, and habitation.

LXIII.

In almes regard thy meanes and others' merit;
Think heav'n a better bargain then to give
Onely thy single market-money for it;
Joyn hands with God to make a man to live.
Give to all something; to a good poore man
Till thou change names, and be where he began.

LXIV.

Man is God's image; but a poore man is
Christ's stamp to boot; both images regard.
God reckons for him, counts the favour His;
Write 'So much giv'n to God:' thou shalt be heard.
Let thy almes goe before and keep heav'n's gate
Open for thee; or both may come too late.

LXV.

Restore to God His due in tithe and time;
A tithe purloin'd cankers the whole estate.
Sundaies observe; think when the bells do chime,
'Tis angels' musick; therefore come not late.
God then deals blessings: if a king did so,
Who would not haste, nay give, to see the show?

LXVI.

Twice on that day His due is understood;
For all the week thy food so oft He gave thee.
Thy cheere is mended; bate not of the food,
Because 'tis better, and perhaps may save thee.
Thwart not th' Almighty God: O, be not crosse!
Fast when thou wilt; but then 'tis gain, not losse.

LXVII.

Though private prayer be a brave designe,
Yet publick hath more promises, more love;
And love's a weight to hearts, to eies a signe.
We all are but cold suitours; let us move
Where it is warmest: leave thy six and seven;
Pray with the most, for where most pray is heaven.

LXVIII.

When once thy foot enters the Church, be bare;
God is more there then thou; for thou art there
Onely by His permission: then beware,
And make thy self all reverence and fear.
Kneeling ne're spoil'd silk stocking; quit thy state;
All equall are within the Churche's gate.

LXIX.

Resort to sermons, but to prayers most:
Praying's the end of preaching. O, be drest;
Stay not for th' other pin! Why, thou hast lost
A joy for it worth worlds. Thus Hell doth jest
Away thy blessings, and extreamly flout thee;
Thy clothes being fast, but thy soul loose about thee.

LXX.

In time of service seal up both thine eies,
And send them to thy heart, that, spying sinne,
They may weep out the stains by them did rise:
Those doores being shut, all by the eare comes in.
Who marks in church-time others' symmetrie
Makes all their beautie his deformitie.

LXXI.

Let vain and busie thoughts have there no part;
Bring not thy plough, thy plots, thy pleasures thither.
Christ purg'd His temple; so must thou thy heart:
All worldly thoughts are but theeves met together
To couzin thee. Look to thy actions well;
For churches are either our Heav'n or Hell.

LXXII.

Judge not the preacher, for he is thy judge;
If thou mislike him, thou conceiv'st Him not:
God calleth preaching folly: do not grudge
To pick out treasures from an earthen pot:
The worst speak something good; if all want sense,
God takes a text, and preacheth patience.

LXXIII.

He that gets patience, and the blessing which
Preachers conclude with, hath not lost his pains.
He that by being at Church escapes the ditch St. Matt. xv.
Which he might fall in by companions, gains. [13, 14
He that loves God's abode, and to combine
With saints on earth, shall one day with them shine.

LXXIV.

Jest not at preacher's language or expression:
How know'st thou but thy sinnes made him miscarrie?
Then turn thy faults and his into confession:
God sent him, whatsoe'er he be; O, tarry,
And love him for his Master; his condition,
Though it be ill, makes him no ill physician.

LXXV.

None shall in Hell such bitter pangs endure
As those who mock at God's way of salvation:
Whom oil and balsames kill, what salve can cure?
They drink with greedinesse a full damnation.
The Jews refusèd thunder, and we folly;
Though God do hedge us in, yet who is holy?

LXXVI.

Summe up at night what thou hast done by day,
And in the morning what thou hast to do;
Dresse and undresse thy soul; mark the decay
And growth of it; if with thy watch that too
Be down, then winde up both: since we shall be
Most surely judg'd, make thy accounts agree.

LXXVII.

In brief, acquit thee bravely, play the man:
Look not on pleasures as they come, but go; =as they go
Deferre not the least vertue: life's poore span
Make not an ell by trifling in thy wo.
If thou do ill, the joy fades, not the pains;
If well, the pain doth fade, the joy remains.

III. SUPERLIMINARE.

Thou whom the former precepts have
Sprinkled, and taught how to behave
Thy self in Church, approach and taste
The Churche's mysticall repast.

AVOID, PROFANENESSE! COME NOT HERE: =avaunt
NOTHING BUT HOLY, PURE, AND CLEARE,
OR THAT WHICH GROWETH TO BE SO,
MAY AT HIS PERILL FURTHER GO.

IV. THE CHURCH.

1. THE ALTAR.

A BROKEN Altar, Lord, Thy servant reares,
Made of a heart, and cemented with teares,
Whose parts are as Thy hand did frame;
No workman's tool hath touch'd the same.
A heart alone
Is such a stone
As nothing but
Thy power doth cut.
Wherefore each part
Of my hard heart
Meets in this frame,
To praise Thy name:
That, if I chance to hold my peace,
These stones to praise Thee may not cease.
O, let Thy blessèd Sacrifice be mine,
And sanctifie this Altar to be Thine!

2. THE SACRIFICE.

[St. Matt. xxvii. 39-40.]

O, all ye who passe by, whose eyes and minde
To worldly things are sharp, but to Me blinde—
To Me, Who took eyes that I might you finde:
Was ever grief like Mine?

The princes of My people make a head Ps. ii. 2
Against their Maker: they do wish Me dead,
Who cannot wish, except I give them bread:
Was ever grief like Mine?

Without Me, each one who doth now Me brave
Had to this day been an Egyptian slave;
They use that power against Me which I gave:
Was ever grief like Mine?

Mine own Apostle who the bag did beare, St. John xiii. 29
Though he had all I had, did not forbeare
To sell Me also, and to put Me there:
Was ever grief like Mine?

For thirtie pence he did My death devise
Who at three hundred did the ointment prize,
Not half so sweet as My sweet sacrifice:
Was ever grief like Mine?

Therefore My soul melts, and My heart's deare treasure
Drops bloud, the only beads My words to measure:
Oh, let this cup passe, if it be Thy pleasure:
Was ever grief like Mine?

These drops being temper'd with a sinner's tears,
A balsome are for both the hemispheres,
Curing all wounds but Mine, all but My fears:
Was ever grief like Mine?

Yet My disciples sleep; I cannot gain
One houre of watching; but their drowsie brain
Comforts not Me, and doth My doctrine stain:
Was ever grief like Mine?

'Arise! arise! they come!' Look how they runne!
Alas, what haste they make to be undone!
How with their lanterns do they seek the sunne!
Was ever grief like Mine?

With clubs and staves they seek Me as a thief,
Who am the way of truth, the true relief,
Most true to those who are My greatest grief:
Was ever grief like Mine?

Judas, dost thou betray Me with a kisse?
Canst thou finde hell about My lips, and misse
Of life just at the gates of life and blisse?
Was ever grief like Mine?

See, they lay hold on Me, not with the hands
Of faith, but furie; yet at their commands
I suffer binding, Who have loos'd their bands:
Was ever grief like Mine?

All My disciples flie; fear puts a barre
Betwixt My friends and Me: they leave the starre

That brought the wise men of the East from farre :
Was ever grief like Mine?

Then from one ruler to another, bound
They leade Me, urging that it was not found
What I taught; comments would the text confound:
Was ever grief like Mine?

The priest and rulers all false witnesse seek
'Gainst Him Who seeks not life, but is the meek
And readie Paschal Lambe of this great week :
Was ever grief like Mine?

Then they accuse Me of great blasphemie,
That I did thrust into the Deitie,
Who never thought that any robberie :
Was ever grief like Mine?

Some said that I the Temple to the floore
In three days raz'd, and raisèd as before:
Why, He that built the world can do much more :
Was ever grief like Mine?

Then they condemne Me all, with that same breath
Which I do give them daily, unto death;
Thus Adam my first breathing rendereth :
Was ever grief like Mine?

They binde and leade Me unto Herod; he
Sends Me to Pilate: this makes them agree;
But yet their friendship is My enmitie:
Was ever grief like Mine?

Herod and all his bands do set Me light,
Who teach all hands to warre, fingers to fight,
And onely am the Lord of hosts and might:
Was ever grief like Mine?

Herod in judgment sits, while I do stand,
Examines Me with a censorious hand;
I him obey, Who all things else command:
Was ever grief like Mine?

The Jews accuse Me with despitefulnesse,
And, vying malice with My gentlenesse,
Pick quarrels with their onely happinesse:
Was ever grief like Mine?

I answer nothing, but with patience prove
If stony hearts will mêlt with gentle love:
But who does hawk at eagles with a dove?
Was ever grief like Mine?

My silence rather doth augment their crie;
My dove doth back into My bosome flie,
Because the raging waters still are high:
Was ever grief like Mine?

Hark how they crie aloud still, Crucifie!
It is not fit He live a day! they crie,
Who cannot live lesse then eternally:
Was ever grief like Mine?

Pilate, a stranger, holdeth off; but they,
Mine own deare people, cry, Away, away!

With noises confusèd frighting the day:
Was ever grief like Mine?

Yet still they shout, and crie, and stop their eares,
Putting My life among their sinnes and fears,
And therefore with My bloud on them and theirs:
Was ever grief like Mine?

See how spite cankers things!—these words, aright
Usèd and wishèd, are the whole world's light;
But hony is their gall, brightnesse their night:
Was ever grief like Mine?

They choose a murderer, and all agree
In him to do themselves a courtesie;
For it was their own cause who killèd Me: Acts iii. 14, 15
Was ever grief like Mine?

And a seditious murderer he was;
But I the Prince of Peace,—peace that doth passe
All understanding more then heav'n doth glasse:
Was ever grief like Mine?

Why, Cesar is their onely king, not I.
He clave the stonie rock when they were drie,
But surely not their hearts, as I well trie:
Was ever grief like Mine?

Ah, how they scourge Me! yet my tendernesse
Doubles each lash: and yet their bitternesse
Windes up My grief to a mysteriousnesse:
Was ever grief like Mine?

They buffet Me and box Me as they list, choose
Who grasp the earth and heaven with My fist,
And never yet whom I would punish miss'd:
Was ever grief like Mine?

Behold, they spit on Me in scornfull wise,
Who by My spittle gave the blinde man eies,
Leaving his blindnesse to Mine enemies:
Was ever grief like Mine?

My face they cover, though it be divine:
As Moses' face was vailèd, so is Mine,
Lest on their double-dark souls either shine:
Was ever grief like Mine?

Servants and abjects flout Me, they are wittie;
'Now prophesie who strikes Thee,' is their dittie;
So they in Me denie themselves all pitie:
Was ever grief like Mine?

And now I am deliver'd unto death;
Which each one calls for so with utmost breath,
That he before Me well-nigh suffereth:
Was ever grief like Mine?

Weep not, deare friends, since I for both have wept,
When all My tears were bloud, the while you slept:
Your tears for your own fortunes should be kept:
Was ever grief like Mine?

The souldiers leade Me to the common-hall:
There they deride Me, they abuse Me all;

Yet for twelve heav'nly legions I could call:
Was ever grief like Mine?

Then with a scarlet robe they Me aray,
Which shews My bloud to be the onely way,
And cordiall left to repair man's decay:
Was ever grief like Mine?

Then on My head a crown of thorns I wear;
For these are all the grapes Sion doth bear, Is. v. 6; vii. 23
Though I My vine planted and watrèd there:
Was ever grief like Mine?

So sits the Earth's great curse in Adam's fall
Upon My head; so I remove it all
From th' earth unto My brows, and bear the thrall:
Was ever grief like Mine?

Then with the reed they gave to Me before
They strike My head, the rock from whence all store
Of heav'nly blessings issue evermore:
Was ever grief like Mine?

They bow their knees to Me, and cry, 'Hail, King!'
What ever scoffes or scornfulnesse can bring,
I am the floore, the sink, where they it fling:
Was ever grief like Mine?

Yet since man's scepters are as frail as reeds,
And thorny all their crowns, bloudie their weeds,
I, Who am Truth, turn into truth their deeds:
Was ever grief like Mine?

The souldiers also spit upon that Face
Which angels did desire to have the grace,
And prophets, once to see, but found no place:
Was ever grief like Mine?

Thus trimmèd forth they bring Me to the rout,
Who 'Crucifie Him!' crie with one strong shout.
God holds His peace at man, and man cries out:
Was ever grief like Mine?

They leade Me in once more, and putting then
Mine own clothes on, they leade Me out agen.
Whom devils flie, thus is He toss'd of men:
Was ever grief like Mine?

And now wearie of sport, glad to ingrosse
All spite in one, counting My life their losse,
They carrie Me to My most bitter crosse:
Was ever grief like Mine?

My crosse I bear My self, untill I faint:
Then Simon bears it for Me by constraint,—
The decreed burden of each mortal saint:
Was ever grief like Mine?

O, all ye who passe by, behold and see:
Man stole the fruit, but I must climbe the tree,—
The tree of life to all but onely Me: except
Was ever grief like Mine?

Lo, here I hang, charg'd with a world of sinne,
The greater world o' th' two; for that came in

By words, but this by sorrow I must win :
Was ever grief like Mine?

Such sorrow as if sinfull man could feel,
Or feel his part, he would not cease to kneel
Till all were melted, though he were all steel:
Was ever grief like Mine?

But, O My God, My God, why leav'st Thou Me,
The Sonne in Whom Thou dost delight to be?
My God, My God——
Never was grief like Mine.

Shame tears My soul, My bodie many a wound;
Sharp nails pierce this, but sharper that confound,—
Reproches which are free, while I am bound:
Was ever grief like Mine?

'Now heal Thyself, Physician; now come down.'
Alas, I did so, when I left My crown
And Father's smile, to feel for you His frown:
Was ever grief like Mine?

In healing not Myself there doth consist
All that salvation which ye now resist;
Your safetie in My sicknesse doth subsist:
Was ever grief like Mine?

Betwixt two theeves I spend My utmost breath,
As he that for some robberie suffereth:
Alas, what have I stollen from you? death:
Was ever grief like Mine?

A king My title is, prefixt on high ;
Yet by My subjects am condemn'd to die
A servile death in servile companie :
Was ever grief like Mine ?

They gave Me vinegar mingled with gall,
But more with malice : yet, when they did call,
With manna, angels' food, I fed them all :
Was ever grief like Mine ?

They part My garments, and by lot dispose
My coat, the type of love, which once cur'd those
Who sought for help, never malicious foes :
Was ever grief like Mine ?

Nay, after death their spite shall further go ;
For they will pierce My side, I full well know ;
That as sinne came, so Sacraments might flow :
Was ever grief like Mine ?

But now I die ; now all is finishèd ;
My wo man's weal, and now I bow My head :
Onely let others say, when I am dead,
Never was grief like Mine.

3. ¶ THE THANKSGIVING.

Oh King of grief—a title strange, yet true,
To Thee of all kings onely due—
Oh King of wounds, how shall I grieve for Thee,
Who in all grief preventest me ? goest before
Shall I weep bloud ? why, Thou hast wept such store,
That all Thy body was one doore.

Shall I be scourgèd, floutèd, boxèd, sold?
'Tis but to tell the tale is told.
'My God, My God, why dost Thou part from Me?'
Was such a grief as cannot be.
Shall I, then, sing, neglecting Thy sad storie,
And side with Thy triumphant glorie?
Shall Thy strokes be my stroking? thorns my flower?
Thy rod my posie? crosse my bower? [soothings
But how, then, shall I imitate Thee, and
Copie Thy fair though bloudie hand?
Surely I will revenge me on Thy love,
And trie who shall victorious prove.
If Thou dost give me wealth, I will restore
All back unto Thee in the poore.
If Thou dost give me honour, men shall see
The honour doth belong to Thee.
I will not marry; or, if she be mine,
She and her children shall be Thine.
My bosome-friend, if he blaspheme Thy name,
I will tear thence his love and fame.
One half of me being gone, the rest I give
Unto some chapell, die or live.
As for Thy passion—But of that anon,
When with the other I have done.
For Thy predestination, I'le contrive
That three years hence, if I survive,
I'le build a spittle, or mend common wayes, hospital
But mend mine own without delayes.

Then I will use the works of Thy creation,
As if I us'd them but for fashion.
The world and I will quarrell; and the yeare
Shall not perceive that I am here.
My musick shall finde Thee, and ev'ry string
Shall have his attribute to sing;
That all together may accord in Thee,
And prove one God, one harmonie.
If Thou shalt give me wit, it shall appeare,
If Thou hast giv'n it me, 'tis here.
Nay, I will reade Thy Booke, and never move
Till I have found therein Thy love,
Thy art of love, which I'le turn back on Thee:
O my deare Saviour, Victorie!
Then for Thy Passion; I will do for that—
Alas, my God, I know not what.

4. ¶ THE SECOND THANKSGIVING, OR THE REPRISALL.

I have consider'd it, and finde
There is no dealing with Thy mighty Passion;
For though I die for Thee, I am behinde;
My sinnes deserve the condemnation.

O, make me innocent, that I
May give a disentangled state and free;
And yet Thy wounds still my attempts defie,
For by Thy death I die for Thee. instead of

Ah, was it not enough that Thou
By Thy eternall glorie didst outgo me?
Couldst Thou not Grief's sad conquests me allow,
But in all vict'ries overthrow me?

Yet by confession will I come
Into Thy conquest. Though I can do nought
Against Thee, in Thee I will overcome
The man who once against Thee fought.

5. ¶ THE AGONIE.

Philosophers have measur'd mountains,
Fathom'd the depths of seas, of states, and kings;
Walk'd with a staffe to heav'n, and tracèd fountains:
But there are two vast, spacious things,
The which to measure it doth more behove;
Yet few there are that sound them,—Sinne and Love.

Who would know Sinne, let him repair
Unto Mount Olivet; there shall he see
A Man so wrung with pains, that all His hair,
His skinne, His garments bloudie be.
Sinne is that presse and vice, which forceth pain
To hunt his cruell food through ev'ry vein.

Who knows not Love, let him assay
And taste that juice which, on the crosse, a pike
Did set again abroach; then let him say
If ever he did taste the like.
Love is that liquour sweet and most divine,
Which my God feels as bloud, but I as wine.

6. ¶ THE SINNER.

Lord, how I am all ague when I seek
What I have treasur'd in my memorie!
Since, if my soul make even with the week,
Each seventh note by right is due to Thee. noting
I finde there quarries of pil'd vanities,
But shreds of holinesse, that dare not venture
To shew their face, since crosse to Thy decrees:
There the circumference earth is, heav'n the centre.

In so much dregs the quintessence is small;
The spirit and good extract of my heart
Comes to about the many hundredth part.
Yet, Lord, restore Thine image; heare my call;
And though my hard heart scarce to Thee can grone,
Remember that Thou once didst write in stone.
[Exodus xxxi. 18

7. ¶ GOOD-FRIDAY.

O my chief good,
How shall I measure out Thy bloud?
How shall I count what Thee befell,
And each grief tell?

Shall I Thy woes
Number according to Thy foes?
Or, since one starre show'd Thy first breath,
Shall all Thy death?

Or shall each leaf
Which falls in Autumne score a grief?
Or cannot leaves, but fruit, be signe
Of the True Vine?

Then let each houre
Of my whole life one grief devoure,
That Thy distresse through all may runne,
And be my sunne.

Or rather let
My sev'rall sinnes their sorrows get,
That as each beast his cure doth know,
Each sinne may so.

Since bloud is fittest, Lord, to write
Thy sorrows in and bloudie fight,
My heart hath store, write there, where in
One box doth lie both ink and sinne:

That when Sinne spies so many foes,
Thy whips, Thy nails, Thy wounds, Thy woes,
All come to lodge there, Sinne may say,
'No room for me,' and flie away.

Sinne being gone, O, fill the place,
And keep possession with Thy grace;
Lest sinne take courage and return,
And all the writings blot or burn.

8. ¶ REDEMPTION.

Having been tenant long to a rich Lord,
Not thriving, I resolvèd to be bold,
And make a suit unto Him, to afford
A new small-rented lease, and cancell th' old.

In heaven at His manour I Him sought:
They told me there, that He was lately gone
About some land, which He had deerly bought
Long since on Earth, to take possession.

I straight return'd, and knowing His great birth,
Sought Him accordingly in great resorts—
In cities, theatres, gardens, parks, and courts:
At length I heard a raggèd noise and mirth
Of theeves and murderers; there I Him espied,
Who straight, 'Your suit is granted,' said, and died.

9. ¶ SEPULCHRE.

O blessèd bodie, whither art Thou thrown?
No lodging for Thee but a cold hard stone!
So many hearts on earth, and yet not one
Receive Thee!

Sure there is room within our hearts good store,
For they can lodge transgressions by the score;
Thousands of toyes dwell there, yet out of doore
They leave Thee.

But that which shews them large shews them unfit:
Whatever sinne did this pure rock commit

Which holds Thee now? who hath indited it
Of murder?

Where our hard hearts have took up stones to brain
Thee, [Whereas. St. John x. 31
And, missing this, most falsely did arraigne Thee,
Onely these stones in quiet entertain Thee,
And order.

And as of old the Law by heav'nly art
Was writ in stone; so Thou, which also art
The letter of the Word, find'st no fit heart
To hold Thee.

Yet do we still persist as we began,
And so should perish, but that nothing can,
Though it be cold, hard, foul, from loving man
Withhold Thee.

10. ¶ EASTER.

Rise, heart, thy Lord is risen; sing His praise
Without delayes,
Who takes thee by the hand, that thou likewise
With Him mayst rise;
That, as His death calcinèd thee to dust,
His life may make thee gold, and, much more, just.

Awake, my lute, and struggle for thy part
With all thy art:
The crosse taught all wood to resound His name
Who bore the same;

His stretchèd sinews taught all strings what key
Is best to celebrate this most high day.
Consort both heart and lute, and twist a song
Pleasant and long;
Or, since all musick is but three parts vied
And multiplied,
O, let Thy blessèd Spirit bear a part,
And make up our defects with His sweet art.

THE SONG.

I got me flowers to straw Thy way,
I got me boughs off many a tree;
But Thou wast up by break of day,
And brought'st Thy sweets along with Thee.
The sunne arising in the East,
Though he give light, and th' East perfume,
If they should offer to contest
With Thy arising, they presume.
Can there be any day but this,
Though many sunnes to shine endeavour?
We count three hundred, but we misse:
There is but one, and that one ever.

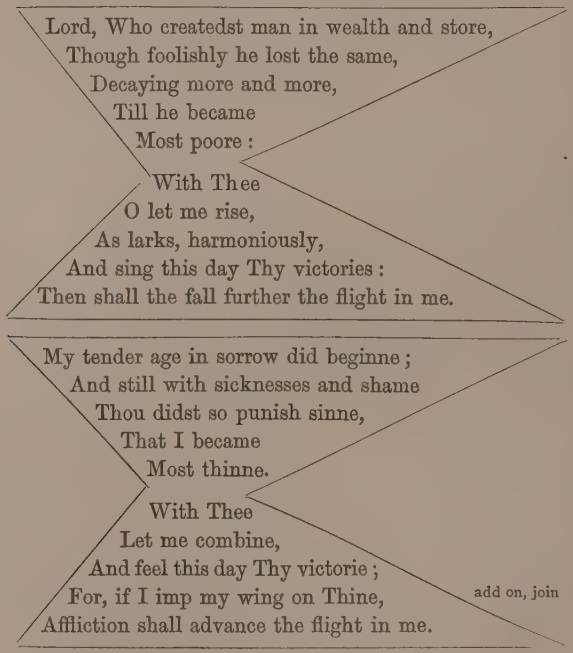
Another version, from the Williams Ms.

I had preparèd many a flowre
To straw Thy way and victorie;
But Thou wast vp before myne houre,
Bringinge Thy sweets along with Thee.
The sunn arising in the East,
Though hee bring light and th' other sents,

Can not make vp so braue a feast
As Thy discouerie presents.

Yet though my flours be lost, they say
A hart can never come too late;
Teach it to sing Thy praise this day,
And then this day my life shall date.

11. ¶ EASTER WINGS.


Lord, Who createdst man in wealth and store,
Though foolishly he lost the same,
Decaying more and more,
Till he became
Most poore:
With Thee
O let me rise,
As larks, harmoniously,
And sing this day Thy victories:
Then shall the fall further the flight in me.
My tender age in sorrow did beginne;
And still with sicknesses and shame
Thou didst so punish sinne,
That I became
Most thinne.
With Thee
Let me combine,
And feel this day Thy victorie;
For, if I imp my wing on Thine,
Affliction shall advance the flight in me.

add on, join

12. ¶ HOLY BAPTISME.

As he that sees a dark and shadie grove
Stayes not, but looks beyond it on the skie;
So, when I view my sinnes, mine eyes remove
More backward still, and to that water flie
Which is above the heav'ns, whose spring and rent
Is in my dear Redeemer's piercèd side.
O blessèd streams, either ye do prevent
And stop our sinnes from growing thick and wide,
Or else give tears to drown them, as they grow.
In you Redemption measures all my time,
And spreads the plaister equall to the crime:
You taught the Book of Life my name, that so,
Whatever future sinnes should me miscall,
Your first acquaintance might discredit all.

13. ¶ HOLY BAPTISME.

Since, Lord, to Thee
A narrow way and little gate
Is all the passage, on my infancie
Thou didst lay hold, and antedate
My faith in me.

O, let me still
Write Thee 'great God,' and me 'a childe;'
Let me be soft and supple to Thy will,
Small to myself, to others milde,
Behither ill.

Although by stealth
My flesh get on; yet let her sister,
My soul, bid nothing, but preserve her wealth:
The growth of flesh is but a blister;
Childhood is health.

14. ¶ NATURE.

Full of rebellion, I would die,
Or fight, or travell, or denie
That Thou hast ought to do with me:
O, tame my heart;
It is Thy highest art
To captivate strongholds to Thee.

If Thou shalt let this venome lurk,
And in suggestions fume and work,
My soul will turn to bubbles straight,
And thence, by kinde,
Vanish into a winde,
Making Thy workmanship deceit.

O, smooth my rugged heart, and there
Engrave Thy rev'rend Law and fear;
Or make a new one, since the old
Is saplesse grown,
And a much fitter stone
To hide my dust then Thee to hold.

15. ¶ SINNE.

Lord, with what care hast Thou begirt us round!
Parents first season us; then schoolmasters
Deliver us to laws; they send us, bound
To rules of reason, holy messengers,

Pulpits and Sundayes, sorrow dogging sinne,
Afflictions sorted, anguish of all sizes,
Fine nets and stratagems to catch us in,
Bibles laid open, millions of surprises;

Blessings beforehand, tyes of gratefulnesse,
The sound of glorie ringing in our eares,
Without, our shame; within, our consciences;
Angels and grace, eternall hopes and fears.

Yet all these fences and their whole aray
One cunning bosome-sinne blows quite away.

16. ¶ AFFLICTION.

When first Thou didst entice to Thee my heart,
I thought the service brave:
So many joyes I writ down for my part,
Besides what I might have
Out of my stock of naturall delights,
Augmented with Thy Grace's perquisites.

I lookèd on Thy furniture so fine,
And made it fine to me;

Thy glorious houshold-stuffe did me entwine,
And 'tice me unto Thee;
Such starres I counted mine: both heav'n and earth
Payd me my wages in a world of mirth.

What pleasures could I want, whose King I served,
Where joyes my fellows were?
Thus argu'd into hopes, my thoughts reserved
No place for grief or fear;
Therefore my sudden soul caught at the place,
And made her youth and fiercenesse seek Thy face.

At first Thou gav'st me milk and sweetnesses,
I had my wish and way; [happ'nesses
My days were straw'd with flow'rs and happinesses;
There was no moneth but May. month
But with my yeares sorrow did twist and grow,
And made a partie unawares for wo.

My flesh begun unto my soul in pain,
Sicknesses cleave my bones,
Consuming agues dwell in ev'ry vein,
And tune my breath to grones:
Sorrow was all my soul; I scarce beleeved,
Till grief did tell me roundly, that I lived.

When I got health, Thou took'st away my life,
And more,—for my friends die:
My mirth and edge was lost, a blunted knife
Was of more use then I:

Thus thinne and lean, without a fence or friend,
I was blown thorough with ev'ry storm and winde. through

Whereas my birth and spirit rather took
The way that takes the town,
Thou didst betray me to a lingring book,
And wrap me in a gown;
I was entangled in the world of strife
Before I had the power to change my life.

Yet, for I threatned oft the siege to raise,
Not simpring all mine age,
Thou often didst with academick praise
Melt and dissolve my rage:
I took Thy sweetened pill till I came neare;
I could not go away, nor persevere.

Yet lest perchance I should too happie be
In my unhappinesse,
Turning my purge to food, Thou throwest me
Into more sicknesses:
Thus doth Thy power cross-bias me, not making
Thine own gift good, yet me from my ways taking.

Now I am here, what Thou wilt do with me
None of my books will show:
I reade, and sigh, and wish I were a tree,—
For sure then I should grow
To fruit or shade; at least some bird would trust
Her houshold to me, and I should be just.

Yet, though Thou troublest me, I must be meek;
In weaknesse must be stout.
Well, I will change the service, and go seek
Some other master out.
Ah, my deare God, though I am clean forgot,
Let me not love Thee, if I love Thee not.

17. ¶ REPENTANCE.

Lord, I confesse my sin is great;
Great is my sinne: O, gently treat
With Thy quick flow'r Thy momentanie bloom,
Whose life still pressing
Is one undressing,
A steadie aiming at a tombe.

Man's age is two houres' work, or three;
Each day doth round about us see.
Thus are we to delights, but we are all
To sorrows old,
If life be told
From what life feeleth, Adam's fall.

O, let Thy height of mercie, then,
Compassionate short-breathèd men;
Cut me not off for my most foul transgression:
I do confesse
My foolishnesse;
My God, accept of my confession.

Sweeten at length this bitter bowl
Which Thou hast pour'd into my soul;
Thy wormwood turn to health, windes to fair weather:
For if Thou stay,
I and this day,
As we did rise, we die together.

When Thou for sinne rebukest man,
Forthwith he waxeth wo and wan;
Bitternesse fills our bowels, all our hearts
Pine and decay
And drop away,
And carrie with them th' other parts.

But Thou wilt sinne and grief destroy;
That so the broken bones may joy,
And tune together in a well-set song,
Full of His praises
Who dead men raises.
Fractures well cur'd make us more strong.

18. ¶ FAITH.

Lord, how couldst Thou so much appease
Thy wrath for sinne, as when man's sight was dimme
And could see little, to regard his ease,
And bring by faith all things to him?

Hungrie I was, and had no meat:
I did conceit a most delicious feast,—
I had it straight, and did as truly eat
As ever did a welcome guest.

There is a rare outlandish root,
Which when I could not get, I thought it here;
That apprehension cur'd so well my foot,
That I can walk to heav'n well neare.

I owèd thousands, and much more;
I did beleeve that I did nothing owe,
And liv'd accordingly; my creditor
Beleeves so too, and lets me go.

Faith makes me any-thing, or all
That I beleeve is in the sacred storie;
And where sinne placeth me in Adam's fall,
Faith sets me higher in his glorie.

If I go lower in the book,
What can be lower then the common manger?
Faith puts me there with Him Who sweetly took
Our flesh and frailtie, death and danger.

If blisse had lien in art or strength,
None but the wise or strong had gainèd it;
Where now by faith all arms are of a length,
One size doth all conditions fit.

A peasant may beleeve as much
As a great clerk, and reach the highest stature:
Thus dost Thou make proud knowledge bend and crouch,
While grace fills up uneven nature.

When creatures had no reall light
Inherent in them, Thou didst make the sunne,

Impute a lustre, and allow them bright,
And in this shew what Christ hath done.

That which before was darkned clean
With bushie groves, pricking the looker's eie,
Vanisht away when Faith did change the scene;
And then appear'd a glorious skie.

What though my bodie runne to dust?
Faith cleaves unto it, counting ev'ry grain
With an exact and most particular trust,
Reserving all for flesh again.

19. ¶ PRAYER.

Prayer, the Churche's banquet, Angels' age,
God's breath in man returning to his birth,
The soul in paraphrase, heart in pilgrimage,
The Christian plummet sounding heav'n and earth;

Engine against th' Almightie, sinner's towre,
Reversèd thunder, Christ-side-piercing spear,
The six-daies-world transposing in an houre,
A kinde of tune which all things heare and fear;

Softnesse, and peace, and joy, and love, and blisse,
Exalted manna, gladnesse of the best,
Heaven in ordinarie, man well drest,
The milkie way, the bird of Paradise,

Church-bels beyond the stars heard, the soul's bloud,
The land of spices, something understood.

20. THE HOLY COMMUNION.

Not in rich furniture or fine aray,
Nor in a wedge of gold,
Thou, who from me wast sold,
To me dost now Thyself convey;
For so Thou shouldst without me still have been,
Leaving within me sinne:

But by the way of nourishment and strength,
Thou creep'st into my breast;
Making Thy way my rest,
And Thy small quantities my length,
Which spread their forces into every part,
Meeting Sinne's force and art.

Yet can these not get over to my soul,
Leaping the wall that parts
Our souls and fleshy hearts;
But as th' outworks, they may controll
My rebel flesh, and, carrying Thy name,
Affright both sinne and shame.

Onely Thy grace, which with these elements comes,
Knoweth the ready way,
And hath the privie key,
Op'ning the soul's most subtile rooms;
While those, to spirits refin'd, at doore attend
Dispatches from their friend.

Give me my captive soul, or take
My bodie also thither.
Another lift like this will make
Them both to be together.

Before that sinne turn'd flesh to stone,
And all our lump to leaven,
A fervent sigh might well have blown
Our innocent earth to heaven.

For sure when Adam did not know
To sinne, or sinne to smother,
He might to heav'n from Paradise go,
As from one room t' another.

Thou hast restor'd us to this ease
By this Thy heav'nly bloud,
Which I can go to when I please,
And leave th' earth to their food.

21. ¶ ANTIPHON.

Cho. Let all the world in ev'ry corner sing
My God and King.
Vers. The heav'ns are not too high,
His praise may thither flie;
The earth is not too low,
His praises there may grow.
Cho. Let all the world in ev'ry corner sing
My God and King.

Vers. The Church with psalms must shout,
No door can keep them out:
But above all, the heart
Must bear the longest part.
Cho. Let all the world in ev'ry corner sing
My God and King.

22. ¶ LOVE.

I.

Immortall Love, author of this great frame,
Sprung from that beauty which can never fade,
How hath man parcel'd out Thy glorious name,
And thrown it in that dust which Thou hast made,

While mortall love doth all the title gain!
Which siding with Invention, they together
Bear all the sway, possessing heart and brain—
Thy workmanship—and give Thee share in neither.

Wit fancies beautie, beautie raiseth wit;
The world is theirs, they two play out the game,
Thou standing by: and though Thy glorious name
Wrought our deliverance from th' infernall pit,

Who sings Thy praise? Onely a skarf or glove
Doth warm our hands, and make them write of love.

II.

Immortall Heat, O let Thy greater flame
Attract the lesser to it; let those fires

Which shall consume the world first make it tame,
And kindle in our hearts such true desires

As may consume our lusts, and make Thee way :
Then shall our hearts pant Thee, then shall our brain
All her invention on Thine altar lay,
And there in hymnes send back Thy fire again.

Our eies shall see Thee, which before saw dust—
Dust blown by Wit, till that they both were blinde :
Thou shalt recover all Thy goods in kinde,
Who wert disseizèd by usurping lust :

All knees shall bow to Thee ; all wits shall rise,
And praise Him Who did make and mend our eies.

23. ¶ THE TEMPER.

How should I praise Thee, Lord ? how should my rymes
Gladly engrave Thy love in steel,
If, what my soul doth feel sometimes,
My soul might ever feel !

Although there were some fourtie heav'ns or more,
Sometimes I peere above them all ;
Sometimes I hardly reach a score,
Sometimes to Hell I fall.

O, rack me not to such a vast extent,
Those distances belong to Thee ;
The world's too little for Thy tent,
A grave too big for me.

Wilt Thou meet arms with man, that Thou dost stretch
A crumme of dust from heav'n to hell?
Will great God measure with a wretch?
Shall he Thy stature spell?

O, let me, when Thy roof my soul hath hid,
O, let me roost and nestle there;
Then of a sinner Thou art rid,
And I of hope and fear.

Yet take Thy way; for sure Thy way is best:
Stretch or contract me, Thy poore debter;
This is but tuning of my breast,
To make the musick better.

Whether I flie with angels, fall with dust,
Thy hands made both, and I am there;
Thy power and love, my love and trust,
Make one place ev'rywhere.

24. ¶ THE TEMPER.

It cannot be: where is that mightie joy
Which just now took up all my heart?
Lord, if Thou must needs use Thy dart,
Save that and me, or sin for both destroy.

The grosser world stands to Thy word and art;
But Thy diviner world of grace
Thou suddenly dost raise and race, raze
And every day a new Creatour art.

O, fix Thy chair of grace, that all my powers
May also fix their reverence;
For when Thou dost depart from hence,
They grow unruly, and sit in Thy bowers.

Scatter or binde them all to bend to Thee;
Though elements change, and heaven move,
Let not Thy higher Court remove,
But keep a standing Majestie in me.

25. ¶ JORDAN.

Who sayes that fictions onely and false hair
Become a verse? Is there in truth no beautie?
Is all good structure in a winding-stair?
May no lines passe, except they do their dutie
Not to a true, but painted chair?

Is it not verse, except enchanted groves
And sudden arbours shadow coarse-spunne lines?
Must purling streams refresh a lover's loves?
Must all be vail'd while he that reades divines,
Catching the sense at two removes?

Shepherds are honest people, let them sing:
Riddle who list, for me, and pull for prime,
I envie no man's nightingale or spring;
Nor let them punish me with loss of rhyme,
Who plainly say, My God, my King.

26. ¶ EMPLOYMENT.

If, as a flowre doth spread and die, Psalm ciii. 15
Thou wouldst extend me to some good,
Before I were by frost's extremitie
Nipt in the bud;

The sweetnesse and the praise were Thine,
But the extension and the room
Which in Thy garland I should fill were mine
At Thy great doom.

For as Thou dost impart Thy grace,
The greater shall our glorie be;
The measure of our joyes is in this place,
The stuffe with Thee.

Let me not languish, then, and spend
A life as barren to Thy praise
As is the dust to which that life doth tend,
But with delaies.

All things are busie; onely I
Neither bring hony with the bees,
Nor flowres to make that, nor the husbandrie
To water these.

I am no link of Thy great chain,
But all my companie is a weed.
Lord, place me in Thy consort; give one strain
To my poore reed.

27. ¶ THE HOLY SCRIPTURES.

I.

Oh Book! infinite sweetnesse! let my heart
Suck ev'ry letter, and a hony gain
Precious for any grief in any part,
To cleare the breast, to mollifie all pain.

Thou art all health, health thriving till it make
A full eternitie; thou art a masse
Of strange delights, where we may wish and take.
Ladies, look here; this is the thankfull glasse,

That mends the looker's eyes; this is the well
That washes what it shows. Who can indeare
Thy praise too much? thou art heav'n's Lieger here,
Working against the States of death and hell. [ambassador

Thou art Joye's handsell: heav'n lies flat in thee,
Subject to ev'ry mounter's bended knee. [earnest

II.

Oh that I knew how all thy lights combine,
And the configurations of their glorie!
Seeing not onely how each verse doth shine,
But all the constellations of the storie.

This verse marks that, and both do make a motion
Unto a third, that ten leaves off doth lie:
Then as dispersèd herbs do watch a potion,
These three make up some Christian's destinie.

Such are thy secrets, which my life makes good,
And comments on thee: for in ev'ry thing

Thy words do finde me out, and parallels bring,
And in another make me understood.

Starres are poore books, and oftentimes do misse;
This book of starres lights to eternall blisse.

28. ¶ WHITSUNDAY.

Listen, sweet Dove, unto my song,
And spread Thy golden wings in me;
Hatching my tender heart so long,
Till it get wing, and flie away with Thee.

Where is that fire which once descended
On Thy Apostles? Thou didst then
Keep open house, richly attended,
Feasting all comers by twelve chosen men.

Such glorious gifts Thou didst bestow,
That th' earth did like a heav'n appeare:
The starres were coming down to know
If they might mend their wages, and serve here.

The sunne, which once did shine alone,
Hung down his head, and wisht for night,
When he beheld twelve sunnes for one
Going about the world and giving light.

But since those pipes of gold, which brought
That cordiall water to our ground,
Were cut and martyr'd by the fault
Of those who did themselves through their side wound,

Thou shutt'st the doore, and keep'st within;
Scarce a good joy creeps through the chink;
And if the braves of conqu'ring sinne
Did not excite Thee, we should wholly sink.

Lord, though we change, Thou art the same,
The same sweet God of love and light:
Restore this day, for Thy great name,
Unto his ancient and miraculous right.

29. ¶ GRACE.

My stock lies dead, and no increase
Doth my dull husbandrie improve:
O, let Thy graces, without cease
Drop from above!

If still the sunne should hide his face,
Thy house would but a dungeon prove,
Thy works, Night's captives: O, let grace
Drop from above!

The dew doth ev'ry morning fall;
And shall the dew out-strip Thy Dove,—
The dew, for which grasse cannot call,
Drop from above?

Death is still working like a mole,
And digs my grave at each remove;
Let grace work too, and on my soul
Drop from above.

Sinne is still hammering my heart
Unto a hardnesse void of love:
Let suppling grace, to crosse his art,
Drop from above.

O, come; for Thou dost know the way:
Or if to me Thou wilt not move,
Remove me where I need not say,
Drop from above.

30. ¶ PRAISE.

To write a verse or two is all the praise
That I can raise:
Mend my estate in any wayes,
Thou shalt have more.

I go to church: help me to wings, and I
Will thither flie:
Or if I mount unto the skie,
I will do more.

Man is all weaknesse; there is no such thing
As prince or king:
His arm is short; yet with a sling
He may do more.

A herb distill'd and drunk may dwell next doore,
On the same floore,
To a brave soul: exalt the poore,
They can do more.

O, raise me, then: poore bees, that work all day,
Sting my delay,

Who have a work as well as they,
And much, much more.

31. ¶ AFFLICTION.

Kill me not ev'ry day,
Thou Lord of life; since Thy one death for me
Is more then all my deaths can be,
Though I in broken pay
Die over each houre of Methusalem's stay.

If all men's tears were let
Into one common sewer, sea, and brine,
What were they all compar'd to Thine?
Wherein, if they were set,
They would discolour Thy most bloudy sweat.

Thou art my grief alone,
Thou, Lord, conceal it not: and as Thou art
All my delight, so all my smart:
Thy crosse took up in one,
By way of imprest, all my future mone.

32. ¶ MATTENS.

I cannot ope mine eyes,
But Thou art ready there to catch
My morning soul and sacrifice:
Then we must needs for that day make a match.

My God, what is a heart?
Silver, or gold, or precious stone,

Or starre, or rainbow, or a part
Of all these things, or all of them in one?

My God, what is a heart,
That Thou shouldst it so eye and wooe,
Powring upon it all Thy art,
As if Thou hadst nothing els to do?

Indeed, man's whole estate
Amounts, and richly, to serve Thee:
He did not heau'n and earth create,
Yet studies them, not Him by Whom they be.

Teach me Thy love to know;
That this new light, which now I see,
May both the work and workman show;
Then by a sunne-beam I will climb to Thee.

33. ¶ SINNE.

O that I could sinne once see!
We paint the devil foul, yet he
Hath some good in him, all agree:
Sinne is flat opposite to th' Almighty, seeing
It wants the good of vertue and of being.

But God more care of us hath had;
If apparitions make us sad,
By sight of sinne we should grow mad.
Yet as in sleep we see foul death, and live,
So devils are our sinnes in perspective.

34. ¶ EVEN-SONG.

Blest be the God of love,
Who gave me eyes, and light, and power this day,
Both to be busie and to play:
But much more blest be God above,

Who gave me sight alone,
Which to Himself He did denie:
For when He sees my waies, I die;
But I have got His Sonne, and He hath none.

What have I brought Thee home
For this Thy love? have I discharg'd the debt
Which this daye's favour did beget?
I ranne; but all I brought was fome. foam

Thy diet, care, and cost
Do end in bubbles, balls of winde;
Of winde to Thee whom I have crost,
But balls of wilde-fire to my troubled minde.

Yet still Thou goest on,
And now with darknesse closest wearie eyes,
Saying to man, 'It doth suffice;
Henceforth repose, your work is done.'

Thus in Thy ebony box night
Thou dost inclose us, till the day
Put our amendment in our way,
And give new wheels to our disorder'd clocks.

I muse which shows more love,
The day or night; that is the gale, this th' harbour;
That is the walk, and this the arbour;
Or that the garden, this the grove.
My God, Thou art all love:
Not one poore minute 'scapes Thy breast,
But brings a favour from above;
And in this love, more then in bed, I rest.

35. ¶ CHURCH-MONUMENTS.

While that my soul repairs to her devotion,
Here I intombe my flesh, that it betimes
May take acquaintance of this heap of dust,
To which the blast of Death's incessant motion,
Fed with the exhalation of our crimes,
Drives all at last. Therefore I gladly trust
My bodie to this school, that it may learn
To spell his elements, and finde his birth
Written in dustie heraldrie and lines;
Which dissolution sure doth best discern,
Comparing dust with dust, and earth with earth.
These laugh at jeat and marble, put for signes, jet
To sever the good fellowship of dust,
And spoil the meeting: what shall point out them,
When they shall bow, and kneel, and fall down flat
To kisse those heaps which now they have in trust?
Deare flesh, while I do pray, learn here thy stemme
And true descent, that, when thou shalt grow fat,

And wanton in thy cravings, thou mayst know
That flesh is but the glasse which holds the dust
That measures all our time; which also shall
Be crumbled into dust. Mark here below
How tame these ashes are, how free from lust,—
That thou mayst fit thyself against thy fall.

36. ¶ CHURCH MUSICK.

Sweetest of sweets, I thank you: when displeasure
Did through my bodie wound my minde,
You took me thence, and in your house of pleasure
A daintie lodging me assign'd.

Now I in you without a bodie move,
Rising and falling with your wings;
We both together sweetly live and love,
Yet say sometimes, 'God help poore kings!'

Comfort, I'le die; for if you poste from me,
Sure I shall do so, and much more;
But if I travell in your companie,
You know the way to heaven's doore.

37. ¶ CHURCH LOCK AND KEY.

I know it is my sinne which locks Thine eares
And bindes Thy hands,
Out-crying my requests, drowning my tears,
Or else the chilnesse of my faint demands.

But as cold hands are angrie with the fire,
And mend it still,
So I do lay the want of my desire
Not on my sinnes or coldnesse, but Thy will.

Yet heare, O God, onely for His bloud's sake,
Which pleads for me:
For though sinnes plead too, yet, like stones, they make
His bloud's sweet current much more loud to be.

38. ¶ THE CHURCH FLOORE.

Mark you the floore? that square and speckled stone,
Which looks so firm and strong,
Is PATIENCE:

And th' other black and grave, wherewith each one
Is checker'd all along,
HUMILITIE:

The gentle rising, which on either hand
Leads to the quire above,
Is CONFIDENCE:

But the sweet cement, which in one sure band
Ties the whole frame, is LOVE
And CHARITIE.

Hither sometimes Sinne steals, and stains
The marble's neat and curious veins;
But all is cleansèd when the marble weeps.

Sometimes Death, puffing at the doore,
Blows all the dust about the floore;
But while he thinks to spoil the room, he sweeps.

Blest be the Architect Whose art
Could build so strong in a weak heart!

39. ¶ THE WINDOWS.

Lord, how can man preach Thy eternall word?
He is a brittle crazie glasse;
Yet in Thy temple Thou dost him afford
This glorious and transcendent place,
To be a window through Thy grace.

But when Thou dost anneal in glasse Thy storie,
Making Thy life to shine within
The holy preachers, then the light and glorie
More rev'rend grows, and more doth win;
Which else shows watrish, bleak, and thin.

Doctrine and life, colours and light, in one
When they combine and mingle, bring
A strong regard and aw; but speech alone
Doth vanish like a flaring thing,
And in the eare, not conscience, ring.

40. ¶ TRINITIE SUNDAY.

Lord, Who hast form'd me out of mud,
And hast redeem'd me through Thy bloud,
And sanctifi'd me to do good,

Purge all my sinnes done heretofore;
For I confesse my heavie score,
And I will strive to sinne no more.

Enrich my heart, mouth, hands in me,
With faith, with hope, with charitie,
That I may runne, rise, rest with Thee.

41. ¶ CONTENT.

Peace, mutt'ring thoughts, and do not grudge to keep
Within the walls of your own breast:
Who cannot on his own bed sweetly sleep,
Can on another's hardly rest.

Gad not abroad at ev'ry quest and call asking, seeking
Of an untrainèd hope or passion;
To court each place or fortune that doth fall
Is wantonnesse in contemplation.

Mark how the fire in flint doth quiet lie,
Content and warm t' it self alone;
But when it would appeare to others' eye,
Without a knock it never shone.

Give me the pliant minde, whose gentle measure
Complies and suits with all estates;
Which can let loose to a crown, and yet with pleasure
Take up within a cloister's gates.

This soul doth span the world, and hang content
From either pole unto the centre;
Where in each room of the well-furnisht tent
He lies warm, and without adventure.

The brags of life are but a nine-dayes wonder;
And after death the fumes that spring vapours
From private bodies make as big a thunder
As those which rise from a huge king.

Onely thy chronicle is lost: and yet
Better by worms be all once spent
Then to have hellish moths still gnaw and fret
Thy name in books which may not rent.

When all thy deeds, whose brunt thou feel'st alone,
Are chaw'd by others' pens and tongue,
And as their wit is, their digestion,
Thy nourisht fame is weak or strong,

Then cease discoursing, soul; till thine own ground;
Do not thyself or friends impórtune:
He that by seeking hath himself once found,
Hath ever found a happie fortune.

42. THE QUIDDITIE.

My God, a verse is not a crown,
No point of honour, or gay suit,
No hawk, or banquet, or renown,
Nor a good sword, nor yet a lute.

It cannot vault, or dance, or play,
It never was in France or Spain,
Nor can it entertain the day
With a great stable or demain. domain

It is no office, art, or news,
Nor the Exchange, or busie hall:
But it is that which, while I use,
I am with Thee: and 'MOST TAKE ALL.'

43. ¶ HUMILITIE.

I saw the Vertues sitting hand in hand
In sev'rall ranks upon an azure throne,
Where all the beasts and fowls, by their command,
Presented tokens of submission:
Humilitie, who sat the lowest there,
To execute their call,
When by the beasts the presents tendred were,
Gave them about to all.

The angrie Lion did present his paw,
Which by consent was giv'n to Mansuetude; gentleness
The fearful Hare her eares, which by their law
Humilitie did reach to Fortitude;
The jealous Turkie brought his corall-chain,
That went to Temperance;
On Justice was bestow'd the Foxe's brain,
Kill'd in the way by chance.

At length the Crow, bringing the Peacock's plume—
For he would not—as they beheld the grace
Of that brave gift, each one began to fume,
And challenge it, as proper to his place,
Till they fell out; which when the beasts espied,
They leapt upon the throne;
And if the Fox had liv'd to rule their side,
They had depos'd each one.

Humilitie, who held the plume, at this
Did weep so fast, that the tears trickling down
Spoil'd all the train: then saying, 'Here it is
For which ye wrangle,' made them turn their frown
Against the beasts: so joyntly bandying, contending
They drive them soon away;
And then amerc'd them, double gifts to bring fined
At the next session-day.

44. ¶ FRAILTIE.

Lord, in my silence how do I despise
What upon trust
Is stylèd honour, riches, or fair eyes,
But is fair dust!
I surname them guilded clay,
Deare earth, fine grasse or hay;
In all, I think my foot doth ever tread
Upon their head.

But when I view abroad both regiments, governments
The world's and Thine,—

Thine clad with simplenesse and sad events; serious
The other fine,
Full of glorie and gay weeds, clothes
Brave language, braver deeds,—
That which was dust before doth quickly rise,
And prick mine eyes.

O, brook not this, lest if what even now
My foot did tread
Affront those joyes wherewith Thou didst endow
And long since wed
My poore soul, ev'n sick of love,—
It may a Babel prove,
Commodious to conquer heav'n and Thee,
Planted in me.

45. ¶ CONSTANCIE.

Who is the honest man?
He that doth still and strongly good pursue;
To God, his neighbour, and himself most true;
Whom neither force nor fawning can
Unpinne, or wrench from giving all their due.

Whose honestie is not
So loose or easie, that a ruffling winde
Can blow away, or glitt'ring look it blinde;
Who rides his sure and even trot,
While the world now rides by, now lags behinde.

Who, when great trials come,
Nor seeks nor shunnes them, but doth calmly stay,
Till he the thing and the example weigh:
All being brought into a summe,
What place or person calls for he doth pay.

Whom none can work or wooe
To use in any thing a trick or sleight,
For above all things he abhorres deceit;
His words and works and fashion too
All of a piece, and all are cleare and straight.

Who never melts or thaws
At close tentations: when the day is done, trials
His goodnesse sets not, but in dark can runne:
The sunne to others writeth laws,
And is their vertue, Vertue is his sunne.

Who, when he is to treat
With sick folks, women, those whom passions sway,
Allows for that, and keeps his constant way;
Whom others' faults do not defeat,
But though men fail him, yet his part doth play.

Whom nothing can procure,
When the wide world runnes bias from his will,
To writhe his limbes, and share, not mend, the ill.
This is the Mark-man, safe and sure,
Who still is right, and prayes to be so still.

46. ¶ AFFLICTION.

My heart did heave, and there came forth 'O God!'
By that I knew that Thou wast in the grief,
To guide and govern it to my relief,
Making a scepter of the rod:
Hadst Thou not had Thy part,
Sure the unruly sigh had broke my heart.

But since Thy breath gave me both life and shape,
Thou know'st my tallies; and when there's assign'd
So much breath to a sigh, what's then behinde:
Or if some yeares with it escape,
The sigh then onely is
A gale to bring me sooner to my blisse.

Thy life on earth was grief, and Thou art still
Constant unto it, making it to be
A point of honour now to grieve in me,
And in Thy members suffer ill.
They who lament one crosse,
Thou dying daily, praise Thee to Thy losse.

47. ¶ THE STARRE.

Bright spark, shot from a brighter place,
Where beams surround my Saviour's face,
Canst thou be any where
So well as there?

Yet if thou wilt from thence depart,
Take a bad lodging in my heart;

For thou canst make a debter,
And make it better.

First with thy fire-work burn to dust
Folly, and worse then folly, lust:
Then with thy light refine,
And make it shine.

So, disengag'd from sinne and sicknesse,
Touch it with thy celestial quicknesse,
That it may hang and move
After thy love.

Then with our trinitie, of light,
Motion, and heat, let's take our flight
Unto the place where thou
Before didst bow.

Get me a standing there, and place
Among the beams which crown the face
Of Him Who dy'd to part
Sinne and my heart;

That so among the rest I may
Glitter, and curle, and winde as they:
That winding is their fashion
Of adoration.

Sure thou wilt joy by gaining me
To flie home, like a laden bee,
Unto that hive of beams
And garland-streams.

48. ¶ SUNDAY.

O day most calm, most bright,
The fruit of this, the next world's bud,
Th' indorsement of supreme delight,
Writ by a friend, and with His bloud;
The couch of Time, Care's balm and bay:
The week were dark but for thy light;
Thy torch doth show the way.

The other dayes and thou
Make up one man, whose face thou art,
Knocking at heaven with thy brow:
The worky-daies are the back-part; working or week days
The burden of the week lies there,
Making the whole to stoup and bow,
Till thy release appeare.

Man had straight forward gone
To endlesse death; but thou dost pull
And turn us round to look on one
Whom, if we were not very dull,
We could not choose but look on still,
Since there is no place so alone
The which He doth not fill.

Sundaies the pillars are
On which heav'n's palace archèd lies;
The other dayes fill up the spare
And hollow room with vanities:

They are the fruitfull beds and borders
In God's rich garden: that is bare
Which parts their ranks and orders.

The Sundaies of man's life,
Threaded together on Time's string,
Make bracelets to adorn the wife
Of the eternall glorious King:
On Sunday heaven's gate stands ope;
Blessings are plentifull and rife,
More plentifull then hope.

This day my Saviour rose,
And did inclose this light for His;
That, as each beast his manger knows,
Man might not of his fodder misse:
Christ hath took in this piece of ground,
And made a garden there for those
Who want herbs for their wound.

The rest of our creation rest-day=Sabbath
Our great Redeemer did remove
With the same shake which at His passion earthquake
Did th' earth and all things with it move.
As Samson bore the doores away,
Christ's hands, though nail'd, wrought our salvation,
And did unhinge that day.

The brightnesse of that day
We sullied by our foul offence:
Wherefore that robe we cast away,

Having a new at His expense,
Whose drops of bloud paid the full price
That was requir'd to make us gay,
And fit for Paradise.

Thou art a day of mirth:
And where the week-dayes trail on ground,
Thy flight is higher, as thy birth.
O, let me take thee at the bound,
Leaping with thee from sev'n to sev'n,
Till that we both, being toss'd from earth,
Flie hand in hand to heav'n!

49. ¶ AVARICE.

Money, thou bane of blisse and source of wo,
Whence com'st thou, that thou art so fresh and fine?
I know thy parentage is base and low,—
Man found thee poore and dirtie in a mine.

Surely thou didst so little contribute
To this great kingdome, which thou now hast got,
That he was fain, when thou wert destitute,
To digge thee out of thy dark cave and grot.

Then forcing thee, by fire he made thee bright:
Nay, thou hast got the face of man; for we
Have with our stamp and seal transferred our right;
Thou art the man, and man but drosse to thee.

Man calleth thee his wealth, who made thee rich;
And while he digs out thee, falls in the ditch.

50. ANA{MARY / ARMY}GRAM.

How well her name an 'Army' doth present,
In whom the 'Lord of Hosts' did pitch His tent!

51. ¶ TO ALL ANGELS AND SAINTS.

Oh glorious spirits, who, after all your bands,
See the smooth face of God, without a frown
Or strict commands;
Where ev'ry one is king, and hath his crown,
If not upon his head, yet in his hands;

Not out of envie or maliciousnesse
Do I forbear to crave your speciall aid:
I would addresse
My vows to thee most gladly, blessèd Maid,
And Mother of my God, in my distresse:

Thou art the holy mine whence came the gold,
The great restorative for all decay
In young and old;
Thou art the cabinet where the jewell lay;
Chiefly to thee would I my soul unfold.

But now, alas, I dare not; for my King,
Whom we do all joyntly adore and praise,
Bids no such thing;
And where His pleasure no injunction layes—
'Tis your own case—ye never move a wing.

All worship is prerogative, and a flower
Of His rich crown from Whom lyes no appeal
At the last houre:
Therefore we dare not from His garland steal,
To make a posie for inferiour power.

Although, then, others court you, if ye know
What's done on Earth, we shall not fare the worse
Who do not so;
Since we are ever ready to disburse, pay out
If any one our Master's hand can show.

52. ¶ EMPLOYMENT.

He that is weary, let him sit;
My soul would stirre
And trade in courtesies and wit,
Quitting the furre
To cold complexions needing it.

Man is no starre, but a quick coal live
Of mortall fire:
Who blows it not, nor doth controll
A faint desire,
Lets his own ashes choke his soul.

When th' elements did for place contest =the four
With Him Whose will
Ordain'd the highest to be best,
The earth sate still,
And by the others is opprest.

Life is a businesse, not good-cheer;
Ever in warres.
The sunne still shineth there or here; continually
Whereas the starres
Watch an advantage to appeare.

Oh that I were an orenge-tree,
That busie plant!
Then should I ever laden be,
And never want
Some fruit for him that dressèd me.

But we are still too young or old;
The man is gone
Before we do our wares unfold;
So we freez on,
Until the grave increase our cold.

53. ¶ DENIALL.

When my devotions could not pierce
Thy silent eares,
Then was my heart broken, as was my verse;
My breast was full of fears
And disorder;

My bent thoughts, like a brittle bow,
Did flie asunder;
Each took his way; some would to pleasures go,
Some to the warres and thunder
Of alarms.

As good go any where, they say,
As to benumme
Both knees and heart in crying night and day,
'Come, come, my God, O come!'
But no hearing.

O that Thou shouldst give dust a tongue
To crie to Thee,
And then not hear it crying! All day long
My heart was in my knee,
But no hearing.

Therefore my soul lay out of sight,
Untun'd, unstrung;
My feeble spirit, unable to look right,
Like a nipt blossome, hung
Discontented.

O, cheer and tune my heartlesse breast,
Deferre no time;
That so Thy favours granting my request,
They and my soule may chime,
And mend my ryme.

54. ¶ CHRISTMAS.

All after pleasures as I rid one day,
My horse and I, both tir'd, bodie and minde,
With full crie of affections, quite astray,
I took up in the next inne I could finde.

There when I came, whom found I but my Saviour.
My dearest Lord, expecting till the grief
Of pleasures brought me to Him, readie there
To be all passengers' most sweet relief.

O Thou, Whose glorious yet contracted light,
Wrapt in Night's mantle, stole into a manger,
Since my dark soul and brutish is Thy right,
To man, of all beasts, be not Thou a stranger:

Furnish and deck my soul, that Thou mayst have
A better lodging than a rack or grave.

The shepherds sing; and shall I silent be?
My God, no hymne for Thee?
My soul's a shepherd too; a flock it feeds
Of thoughts and words and deeds:
The pasture is Thy Word: the streams Thy grace,
Enriching all the place.

Shepherd and flock shall sing, and all my powers
Out-sing the daylight houres;
Then we will chide the Sunne for loving Night
Take up his place and right:
We sing one common Lord; wherefore he should
Himself the candle hold.

I will go searching till I finde a sunne
Shall stay till we have done;

A willing shiner, that shall shine as gladly
As frost-nipt sunnes look sadly:
Then we will sing, and shine all our own day,
And one another pay:

His beams shall cheer my breast, and both so twine,
Till ev'n His beams sing, and my music shine.

55. ¶ UNGRATEFULNESSE.

Lord, with what bountie and rare clemencie
Hast Thou redeem'd us from the grave!
If Thou hadst let us runne,
Gladly had man ador'd the sunne,
And thought his god most brave,
Where now we shall be better gods then he.

Thou hast but two rare cabinets full of treasure,
The Trinitie and Incarnation;
Thou hast unlockt them both,
And made them jewels to betroth
The work of Thy creation
Unto Thyself in everlasting pleasure.

The statelier cabinet is the Trinitie,
Whose sparkling light access denies:
Therefore Thou dost not show
This fully to us till death blow
The dust into our eyes;
For by that powder Thou wilt make us see.

But all Thy sweets are packt up in the other;
Thy mercies thither flock and flow,
That as the first affrights,
This may allure us with delights;
Because this box we know,
For we have all of us just such another.

But man is close, reserv'd, and dark to Thee;
When Thou demandest but a heart,
He cavils instantly:
In his poore cabinet of bone
Sinnes have their box apart,
Defrauding Thee, Who gavest two for one.

56. ¶ SIGHS AND GRONES.

O, do not use me
After my sinnes! look not on my desert,
But on Thy glorie; then Thou wilt reform,
And not refuse me; for Thou onely art
The mightie God, but I a sillie worm:
O, do not bruise me!

O, do not urge me;
For what account can Thy ill steward make?
I have abus'd Thy flock, destroy'd Thy woods,
Suckt all Thy magazens; my head did ake,
Till it found out how to consume Thy goods:
O, do not scourge me!

O, do not blinde me!
I have deserv'd that an Egyptian night
Should thicken all my powers, because my lust
Hath still sow'd fig-leaves to exclude Thy light;
But I am frailtie, and already dust:
O, do not grinde me!

O, do not fill me
With the turn'd viall of Thy bitter wrath! up-turned
For Thou hast other vessels full of blood,
A part whereof my Saviour empti'd hath,
Ev'n unto death: since He died for my good,
O, do not kill me!

But O, reprieve me!
For Thou hast life and death at Thy command;
Thou art both Judge and Saviour, feast and rod,
Cordiall and corrosive: put not Thy hand
Into the bitter box; but, O my God,
My God, relieve me!

57. ¶ THE WORLD.

Love built a stately house, where Fortune came;
And spinning phansies, she was heard to say
That her fine cobwebs did support the frame,
Whereas they were supported by the same;
But Wisdome quickly swept them all away.

Then Pleasure came, who, liking not the fashion,
Began to make balcónes, terraces, balconies

Till she had weaken'd all by alteration;
But rev'rend laws, and many a proclamation,
Reformèd all at length with menaces.

Then enter'd Sinne, and with that sycomore,
Whose leaves first sheltred man from drought and dew,
Working and winding slily evermore,
The inward walls and sommers cleft and tore;
But Grace shor'd these, and cut that as it grew.

Then Sinne combin'd with Death in a firm band
To rase the building to the very floore:
Which they effected, none could them withstand;
But Love took Grace and Glorie by the hand,
And built a braver palace then before.

58. OUR LIFE IS HID WITH CHRIST IN GOD.

Coloss. iii. 3.

My words and thoughts do both expresse this notion,
That Life hath with the sun a double motion.
The first Is straight, and our diurnall friend;
The other Hid, and doth obliquely bend.
One life is wrapt In flesh, and tends to earth;
The other winds towards Him, Whose happie birth
Taught me to live here so That still one eye
Should aim and shoot at that which Is on high;
Quitting with daily labour all My pleasure,
To gain at harvest an eternall Treasure.

59. ¶ VANITIE.

The fleet astronomer can bore
And thred the spheres with his quick-piercing minde;
He views their stations, walks from doore to doore,
Surveys as if he had design'd
To make a purchase there; he sees their dances,
And knoweth long before
Both their full-ey'd aspects and secret glances.

The nimble diver with his side
Cuts through the working waves, that he may fetch
His dearely-earnèd pearl; which God did hide
On purpose from the venturous wretch,
That He might save his life, and also hers
Who with excessive pride
Her own destruction and his danger wears.

The subtil chymick can devest
And strip the creature naked, till he finde
The callow principles within their nest:
There he imparts to them his minde,
Admitted to their bed-chamber before
They appeare trim and drest
To ordinarie suitours at the doore.

What hath not man sought out and found,
But his deare God? Who yet His glorious law
Embosomes in us, mellowing the ground
With showers and frosts, with love and aw,

So that we need not say, Where's this command?
Poore man, thou searchest round
To find out death, but missest life at hand!

60. ¶ LENT.

Welcome, deare feast of Lent! who loves not thee,
He loves not temperance or authoritie,
But is a child of passion.
The Scriptures bid us fast: the Church says, 'Now
Give to thy Mother what thou wouldst allow
To ev'ry corporation.'

The humble soul, compos'd of love and fear,
Begins at home, and layes the burden there,
When doctrines disagree;
He sayes, 'In things which use hath justly got
I am a scandall to the Church, and not
The Church is so to me.'

True Christians should be glad of an occasion
To use their temperance, seeking no evasion,
When good is seasonable;
Unlesse authoritie, which should increase
The obligation in us, make it lesse,
And power it self disable.

Besides the cleannesse of sweet abstinence,
Quick thoughts, and motions at a small expense,
A face not fearing light;

Whereas in fulnesse there are sluttish fumes,
Sowre exhalations, and dishonest rheumes,
Revenging the delight.

Then those same pendant profits, which the Spring
And Easter intimate, enlarge the thing
And goodnesse of the deed;
Neither ought other men's abuse of Lent
Spoil our good use, lest by that argument
We forfeit all our creed. =belief

It's true we cannot reach Christ's forti'th day;
Yet to go part of that religious way
Is better then to rest:
We cannot reach our Saviour's puritie;
Yet are we bid, 'Be holy ev'n as He:'
In both let's do our best.

Who goeth in the way which Christ hath gone
Is much more sure to meet with Him then one
That travelleth by-wayes;
Perhaps my God, though He be farre before,
May turn, and take me by the hand, and more,
May strengthen my decayes.

Yet, Lord, instruct us to improve our fast
By starving sinne, and taking such repast
As may our faults controll;
That ev'ry man may revell at his doore,
Not in his parlour—banquetting the poore,
And among those, his soul.

61. ¶ VERTUE.

Sweet day, so cool, so calm, so bright,
The bridall of the earth and skie,
The dew shall weep thy fall to-night;
For thou must die.

Sweet rose, whose hue angrie and brave red
Bids the rash gazer wipe his eye,
Thy root is ever in its grave,
And thou must die.

Sweet spring, full of sweet days and roses,
A box where sweets compacted lie,
My musick shows ye have your closes,
And all must die.

Onely a sweet and vertuous soul,
Like season'd timber, never gives;
But though the whole world turn to coal,
Then chiefly lives.

62. ¶ THE PEARL.

Matt. xiii.

I know the wayes of Learning; both the head
And pipes that feed the presse, and make it runne;
What Reason hath from Nature borrowèd,
Or of itself, like a good huswife, spunne
In laws and policie; what the starres conspire,
What willing Nature speaks, what forc'd by fire;

Both th' old discoveries and the new-found seas,
The stock and surplus, cause and historie,—
All these stand open, or I have the keyes:
Yet I love Thee.

I know the wayes of Honour, what maintains
The quick returns of courtesie and wit;
In vies of favours whether partie gains; which of the two
When glorie swells the heart, and moldeth it
To all expressions both of hand and eye;
Which on the world a true-love knot may tie,
And bear the bundle, wheresoe're it goes;
How many drammes of spirit there must be
To sell my life unto my friends or foes:
Yet I love Thee.

I know the ways of Pleasure, the sweet strains,
The lullings and the relishes of it;
The propositions of hot bloud and brains;
What mirth and musick mean; what Love and Wit
Have done these twentie hundred years and more;
I know the projects of unbridled store:
My stuffe is flesh, not brasse; my senses live,
And grumble oft that they have more in me
Then He that curbs them, being but one to five:
Yet I love Thee.

I know all these, and have them in my hand:
Therefore not seelèd, but with open eyes

I flie to Thee, and fully understand
Both the main sale and the commodities;
And at what rate and price I have Thy love,
With all the circumstances that may move:
Yet through the labyrinths, not my groveling wit,
But Thy silk-twist let down from heav'n to me,
Did both conduct and teach me how by it
To climb to Thee.

63. ¶ TENTATION.

Broken in pieces all asunder,
Lord, hunt me not,
A thing forgot,
Once a poore creature, now a wonder,
A wonder tortur'd in the space
Betwixt this world and that of grace.

My thoughts are all a case of knives,
Wounding my heart
With scatter'd smart,
As wat'ring-pots give flowers their lives;
Nothing their furie can controll
While they do wound and prick my soul.

All my attendants are at strife,
Quitting their place
Unto my face;
Nothing performs the task of life:
The elements are let loose to fight,
And while I live trie out their right.

Oh help, my God! let not their plot
    Kill them and me,
    And also Thee,
Who art my life; dissolve the knot,
  As the sunne scatters by his light
  All the rebellions of the night.

Then shall those powers which work for grief
    Enter Thy pay,
    And day by day
Labour Thy praise and my relief;
  With care and courage building me
  Till I reach heav'n, and, much more, Thee.

64. ¶ MAN.

    My God, I heard this day
That none doth build a stately habitation
  But he that means to dwell therein.
  What house more stately hath there been,
Or can be, then is Man? to whose creation
    All things are in decay.

    For Man is ev'ry thing,
And more: he is a tree, yet bears mo fruit; more
  A beast, yet is, or should be, more:
  Reason and speech we onely bring; alone
Parrats may thank us, if they are not mute,
    They go upon the score. borrow

Man is all symmetrie,
Full of proportions, one limbe to another,
And all to all the world besides;
Each part may call the farthest brother,
For head with foot hath private amitie,
And both with moons and tides.

Nothing hath got so farre
But Man hath caught and kept it as his prey;
His eyes dismount the highest starre;
He is in little all the sphere;
Herbs gladly cure our flesh, because that they
Finde their acquaintance there.

For us the windes do blow,
The earth resteth, heav'n moueth, fountains flow;
Nothing we see but means our good,
As our delight or as our treasure;
The whole is either our cupboard of food
Or cabinet of pleasure.

The starres have us to bed,
Night draws the curtain, which the sunne withdraws;
Musick and light attend our head,
All things unto our flesh are kinde
In their descent and being; to our minde
In their ascent and cause.

Each thing is full of dutie:
Waters united are our navigation;
Distinguishèd, our habitation;

Below, our drink; above, our meat;
Both are our cleanlinesse. Hath one such beautie?
Then how are all things neat!

More servants wait on Man
Than he'l take notice of: in ev'ry path
He treads down that which doth befriend him herbs
When sicknesse makes him pale and wan.
Oh mightie love! Man is one world, and hath
Another to attend him.

Since then, my God, Thou hast
So brave a palace built, O dwell in it,
That it may dwell with Thee at last!
Till then afford us so much wit,
That, as the world serves us, we may serve Thee,
And both Thy servants be.

65. ¶ ANTIPHON.

Chor. Praisèd be the God of love
Men. Here below,
Ang. And here above;
Chor. Who hath dealt His mercies so
Ang. To His friend,
Men. And to His foe;

Chor. That both grace and glorie tend
Ang. Us of old,
Men. And us in th' end.

Chor. The great Shepherd of the fold
Ang. Us did make,
Men. For us was sold.

Chor. He our foes in pieces brake:
Ang. Him we touch,
Men. And Him we take.
Chor. Wherefore, since that He is such,
Ang. We adore,
Men. And we do crouch.

Chor. Lord, Thy praises should bee more.
Men. We have none,
Ang. And we no store;
Chor. Praised be the God alone
Who hath made of two folds one.

66. ¶ UNKINDNESSE.

Lord, make me coy and tender to offend:
In friendship, first I think if that agree
Which I intend
Unto my friend's intent and end;
I would not use a friend as I use Thee.

If any touch my friend or his good name,
It is my honour and my love to free
His blasted fame
From the least spot or thought of blame:
I could not use a friend as I use Thee.

My friend may spit upon my curious floore;
Would he have gold? I lend it instantly;
But let the poore,
And Thou within them, starve at doore:
I cannot use a friend as I use Thee.

When that my friend pretendeth to a place, stretcheth forth
I quit my interest, and leave it free;
But when Thy grace
Sues for my heart, I Thee displace;
Nor would I use a friend as I use Thee.

Yet can a friend what Thou hast done fulfill?
O, write in brass, 'My God upon a tree
His bloud did spill,
Onely to purchase my good-will:'
Yet use I not my foes as I use Thee.

67. ¶ LIFE.

I made a posie while the day ran by: nosegay
Here will I smell my remnant out, and tie
My life within this band;
But Time did becken to the flow'rs, and they
By noon most cunningly did steal away,
And wither'd in my hand.

My hand was next to them, and then my heart;
I took, without more thinking, in good part
Time's gentle admonition;

Who did so sweetly Death's sad taste convey,
Making my minde to smell my fatall day,
Yet sugring the suspicion.

Farewell, deare flow'rs; sweetly your time ye spent,
Fit while ye lived for smell or ornament,
And after death for cures.
I follow straight, without complaints or grief;
Since if my scent be good, I care not if
It be as short as yours.

68. ¶ SUBMISSION.

But that Thou art my wisdome, Lord,
And both mine eyes are Thine,
My minde would be extreamly stirr'd
For missing my designe.

Were it not better to bestow
Some place and power on me?
Then should Thy praises with me grow,
And share in my degree.

But when I thus dispute and grieve,
I do resume my fight;
And pilfring what I once did give,
Disseize Thee of Thy right. dispossess

How know I, if Thou shouldst me raise,
That I should then raise Thee?
Perhaps great places and Thy praise
Do not so well agree.

Wherefore unto my gift I stand,
I will no more advise; =consider
Onely do Thou lend me a hand,
Since Thou hast both mine eyes.

69. ¶ JUSTICE.

I cannot skill of these Thy wayes:
Lord, Thou didst make me, yet Thou woundest me;
Lord, Thou dost wound me, yet Thou dost relieve me;
Lord, Thou relievest, yet I die by Thee;
Lord, Thou dost kill me, yet Thou dost reprieve me.

But when I mark my life and praise,
Thy justice me most fitly payes;
For I do praise Thee, yet I praise Thee not;
My prayers mean Thee, yet my prayers stray;
I would do well, yet sinne the hand hath got;
My soul doth love Thee, yet it loves delay;
I cannot skill of these my ways.

70. ¶ CHARMS AND KNOTS.

Who reade a chapter when they rise,
Shall ne'ere be troubled with ill eyes.

A poor man's rod, when Thou dost ride,
Is both a weapon and a guide.

Who shuts his hand hath lost his gold;
Who opens it hath it twice-told.

Who goes to bed and doth not pray
Maketh two nights to ev'ry day.

Who by aspersions throw a stone
At th' head of others hit their own.

Who looks on ground with humble eyes
Findes himself there, and seeks to rise.

When th' hair is sweet through pride or lust,
The powder doth forget the dust.

Take one from ten, and what remains?
Ten still, if sermons go for gains.

In shallow waters heav'n doth show;
But who drinks on, to hell may go.

71. ¶ AFFLICTION.

My God, I read this day
That planted Paradise was not so firm
As was and is Thy floting Ark, whose stay
And anchor Thou art onely, to confirm
And strengthen it in ev'ry age,
When waves do rise and tempests rage.

At first we liv'd in pleasure,
Thine own delights Thou didst to us impart;
When we grew wanton, Thou didst use displeasure
To make us Thine; yet that we might not part,
As we at first did board with Thee,
Now Thou wouldst taste our miserie.

There is but joy and grief:
If either will convert us, we are Thine;
Some angels us'd the first; if our relief at the Nativity
Take up the second, then Thy double line
And sev'rall baits in either kinde
Furnish Thy table to Thy minde.

Affliction, then, is ours;
We are the trees, whom shaking fastens more;
While blustring windes destroy the wanton bowres,
And ruffle all their curious knots and store. [stakes
My God, so temper joy and wo
That Thy bright beams may tame Thy Bow.

72. ¶ MORTIFICATION.

How soon doth man decay!
When clothes are taken from a chest of sweets
To swaddle infants, whose young breath
Scarce knows the way,
Those clouts are little winding-sheets,
Which do consign and send them unto Death.

When boyes go first to bed,
They step into their voluntarie graves;
Sleep binds them fast, onely their breath
Makes them not dead:
Successive nights, like rolling waves,
Convey them quickly who are bound for Death.

When Youth is frank and free,
And calls for musick, while his veins do swell,
All day exchanging mirth and breath
In companie,
That musick summons to the knell
Which shall befriend him at the house of Death.

When Man grows staid and wise,
Getting a house and home, where he may move
Within the circle of his breath,
Schooling his eyes,
That dumbe inclosure maketh love
Unto the coffin that attends his death.

When Age grows low and weak,
Marking his grave, and thawing ev'ry year,
Till all do melt and drown his breath
When he would speak,
A chair or litter shows the biere
Which shall convey him to the house of Death.

Man, ere he is aware,
Hath put together a solemnitie,
And drest his hearse, while he has breath
As yet to spare;
Yet, Lord, instruct us so to die,
That all these dyings may be LIFE in DEATH.

73. ¶ DECAY.

Sweet were the days when Thou didst lodge with Lot,
Struggle with Jacob, sit with Gideon,
Advise with Abraham; when Thy power could not
Encounter Moses' strong complaints and mone:
Thy words were then, 'Let Me alone.' Deut. ix. 14

One might have sought and found Thee presently
At some fair oak, or bush, or cave, or well:
'Is my God this way?' 'No,' they would reply;
'He is to Sinai gone, as we heard tell;
List, ye may heare great Aaron's bell.'

But now Thou dost Thy self immure and close shut up
In some one corner of a feeble heart;
Where yet both Sinne and Satan, Thy old foes,
Do pinch and straiten Thee, and use much art
To gain Thy thirds and little part.

I see the world grows old, when, as the heat =since
Of Thy great love,—once spread,—as in an urn formerly
Doth closet up itself, and still retreat,
Cold Sinne still forcing it,—till it return,
And calling Justice, all things burn.

74. ¶ MISERIE.

Lord, let the angels praise Thy name:
Man is a foolish thing, a foolish thing;
Folly and sinne play all his game;
His house still burns, and yet he still doth sing—

Man is but grasse,
He knows it—'Fill the glasse.'

How canst Thou brook his foolishnesse?
Why, he'l not lose a cup of drink for Thee:
Bid him but temper his excesse,
Not he: he knows where he can better be—
As he will swear—
Then to serve Thee in fear.

What strange pollutions doth he wed,
And make his own! as if none knew but he.
No man shall beat into his head
That Thou within his curtains drawn canst see:
'They are of cloth,
Where never yet came moth.'

The best of men, turn but Thy hand
For one poore minute, stumble at a pinne;
They would not have their actions scann'd,
Nor any sorrow tell them that they sinne,
Though it be small,
And measure not their fall.

They quarrell Thee, and would give over
The bargain made to serve Thee: but Thy love
Holds them unto it, and doth cover
Their follies with the wings of Thy milde Dove,
Not suff'ring those
Who would, to be Thy foes.

My God, man cannot praise Thy name:
Thou art all brightnesse, perfect puritie;
The sunne holds down his head for shame,
Dead with eclipses, when we speak of Thee:
How shall infection
Presume on Thy perfection?

As dirtie hands foule all they touch,
And those things most which are most pure and fine,
So our clay-hearts, ev'n when we crouch
To sing Thy praises, make them lesse divine:
Yet either this
Or none Thy portion is.

Man cannot serve Thee: let him go
And serve the swine—there, there is his delight:
He doth not like this vertue, no;
Give him his dirt to wallow in all night:
'These preachers make
His head to shoot and ake.'

O foolish man! where are thine eyes?
How hast thou lost them in a crowd of cares!
Thou pull'st the rug, and wilt not rise,
No, not to purchase the whole pack of starres:
'There let them shine;
Thou must go sleep, or dine.'

The bird that sees a daintie bowre
Made in the tree, where she was wont to sit,
Wonders and sings, but not His power

Who made the arbor; this exceeds her wit.
But Man doth know
The spring whence all things flow:

And yet, as though he knew it not,
His knowledge winks, and lets his humours reigne;
They make his life a constant blot,
And all the bloud of God to run in vain.
Ah, wretch! what verse
Can thy strange wayes rehearse?

Indeed, at first Man was a treasure,
A box of jewels, shop of rarities,
A ring whose posie was 'My pleasure;' motto
He was a garden in a Paradise;
Glorie and grace
Did crown his heart and face.

But sinne hath fool'd him; now he is
A lump of flesh, without a foot or wing
To raise him to a glimpse of blisse;
A sick-toss'd vessel, dashing on each thing,
Nay his own shelf: reef
My God, I mean myself.

75. ¶ JORDAN.

When first my verse of heav'nly joyes made mention,
Such was their lustre, they did so excell, =the joys
That I sought out quaint words and trim invention;
My thoughts began to burnish, sprout, and swell,

Curling with metaphors a plain intention,
Decking the sense as if it were to sell.

Thousands of notions in my brain did runne,
Off'ring their service, if I were not sped:
I often blotted what I had begunne—
This was not quick enough, and that was dead;
Nothing could seem too rich to clothe the sunne,
Much lesse those joyes which trample on his head.

As flames do work and winde when they ascend,
So did I weave myself into the sense;
But while I bustled I might hear a friend
Whisper, 'How wide is all this long pretence!
There is in love a sweetnesse ready penn'd;
Copie out onely that, and save expense.'

76. ¶ PRAYER.

Of what an easie quick accesse,
My blessèd Lord, art Thou! how suddenly
May our requests Thine eare invade!
To shew that State dislikes not easinesse,
If I but lift mine eyes my suit is made;
Thou canst no more not heare then Thou canst die.

Of what supreme almightie power
Is Thy great arm, which spans the east and west,
And tacks the centre to the sphere!
By it do all things live their measur'd houre;
We cannot ask the thing which is not there,
Blaming the shallownesse of our request.

Of what unmeasurable love
Art Thou possest, Who, when Thou couldst not die,
Wert fain to take our flesh and curse,
And for our sakes in person sinne reprove;
That by destroying that which ty'd Thy purse,
Thou mightst make way for liberalitie!

Since, then, these three wait on Thy throne,
Ease, Power, and Love, I value Prayer so,
That were I to leave all but one,
Wealth, fame, endowments, vertues, all should go;
I and deare Prayer would together dwell,
And quickly gain for each inch lost an ell.

77. ¶ OBEDIENCE.

My God, if writings may
Convey a lordship any way
Whither the buyer and the seller please,
Let it not Thee displease
If this poore paper do as much as they.

On it my heart doth bleed
As many lines as there doth need
To passe itself and all it hath to Thee;
To which I do agree,
And here present it as my speciall deed.

If that hereafter Pleasure
Cavill, and claim her part and measure,
As if this passèd with a reservation,

Or some such words in fashon,
I here shutt out the wrangler from Thy treasure.
O, let Thy sacred will
All Thy delight in me fulfill!
Let me not think an action mine own way,
But as Thy love shall sway,
Resigning up the rudder to Thy skill.
Lord, what is man to Thee,
That Thou shouldst minde a rotten tree!
Yet since Thou canst not choose but see my actions,
So great are Thy perfections,
Thou mayst as well my actions guide as see.
Besides, Thy death and bloud
Show'd a strange love to all our good;
Thy sorrows were in earnest, no faint proffer,
Or superficial offer
Of what we might not take or be withstood.
Wherefore I all forego:
To one word onely I say, No;
Where in the deed there was an intimation
Of a gift or donation,
Lord, let it now by way of purchase go.
He that will passe his land,
As I have mine, may set his hand
And heart unto this deed, when he hath read,
And make the purchase spread
To both our goods, if he to it will stand.

How happie were my part,
If some kinde man would thrust his heart
Into these lines, till in heav'n's Court of Rolls
They were by wingèd souls
Entred for both, farre above their desert!

78. ¶ CONSCIENCE.

Peace, pratler, do not lowre:
Not a fair look but thou dost call it foul,
Not a sweet dish but thou dost call it sowre;
Musick to thee doth howl.
By list'ning to thy chatting fears
I have both lost mine eyes and eares.

Pratler, no more, I say;
My thoughts must work, but like a noiselesse sphere;
Harmonious peace must rock them all the day,
No room for pratlers there.
If thou persistest, I will tell thee
That I have physick to expell thee.

And the receit shall be
My Saviour's bloud: whenever at His board
I do but taste it, straight it cleanseth me,
And leaves thee not a word;
No, not a tooth or nail to scratch,
And at my actions carp or catch.

Yet if thou talkest still,
Besides my physick know there's some for thee;

Some wood and nails to make a staffe or bill
For those that trouble me:
The bloudie crosse of my deare Lord
Is both my physick and my sword.

79. ¶ SION.

Lord, with what glorie wast Thou serv'd of old,
When Solomon's temple stood and flourishèd!
Where most things were of purest gold,
The wood was all embellishèd
With flowers and carvings mysticall and rare;
All show'd the builders crav'd the seer's care.

Yet all this glorie, all this pomp and state,
Did not affect Thee much, was not Thy aim:
Something there was that sow'd debate;
Wherefore Thou quit'st Thy ancient claim,
And now Thy architecture meets with sinne,
For all Thy frame and fabrick is within.

There Thou art struggling with a peevish heart,
Which sometimes crosseth Thee, Thou sometimes it;
The fight is hard on either part:
Great God doth fight, He doth submit.
All Solomon's sea of brasse and world of stone
Is not so deare to Thee as one good grone. 1 Kings vii. 23

And truly brasse and stones are heavie things—
Tombes for the dead, not temples fit for Thee;
But grones are quick, and full of wings,
And all their motions upward be;

And ever as they mount like larks they sing;
The note is sad, yet musick for a king.

80. ¶ HOME.

Come, Lord, my head doth burn, my heart is sick,
While Thou dost ever, ever stay;
Thy long deferrings wound me to the quick,
My spirit gaspeth night and day:
O, show Thyself to me,
Or take me up to Thee!

How canst Thou stay, considering the pace
The bloud did make which Thou didst waste?
When I behold it trickling down Thy face,
I never saw thing make such haste:
O, show Thyself to me,
Or take me up to Thee!

When man was lost, Thy pitie lookt about
To see what help in th' earth or skie; Is. lxiii. 5
But there was none, at least no help without;
The help did in Thy bosom lie:
O, show Thyself to me,
Or take me up to Thee!

There lay Thy Sonne; and must He leave that nest,
That hive of sweetnesse, to remove
Thraldome from those who would not at a feast
Leave one poore apple for Thy love?
O, show Thyself to me,
Or take me up to Thee!

He did, He came: O, my Redeemer deare,
After all this canst Thou be strange?
So many yeares baptiz'd, and not appeare,
As if Thy love could fail or change?
O, show Thyself to me,
Or take me up to Thee!

Yet if Thou stayest still, why must I stay?
My God, what is this world to me?
This world of wo. Hence, all ye clouds; away,
Away; I must get up and see:
O, show Thyself to me,
Or take me up to Thee!

What is this weary world, this meat and drink,
That chains us by the teeth so fast?
What is this woman-kinde, which I can wink
Into a blacknesse and distaste?
O, show Thyself to me,
Or take me up to Thee!

With one small sigh Thou gav'st me th' other day
I blasted all the joyes about me,
And scouling on them as they pin'd away,
'Now come again,' said I, 'and flout me:'
O, show Thyself to me,
Or take me up to Thee!

Nothing but drought and dearth, but bush and brake,
Which way so-e're I look, I see;
Some may dream merrily, but when they wake

They dresse themselves and come to Thee :
O, show Thyself to me,
Or take me up to Thee!

We talk of harvests—there are no such things
But when we leave our corn and hay;
There is no fruitfull yeare but that which brings
The last and lov'd, though dreadfull day :
O, show Thyself to me,
Or take me up to Thee!

Oh, loose this frame, this knot of man untie ;
That my free soul may use her wing,
Which now is pinion'd with mortalitie,
As an intangl'd, hamper'd thing :
O, show Thyself to me,
Or take me up to Thee!

What have I left, that I should stay and grone?
The most of me to heav'n is fled;
My thoughts and joyes are all packt up and gone,
And for their old acquaintance plead :
O, show Thyself to me,
Or take me up to Thee!

Come, dearest Lord, passe not this holy season,
My flesh and bones and joynts do pray;
And ev'n my verse, when by the ryme and reason
The word is 'Stay,' says ever, 'Come :'
O, show Thyself to me,
Or take me up to Thee!

81. ¶ THE BRITISH CHURCH.

I joy, deare Mother, when I view
Thy perfect lineaments and hue,
Both sweet and bright.

Beautie in thee takes up her place,
And dates her letters from thy face,
When she doth write.

A fine aspéct in fit aray,
Neither too mean nor yet too gay,
Shows who is best.

Outlandish looks may not compare;
For all they either painted are,
Or else undrest.

She on the hills, which wantonly — Church of Rome
Allureth all in hope to be
By her preferr'd,

Hath kiss'd so long her painted shrines,
That ev'n her face by kissing shines,
For her reward.

She in the valley is so shie — Puritans
Of dressing, that her hair doth lie
About her eares;

While she avoids her neighbour's pride,
She wholly goes on th' other side,
And nothing wears.

But, dearest Mother, what those misse,
The mean thy praise and glorie is,
And long may be.

Blessèd be God, Whose love it was
To double-moat thee with His grace,
And none but thee.

82. ¶ THE QUIP.

The merrie World did on a day
With his train-bands and mates agree
To meet together where I lay,
And all in sport to geere at me. jeer

First Beautie crept into a rose,
Which when I pluckt not, 'Sir,' said she,
'Tell me, I pray, whose hands are those?'
But Thou shalt answer, Lord, for me.

Then Money came, and chinking still,
'What tune is this, poore man?' said he;
'I heard in Musick you had skill:'
But Thou shalt answer, Lord, for me.

Then came brave Glorie puffing by
In silks that whistled, who but he!
He scarce allow'd me half an eie:
But Thou shalt answer, Lord, for me.

Then came quick Wit and Conversation,
And he would needs a comfort be,

And, to be short, make an oration:
But Thou shalt answer, Lord, for me.

Yet when the houre of Thy designe
To answer these fine things shall come,
Speak not at large; say, I am Thine,
And then they have their answer home.

83. ¶ VANITIE.

Poore silly soul, whose hope and head lies low,
Whose flat delights on earth do creep and grow;
To whom the starres shine not so faire as eyes,
Nor solid work as false embroyderies,—
Heark and beware, lest what you now do measure
And write for sweet prove a most sowre displeasure.

O, heare betimes, lest thy relenting
May come too late;
To purchase heaven for repenting
Is no hard rate.
If souls be made of earthly mould,
Let them love gold;
If born on high,
Let them unto their kindred flie;
For they can never be at rest
Till they regain their ancient nest.

Then, silly soul, take heed; for earthly joy
Is but a bubble, and makes thee a boy.

84. ¶ THE DAWNING.

Awake, sad heart, whom sorrow ever drowns;
Take up thine eyes, which feed on earth;
Unfold thy forehead, gather'd into frowns;
Thy Saviour comes, and with Him mirth:
Awake, awake,
And with a thankfull heart His comforts take.
But thou dost still lament, and pine, and crie,
And feel His death, but not His victorie.

Arise, sad heart; if thou dost not withstand,
Christ's resurrection thine may be;
Do not by hanging down break from the hand
Which, as it riseth, raiseth thee:
Arise, arise,
And with His buriall-linen drie thine eyes.
Christ left His grave-clothes, that we might, when [grief
Draws tears or bloud, not want an handkerchief.

85. ¶ JESU.

Jesu is in my heart, His sacred name
Is deeply carvèd there: but th' other week
A great affliction broke the little frame
Ev'n all to pieces; which I went to seek:
And first I found the corner where was *J*,
After where *ES*, and next where *U* was grav'd.
When I had got these parcels, instantly
I sat me down to spell them, and perceiv'd
That to my broken heart he was *I ease you*,
And to my whole is *JESU*.

86. ¶ BUSINESSE.

Canst be idle? canst thou play,
Foolish soul, who sinn'd to day?

Rivers run, and springs each one
Know their home, and get them gone:
Hast thou tears, or hast thou none?

If, poore soul, thou hast no tears,
Would thou hadst no faults or fears!
Who hath these, those, ill forbears.

Windes still work—it is their plot,
Be the season cold or hot:
Hast thou sighs, or hast thou not?

If thou hast no sighs or grones,
Would thou hadst no flesh and bones!
Lesser pains scape greater ones.

But if yet thou idle be,
Foolish soul, Who died for thee?

Who did leave His Father's throne
To assume thy flesh and bone?
Had He life, or had He none?

If He had not liv'd for thee,
Thou hadst died most wretchedly,
And two deaths had been thy fee.

He so farre thy good did plot,
That His own self He forgot:
Did He die, or did He not?

If He had not died for thee,
Thou hadst liv'd in miserie;
Two lives worse then ten deaths be.

And hath any space of breath
'Twixt his sinnes' and Saviour's death?

He that loseth gold, though drosse,
Tells to all he meets, his crosse:
He that sinnes, hath he no losse?

He that findes a silver vein
Thinks on it, and thinks again:
Brings thy Saviour's death no gain?

Who in heart not ever kneels
Neither sinne nor Saviour feels.

87. ¶ DIALOGUE.

MAN.

Sweetest Saviour, if my soul
Were but worth the having,
Quickly should I then controll
Any thought of waving. wavering
But when all my care and pains
Cannot give the name of gains
To Thy wretch so full of stains,
What delight or hope remains?

SAVIOUR.

What, childe, is the ballance thine,
Thine the poise and measure?

If I say, 'Thou shalt be Mine,'
Finger not My treasure.
What the gains in having thee
Do amount to, onely He
Who for man was sold can see;
That transferr'd th' accounts to Me.

MAN.

But as I can see no merit
Leading to this favour,
So the way to fit me for it
Is beyond my favour.
As the reason, then, is Thine,
So the way is none of mine,
I disclaim the whole designe;
Sinne disclaims and I resigne;
That is all:—if that I could
Get without repining—

SAVIOUR.

And My clay, My creature, would
Follow My resigning;
That as I did freely part
With My glorie and desert,
Left all joyes to feel all smart—

MAN.

Ah, no more: Thou break'st my heart.

88. ¶ DULNESSE.

Why do I languish thus, drooping and dull,
As if I were all earth?

O, give me quicknesse, that I may with mirth life
Praise Thee brim-full!

The wanton lover in a curious strain
Can praise his fairest fair,
And with quaint metaphors her curlèd hair
Curl o're again.

Thou art my lovelinesse, my life, my light,
Beautie alone to me;
Thy bloudy death, and undeserv'd, makes Thee
Pure red and white.

When all perfections as but one appeare,
That those Thy form doth shew,
The very dust where Thou dost tread and go
Makes beauties here.

Where are my lines, then? my approaches, views?
Where are my window-songs?
Lovers are still pretending, and ev'n wrongs
Sharpen their Muse.

But I am lost in flesh, whose sugred lyes
Still mock me and grow bold:
Sure Thou didst put a minde there, if I could
Finde where it lies.

Lord, cleare Thy gift, that with a constant wit
I may but look towards Thee:
Look onely; for to love Thee who can be,
What angel fit?

89. ¶ LOVE-JOY.

As on a window late I cast mine eye,
I saw a vine drop grapes with J and C
Anneal'd on every bunch. One standing by burnt
Ask'd what it meant. I (who am never loth
To spend my judgement) said: 'It seem'd to me
To be the bodie and the letters both
Of Joy and Charitie.' 'Sir, you have not miss'd,'
The man reply'd; 'it figures JESUS CHRIST.'

90. ¶ PROVIDENCE.

O sacred Providence, Who from end to end
Strongly and sweetly movest! shall I write,
And not of Thee, through Whom my fingers bend
To hold my quill? shall they not do Thee right?

Of all the creatures both in sea and land,
Onely to man Thou hast made known Thy wayes,
And put the penne alone into his hand,
And made him secretarie of Thy praise.

Beasts fain would sing; birds dittie to their notes;
Trees would be tuning on their native lute
To Thy renown: but all their hands and throats
Are brought to Man, while they are lame and mute.

Man is the world's high-priest: he doth present
The sacrifice for all; while they below
Unto the service mutter an assent,
Such as springs use that fall, and windes that blow.

He that to praise and laud Thee doth refrain,
Doth not refrain unto himself alone,
But robs a thousand who would praise Thee fain,
And doth commit a world of sinne in one.

The beasts say, 'Eat me;' but if beasts must teach,
The tongue is yours to eat, but mine to praise:
The trees say, 'Pull me;' but the hand you stretch
Is mine to write, as it is yours to raise.

Wherefore, most sacred Spirit, I here present,
For me and all my fellows, praise to Thee;
And just it is that I should pay the rent,
Because the benefit accrues to me.

We all acknowledge both Thy power and love
To be exact, transcendent, and divine;
Who dost so strongly and so sweetly move,
While all things have their will, yet none but Thine.

For either Thy command or Thy permission
Lay hands on all; they are Thy right and left:
The first puts on with speed and expedition;
The other curbs Sinne's stealing pace and theft.

Nothing escapes them both; all must appeare,
And be dispos'd, and dress'd, and tun'd by Thee,
Who sweetly temper'st all. If we could heare
Thy skill and art, what musick would it be!

Thou art in small things great, not small in any;
Thy even praise can neither rise nor fall;

Thou art in all things one, in each thing many;
For Thou art infinite in one and all.

Tempests are calm to Thee; they know Thy hand,
And hold it fast, as children do their father's,
Which crie and follow: Thou hast made poore sand
Check the proud sea, ev'n when it swells and gathers.

Thy cupboard serves the world: the meat is set Ps. civ. 27
Where all may reach; no beast but knows his feed:
Birds teach us hawking; fishes have their net;
The great prey on the lesse, they on some weed.

Nothing ingender'd doth prevent his meat; come before
Flies have their table spread ere they appeare;
Some creatures have in winter what to eat;
Others to sleep, and envie not their cheer.

How finely dost Thou times and seasons spin,
And make a twist checker'd with night and day,
Which, as it lengthens, windes and windes us in,
As bouls go on, but turning all the way!

Each creature hath a wisdome for his good:
The pigeons feed their tender offspring, crying
When they are callow, but withdraw their food
When they are fledged, that need may teach them flying.

Bees work for man; and yet they never bruise
Their master's flow'r, but leave it, having done,
As fair as ever and as fit to use;
So both the flow'r doth stay and hony run.

Sheep eat the grasse, and dung the ground for more;
Trees after bearing drop their leaves for soil;
Springs vent their streams, and by expense get store;
Clouds cool by heat, and baths by cooling boil.

Who hath the vertue to expresse the rare
And curious vertues both of herbs and stones?
Is there an herb for that? O that Thy care
Would show a root that gives expressions!

And if an herb hath power, what hath the starres?
A rose, besides his beautie, is a cure:
Doubtlesse our plagues and plentie, peace and warres,
Are there much surer then our art is sure.

Thou hast hid metals: man may take them thence,
But at his perill; when he digs the place
He makes a grave; as if the thing had sense,
And threaten'd man that he should fill the space.

Ev'n poysons praise Thee: should a thing be lost?
Should creatures want, for want of heed, their due?
Since where are poysons antidots are most;
The help stands close, and keeps the fear in view.

The sea, which seems to stop the traveller,
Is by a ship the speedier passage made;
The windes, who think they rule the mariner,
Are rul'd by him, and taught to serve his trade.

And as Thy house is full, so I adore
Thy curious art in marshalling Thy goods.

The hills with health abound, the vales with store;
The South with marble; North with furres and woods.
Hard things are glorious, easie things good cheap;
The common all men have; that which is rare
Men therefore seek to have, and care to keep.
The healthy frosts with Summer-fruits compare.
Light without winde is glasse; warm without weight
Is wooll and furres; cool without closenesse, shade;
Speed without pains, a horse; tall without height,
A servile hawk; low without losse, a spade.
All countries have enough to serve their need:
If they seek fine things, Thou dost make them run
For their offence, and then dost turn their speed
To be commerce and trade from sunne to sunne.
Nothing wears clothes but man; nothing doth need
But he to wear them; nothing useth fire
But man alone, to show his heav'nly breed;
And onely he hath fuell in desire.
When th' earth was dry, Thou mad'st a sea of wet;
When that lay gather'd, Thou didst broach the mountains;
When yet some places could no moisture get,
The windes grew gard'ners, and the clouds good fountains.
Rain, do not hurt my flowers, but gently spend
Your hony-drops: presse not to smell them here;
When they are ripe, their odour will ascend,
And at your lodging with their thanks appeare.

How harsh are thorns to pears! and yet they make
A better hedge, and need lesse reparation.
How smooth are silks comparèd with a stake
Or with a stone! yet make no good foundation.

Sometimes Thou dost divide Thy gifts to man,
Sometimes unite; the Indian nut alone cocoa
Is clothing, meat and trencher, drink and can,
Boat, cable, sail, and needle, all in one.

Most herbs that grow in brooks are hot and dry,
Cold fruits' warm kernells help against the winde;
The lemmon's juice and rinde cure mutually;
The whey of milk doth loose, the milk doth binde.

Thy creatures leap not, but expresse a feast,
Where all the guests sit close, and nothing wants:
Frogs marry fish and flesh; bats, bird and beast;
Sponges, non-sense and sense; mines, th' earth and plants.

To show Thou art not bound, as if Thy lot
Were worse then ours, sometimes Thou shiftest hands:
Most things move th' under-jaw, the crocodile not;
Most things sleep lying, th' elephant leans or stands.

But who hath praise enough? nay, who hath any?
None can expresse Thy works but he that knows them;
And none can know Thy works, which are so many
And so complete, but onely He that owes them. owns

All things that are, though they have sev'rall wayes,
Yet in their being joyn with one advise

To honour Thee; and so I give Thee praise
In all my other hymnes, but in this twice.

Each thing that is, although in use and name
It go for one, hath many wayes in store
To honour Thee; and so each hymne Thy fame
Extolleth many wayes, yet this one more.

91. ¶ HOPE.

I gave to Hope a watch of mine; but he
An anchor gave to me.
Then an old Prayer-book I did present;
And he an optick sent. telescope
With that I gave a vial full of tears;
But he, a few green eares.
Ah, loyterer! I'le no more, no more I'le bring:
I did expect a ring.

92. ¶ SINNE'S ROUND.

Sorrie I am, my God, sorrie I am
That my offences course it in a ring.
My thoughts are working like a busie flame,
Until their cockatrice they hatch and bring:
And when they once have perfected their draughts,
My words take fire from my inflamèd thoughts.

My words take fire from my inflamèd thoughts,
Which spit it forth like the Sicilian hill; Ætna
They vent the wares, and passe them with their faults,
And by their breathing ventilate the ill;

But words suffice not; where are lewd intentions,
My hands do joyn to finish the inventions.

My hands do joyn to finish the inventions,
And so my sinnes ascend three stories high,
As Babel grew before there were dissentions.
Yet ill deeds loyter not; for they supplie
New thoughts of sinning: wherefore, to my shame,
Sorrie I am, my God, sorrie I am.

93. ¶ TIME.

Meeting with Time, 'Slack thing,' said I
'Thy sithe is dull; whet it, for shame.'
'No marvell, sir,' he did replie,
'If it at length deserve some blame;
But where one man would have me grinde it,
Twentie for one too sharp do finde it.'

'Perhaps some such of old did passe,
Who above all things lov'd this life;
To whom thy sithe a hatchet was,
Which now is but a pruning-knife.
Christ's coming hath made man thy debtor,
Since by thy cutting he grows better.

And in his blessing thou art blest;
For where thou onley wert before
An executioner at best,
Thou art a gard'ner now; and more,
An usher to convey our souls
Beyond the utmost starres and poles.

And this is that makes life so long,
While it detains us from our God;
Ev'n pleasures here increase the wrong,
And length of dayes lengthens the rod.
Who wants the place where God doth dwell,
Partakes already half of hell. lacks

Of what strange length must that needs be
Which ev'n eternitie excludes!'
Thus farre Time heard me patiently;
Then chafing said: 'This man deludes;
What do I here before his doore?
He doth not crave lesse time, but more.'

94. ¶ GRATEFULNESSE.

Thou that hast giv'n so much to me,
Give one thing more, a gratefull heart:
See how Thy beggar works on Thee
By art:

He makes Thy gifts occasion more,
And sayes, if he in this be crost,
All Thou hast given him heretofore
Is lost.

But Thou didst reckon, when at first
Thy word our hearts and hands did crave,
What it would come to at the worst
To save.

Perpetuall knockings at Thy doore,
Tears sullying Thy transparent rooms,
Gift upon gift; much would have more,
And comes.

This notwithstanding, Thou went'st on,
And didst allow us all our noise;
Nay, Thou hast made a sigh and grone
Thy joyes.

Not that Thou hast not still above
Much better tunes then grones can make,
But that these countrey-aires Thy love
Did take. =captivate

Wherefore I crie, and crie again,
And in no quiet canst Thou be,
Till I a thankfull heart obtain
Of Thee.

Not thankfull when it pleaseth me,
As if Thy blessings had spare dayes;
But such a heart whose pulse may be
Thy praise.

95. ¶ PEACE.

Sweet Peace, where dost thou dwell, I humbly crave?
Let me once know.
I sought thee in a secret cave,
And ask'd if Peace were there.
A hollow winde did seem to answer, 'No;
Go seek elsewhere.'

I did; and going did a rainbow note:
Surely, thought I,
This is the lace of Peace's coat;
I will search out the matter.
But while I lookt, the clouds immediately
Did break and scatter.

Then went I to a garden, and did spy
A gallant flower,
The Crown Imperiall. Sure, said I,
Peace at the root must dwell.
But when I digg'd, I saw a worme devoure
What show'd so well.

At length I met a rev'rend good old man,
Whom when for Peace
I did demand he thus began:
'There was a Prince of old
At Salem dwelt, Who liv'd with good increase
Of flock and fold.

He sweetly liv'd; yet sweetnesse did not save
His life from foes.
But after death out of His grave
There sprang twelve stalks of wheat; the
Which many wond'ring at, got some of those [Apostles
To plant and set.

It prosper'd strangely, and did soon disperse
Through all the earth;
For they that taste it do rehearse

That vertue lies therein;
A secret vertue, bringing peace and mirth
By flight of sinne.

Take of this grain, which in my garden grows,
And grows for you;
Make bread of it; and that repose
And peace, which ev'ry where
With so much earnestnesse you do pursue,
Is onely there.'

96. ¶ CONFESSION.

O, what a cunning guest
Is this same grief! within my heart I made
Closets, and in them many a chest;
And like a master in my trade,
In those chests, boxes; in each box a till.
Yet Grief knows all, and enters when he will.

No scrue, no piercer can
Into a piece of timber worke and winde
As God's affections into man,
When He a torture hath design'd;
They are too subtill for the subt'llest hearts,
And fall like rheumes upon the tendrest parts.

We are the earth; and they,
Like moles within us, heave and cast about;
And till they foot and clutch their prey,
They never cool, much lesse give out.

No smith can make such locks but they have keyes;
Closets are halls to them, and hearts high-wayes.

Onely an open breast
Doth shut them out, so that they cannot enter;
Or if they enter, cannot rest,
But quickly seek some new adventure:
Smooth open hearts no fastning have; but fiction
Doth give a hold and handle to affliction.

Wherefore my faults and sinnes,
Lord, I acknowledge; take Thy plagues away:
For since confession pardon winnes,
I challenge here the brightest day,
The clearest diamond; let them do their best,
They shall be thick and cloudie to my breast.

97. ¶ GIDDINESSE.

Oh, what a thing is man! how farre from power,
From settled peace and rest!
He is some twentie sev'rall men at least
Each sev'rall houre.

One while he counts of heav'n, as of his treasure;
But then a thought creeps in,
And calls him coward, who for fear of sinne
Will lose a pleasure.

Now he will fight it out, and to the warres;
Now eat his bread in peace,
And snudge in quiet; now he scorns increase,
Now all day spares.

He builds a house, which quickly down must go,
As if a whirlwinde blew
And crusht the building; and it's partly true
His minde is so.

O, what a sight were man, if his attires
Did alter with his minde,
And, like a dolphin's skinne, his clothes combin'd
With his desires!

Surely if each one saw another's heart,
There would be no commerce,
No sale or bargain passe; all would disperse
And live apart.

Lord, mend, or rather make us; one creation
Will not suffice our turn:
Except Thou make us dayly, we shall spurn
Our own salvation.

98. ¶ THE BUNCH OF GRAPES.

Joy, I did lock thee up, but some bad man
Hath let thee out again;
And now, methinks, I am where I began
Sev'n years ago: one vogue and vein, fashion
One aire of thoughts usurps my brain.
I did toward Canaan draw, but now I am
Brought back to the Red Sea, the sea of shame.

For as the Jews of old by God's command
Travell'd and saw no town,
So now each Christian hath his journeys spann'd;
Their storie pennes and sets us down.
A single deed is small renown;
God's works are wide, and let in future times;
His ancient justice overflows our crimes.

Then have we too our guardian fires and clouds,
Our Scripture-dew drops fast;
We have sands and serpents, tents and shrowds;
Alas, our murmurings come not last!
But where's the cluster? where's the taste
Of mine inheritance? Lord, if I must borrow, Num. xiii. 23
Let me as well take up their joy as sorrow.

But can he want the grape who hath the wine?
I have their fruit and more.
Blessèd be God, Who prosper'd Noah's vine,
And made it bring forth grapes, good store:
But much more Him I must adore
Who of the Law's sowre juice sweet wine did make,
Ev'n God Himself being pressèd for my sake.

99. ¶ LOVE-UNKNOWN.

Deare friend, sit down; the tale is long and sad;
And in my faintings I presume your love
Will more complie then help:—a Lord I had,
And have, of Whom some grounds, which may improve,

I hold for two lives, and both lives in me.
To Him I brought a dish of fruit one day,
And in the middle plac'd my heart. But He,
I sigh to say,
Lookt on a servant, who did know His eye
Better then you know me, or, which is one,
Then I, myself. The servant instantly
Quitting the fruit, seiz'd on my heart alone,
And threw it in a font, wherein did fall
A stream of bloud, which issu'd from the side
Of a great rock:—I well remember all,
And have good cause:—there it was dipt and dy'd,
And washt and wrung; the very wringing yet
Enforceth tears. 'Your heart was foul, I fear.'
Indeed 'tis true: I did and do commit
Many a fault more then my lease will bear:
Yet still askt pardon, and was not deni'd.
But you shall heare. After my heart was well,
And clean and fair, as I one even-tide,
I sigh to tell,
Walkt by myself abroad, I saw a large
And spacious fornace flaming, and thereon
A boyling caldron, round about whose verge
Was in great letters set 'Affliction.'
The greatnesse shew'd the owner. So I went
To fetch a sacrifice out of my fold,
Thinking with that which I did thus present
To warm His love, which I did fear grew cold.

But as my heart did tender it, the man
Who was to take it from me, slipt his hand,
And threw my heart into the scalding pan;
My heart that brought it (do you understand?),
The offerer's heart. 'Your heart was hard, I fear.'
Indeed 'tis true. I found a callous matter
Began to spread and to expatiate there: spread abroad
But with a richer drug then scalding water
I bath'd it often, ev'n with holy bloud,
Which at a board, while many drank bare wine,
A friend did steal into my cup for good,
Ev'n taken inwardly, and most divine
To supple hardnesses. But at the length
Out of the caldron getting, soon I fled
Unto my house, where, to repair the strength
Which I had lost, I hasted to my bed:
But when I thought to sleep out all these faults,
I sigh to speak,
I found that some had stuff'd the bed with thoughts,
I would say thorns. Deare, could my heart not break,
When with my pleasures ev'n my rest was gone?
Full well I understood who had been there,
For I had giv'n the key to none but one:
It must be He. 'You heart was dull, I fear.'
Indeed a slack and sleepie state of minde
Did oft possesse me; so that when I pray'd,
Though my lips went, my heart did stay behinde.
But all my scores were by another paid,

Who took the debt upon Him. 'Truly, friend,
For ought I heare, your Master shows to you
More favour then you wot of.' Mark the end.
The Font did onely what was old renew;
The Caldron suppled what was grown too hard;
The Thorns did quicken what was grown too dull:
All did but strive to mend what you had marr'd.
Wherefore be cheer'd, and praise Him to the full
Each day, each houre, each moment of the week,
Who fain would have you be new, tender, quick. living

100. § MAN'S MEDLEY.

Heark how the birds do sing,
And woods do ring:
All creatures have their joy, and man hath his.
Yet if we rightly measure,
Man's joy and pleasure
Rather hereafter then in present is.

To this life things of sense
Make their pretence; claim
In th' other angels have a right by birth:
Man ties them both alone,
And makes them one,
With th' one hand touching heav'n, with th' other earth.

In soul he mounts and flies,
In flesh he dies;
He wears a stuffe whose thread is course and round,

But trimm'd with curious lace,
And should take place
After the trimming, not the stuffe and ground. according to
Not that he may not here
Taste of the cheer;
But as birds drink, and straight lift up their head,
So must he sip and think
Of better drink
He may attain to after he is dead.
But as his joyes are double,
So is his trouble:
He hath two winters, other things but one;
Both frosts and thoughts do nip
And bite his lip;
And he of all things fears two deaths alone.
Yet ev'n the greatest griefs
May be reliefs,
Could he but take them right and in their wayes.
Happie is he whose heart
Hath found the art
To turn his double pains to double praise.

101. ¶ THE STORM.

If as the windes and waters here below
Do die and flow,
My sighs and tears as busie were above,
Sure they would move

And much affect Thee, as tempestuous times
Amaze poore mortals, and object their crimes.
[cast before them
Starres have their storms ev'n in a high degree,
As well as we:
A throbbing conscience spurrèd by remorse
Hath a strange force;
It quits the earth, and mounting more and more,
Dares to assault Thee, and besiege Thy doore.

There it stands knocking, to Thy musick's wrong,
And drowns the song:
Glorie and honour are set by till it
An answer get.
Poets have wrong'd poore storms: such dayes are best,
They purge the aire without; within, the breast.

102. § PARADISE.

I blesse Thee, Lord, because I GROW
Among Thy trees, which in a ROW
To Thee both fruit and order OW.

What open force or hidden CHARM
Can blast my fruit, or bring me HARM,
While the inclosure is Thine ARM?

Inclose me still, for fear I START;
Be to me rather sharp and TART
Then let me want Thy hand and ART.

When Thou dost greater judgements SPARE,
And with Thy knife but prune and PARE,
Ev'n fruitful trees more fruitfull ARE:

Such sharpnes shows the sweetest FREND,
Such cuttings rather heal then REND,
And such beginnings touch their END.

103. ¶ THE METHOD.

Poore heart, lament;
For since thy God refuseth still,
There is some rub, some discontent, hindrance
Which cools His will.

Thy Father could
Quickly effect what thou dost move, request
For He is Power; and sure He would,
For He is Love.

Go search this thing,
Tumble thy breast, and turn thy book:
If thou hadst lost a glove or ring,
Wouldst thou not look?

What do I see
Written above there? 'Yesterday
I did behave me carelessly
When I did pray.'

And should God's eare
To such indifferents chainèd be, careless ones

Who do not their own motions heare?
Is God lesse free?

But stay!—what's there?
'Late when I would have something done
I had a motion to forbear,
Yet I went on.'

And should God's eare,
Which needs not man, be ty'd to those
Who heare not Him, but quickly heare
His utter foes?

Then once more pray:
Down with thy knees, up with thy voice;
Seek pardon first, and God will say,
'Glad heart, rejoyce.'

104. ¶ DIVINITIE.

As men, for fear the starres should sleep and nod
And trip at night, have spheres suppli'd,—
As if a starre were duller then a clod,
Which knows his way without a guide,—

Just so the other heav'n they also serve,
Divinitie's transcendent skie,
Which with the edge of wit they cut and carve:
Reason triumphs, and Faith lies by.

Could not that wisdome, which first broacht the wine,
Have thicken'd it with definitions?

And jagg'd His seamlesse coat, had that been fine,
With curious questions and divisions?

But all the doctrine which He taught and gave
Was cleare as heav'n, from whence it came;
At least those beams of truth, which onely save,
Surpasse in brightnesse any flame.

'Love God' and 'Love your neighbour,' 'Watch and pray,
'Do as you would be done unto;'
O dark instructions, ev'n dark as day!
Who can these Gordian knots undo!

'But He doth bid us take His bloud for wine.'
Bid what He please; yet I am sure,
To take and taste what He doth there designe
Is all that saves, and not obscure.

Then burn thy epicycles, foolish man,
Break all thy spheres, and save thy head;
Faith needs no staffe of flesh, but stoutly can
To heav'n alone both go and leade.

105. GRIEVE NOT THE HOLY SPIRIT.

Ephes. iv. 30.

And art Thou grievèd, sweet and sacred Dove,
When I am sowre,
And crosse Thy love?
Grievèd for me? the God of strength and power
Griev'd for a worm, which, when I tread,
I passe away and leave it dead?

Then weep, mine eyes, the God of love doth grieve;
Weep, foolish heart,
And weeping live;
For death is drie as dust. Yet if ye part,
End as the night, whose sable hue
Your sinnes expresse, melt into dew.

When sawcie Mirth shall knock or call at doore,
Cry out, 'Get hence,
Or cry no more!'
Almightie God doth grieve, He puts on sense;
I sinne not to my grief alone,
But to my God's too; He doth grone.

O, take thy lute, and tune it to a strain
Which may with thee
All day complain;
There can no discord but in ceasing be.
Marble can weep, and surely strings
More bowels have then such hard things.

Lord, I adjudge myself to tears and grief,
Ev'n endlesse tears
Without relief;
If a cleare spring for me no time forbears,
But runnes, although I be not drie—
I am no crystall—what shall I?

Yet if I wail not still, since still to wail
Nature denies,
And flesh would fail;

If my deserts were masters of mine eyes,—
Lord, pardon, for Thy Sonne makes good
My want of tears with store of bloud.

106. § THE FAMILIE.

What doth this noise of thoughts within my heart,
As if they had a part?
What do these loud complaints and pulling fears, puling
As if there were no rule or eares?

But, Lord, the house and familie are Thine,
Though some of them repine;
Turn out these wranglers, which defile Thy seat,
For where Thou dwellest all is neat. pure

First Peace and Silence all disputes controll,
Then Order plaies the soul;
And giving all things their set forms and houres,
Makes of wilde woods sweet walks and bowres.

Humble Obedience neare the doore doth stand,
Expecting a command;
Then whom in waiting nothing seems more slow,
Nothing more quick when she doth go.

Joyes oft are there, and griefs as oft as joyes;
But griefs without a noise:
Yet speak they louder then distemper'd fears;
What is so shrill as silent tears? ear-piercing

This is Thy house, with these it doth abound;
And where these are not found

Perhaps Thou com'st sometimes, and for a day;
But not to make a constant stay.

107. ¶ THE SIZE.

Content thee, greedie heart;
Modest and moderate joyes to those that have
Title to more hereafter when they part
Are passing brave.
Let th' upper springs into the low
Descend and fall, and thou dost flow.

What though some have a fraught freight
Of cloves and nutmegs, and in cinnamon sail?
If thou hast wherewithall to spice a draught
When griefs prevail,
And, for the future time, art heir
To th' Isle of spices, is't not fair?

To be in both worlds full
Is more then God was, Who was hungrie here.
Wouldst thou His laws of fasting disanull;
Enact good cheer?
Lay out thy joy, yet hope to save it?
Wouldst thou both eat thy cake, and have it?

Great joyes are all at once;
But little do reserve themselves for more:
Those have their hopes, these what they have renounce,
And live on score;
Those are at home; these journey still,
And meet the rest on Sion's hill.

Thy Saviour sentenc'd joy,
And in the flesh condemn'd it as unfit;
At least in lump, for such doth oft destroy;
Whereas a bit
Doth 'tice us on to hopes of more,
And for the present, health restore.

A Christian's state and case
Is not a corpulent, but a thinne and spare,
Yet active strength; whose long and bonie face
Content and care
Do seem to equally divide,
Like a pretender, not a bride.

Wherefore sit down, good heart;
Grasp not at much, for fear thou losest all.
If comforts fell according to desert,—
[At all times fall]
They would great frosts and snows destroy:
For we should count,—Since the last joy.

Then close again the seam
Which thou hast open'd; do not spread thy robe
In hope of great things. Call to minde thy dream,
An earthly globe,
On whose meridian was engraven,
'These seas are tears, and Heav'n the haven.'

108. ¶ ARTILLERIE.

As I one ev'ning sat before my cell,
Me thought a starre did shoot into my lap.

I rose, and shook my clothes, as knowing well
That from small fires comes oft no small mishap;
When suddenly I heard one say,
'Do as thou usest, disobey,
Expell good motions from thy breast,
Which have the face of fire, but end in rest.'

I, who had heard of musick in the spheres,
But not of speech in starres, began to muse;
But turning to my God, Whose ministers
The starres and all things are: 'If I refuse
Dread Lord,' said I, 'so oft my good,
Then I refuse not ev'n with bloud
To wash away my stubborn thought;
For I will do, or suffer what I ought.'

But I have also starres and shooters too,
Born where Thy servants both artilleries use:
My tears and prayers night and day do woo,
And work up to Thee; yet Thou dost refuse.
Not but I am (I must say still)
Much more oblig'd to do Thy will
Than Thou to grant mine; but because
Thy promise now hath ev'n set Thee Thy laws.

Then we are shooters both, and Thou dost deigne
To enter combate with us, and contest
With Thine own clay. But I would parley fain: confer
Shunne not my arrows, and behold my breast.

Yet if Thou shunnest, I am Thine,
I must be so, if I am mine:—
There is no articling with Thee; making conditions
I am but finite,—yet Thine infinitely.

109. ¶ CHURCH-RENTS OR SCHISMES.

Brave rose, alas, where art thou? In the chair
Where thou didst lately so triumph and shine, S. of Sol. ii. 1.
A worm doth sit, whose many feet and hair
Are the more foul, the more thou wert divine.
This, this hath done it, this did bite the root
And bottome of the leaves; which when the winde
Did once perceive, it blew them under foot,
Where rude unhallow'd steps do crush and grinde
Their beauteous glories. Onely shreds of thee,
And those all bitten, in thy chair I see.

Why doth my Mother blush? is she the rose,
And shows it so? Indeed Christ's precious bloud
Gave you a colour once; which when your foes
Thought to let out, the bleeding did you good,
And made you look much fresher then before.
But when debates and fretting jealousies
Did worm and work within you more and more,
Your colour faded, and calamities
Turnèd your ruddie into pale and bleak,
Your health and beautie both began to break.

Then did your scv'rall parts unloose and start;
Which when your neighbours saw, like a north-winde
They rushèd in, and cast them in the dirt,
Where Pagans tread. O Mother deare and kinde,
Where shall I get me eyes enough to weep—
As many eyes as starres! since it is night,
And much of Asia and Europe fast asleep,
And ev'n all Africk: would at least I might
With these two poore ones lick up all the dew,
Which falls by night, and poure it out for you!

110. § JUSTICE.

O dreadfull justice, what a fright and terrour
Wast thou of old,
When Sinne and Errour
Did show and shape thy looks to me,
And through their glasse discolour thee!
He that did but look up was proud and bold.

The dishes of thy balance seem'd to gape,
Like two great pits;
The beam and 'scape
Did like some tort'ring engine show:
Thy hand above did burn and glow,
Daunting the stoutest hearts, the proudest wits.

But now that Christ's pure vail presents the sight,
I see no fears:
Thy hand is white,

Thy scales like buckets, which attend
And interchangeably descend,
Lifting to heaven from this well of tears.

For where before thou still didst call on me,
Now I still touch
And harp on thee;
God's promises hath made thee mine:
Why should I justice now decline?
Against me there is none, but for me much.

111. § THE PILGRIMAGE.

I travell'd on, seeing the hill, where lay
My expectation.
A long it was and weary way:
The gloomy cave of Desperation
I left on th' one, and on the other side
The rock of Pride.

And so I came to Phansie's medow strow'd
With many a flower:
Fain would I here have made abode,
But I was quicken'd by my houre.
So to Care's cops I came, and there got through copse
With much ado.

That led me to the wilde of Passion, which
Some call the wold;
A wasted place, but sometimes rich.
Here I was robb'd of all my gold,

Save one good angell, which a friend had ti'd
Close to my side.

At length I got unto the gladsome hill,
Where lay my hope,
Where lay my heart; and climbing still,
When I had gain'd the brow and top,
A lake of brackish waters on the ground
Was all I found.

With that abash'd and struck with many a sting
Of swarming fears,
I fell and cry'd, 'Alas, my King,
Can both the way and end be tears?'
Yet taking heart I rose, and then perceiv'd
I was deceiv'd,

My hill was further; so I flung away,
Yet heard a crie,
Just as I went, 'None goes that way
And lives.' 'If that be all,' said I,
'After so foul a journey death is fair,
And but a chair.'

112. ¶ THE HOLDFAST.

I threatened to observe the strict decree
Of my deare God with all my power and might:
But I was told by one, 'It could not be;
Yet I might trust in God to be my light.'

'Then will I trust,' said I, 'in Him alone.'
'Nay, ev'n to trust in Him, was also His:
We must confesse that nothing is our own.'
'Then I confesse that He my succour is.'

'But to have nought is ours, not to confesse
That we have nought.' I stood amaz'd at this,
Much troubled, till I heard a friend expresse
That all things were more ours by being His:
What Adam had, and forfeited for all,
Christ keepeth now, Who cannot fail or fall.

113. ¶ COMPLAINING.

Do not beguile my heart,
Because Thou art
My power and wisdome. Put me not to shame
Because I am
Thy clay that weeps, Thy dust that calls.

Thou art the Lord of glorie;
The deed and storie
Are both Thy due: but I a silly flie,
That live or die
According as the weather falls.

Art Thou all justice, Lord?
Shows not Thy word
More attributes? Am I all throat or eye,
To weep or crie?
Have I no parts but those of grief?

Let not Thy wrathfull power
Afflict my houre,
My inch of life; or let Thy gracious power
Contract my houre,
That I may climbe and finde relief.

114. ¶ THE DISCHARGE.

Busie enquiring heart, what wouldst thou know?
Why dost thou prie,
And turn, and leer, and with a licorous eye lustful, greedy
Look high and low,
And in thy lookings stretch and grow?

Hast thou not made thy counts, and summ'd up all?
Did not thy heart
Give up the whole, and with the whole depart? =part with
Let what will fall,
That which is past who can recall?

Thy life is God's, thy time to come is gone,
And is His right.
He is thy night at noon; He is at night
Thy noon alone;
The crop is His, for He hath sown.

And well it was for thee, when this befell,
That God did make
Thy businesse His, and in thy life partake;
For thou canst tell,
If it be His once, all is well.

Onely the present is thy part and fee;
And happy thou
If, though thou didst not beat thy future brow,
Thou couldst well see
What present things requir'd of thee.
They ask enough; why shouldst thou further go?
Raise not the mudde
Of future depths, but drink the cleare and good:
Dig not for wo
In times to come, for it will grow.
Man and the present fit; if he provide, =look forwards
He breaks the square.
This houre is mine: if for the next I care,
I grow too wide,
And do encroach upon Death's side;
For Death each hour environs and surrounds.
He that would know
And care for future chances cannot go
Unto those grounds
But thro' a churchyard which them bounds.
Things present shrink and die; but they that spend
Their thoughts and sense
On future grief do not remove it thence,
But it extend,
And draw the bottome out an end.
God chains the dog till night; wilt loose the chain,
And wake thy sorrow?

Wilt thou forestall it, and now grieve to-morrow,
And then again [for to-morrow
Grieve over freshly all thy pain?

Either grief will not come, or if it must,
Do not forecast;
While it cometh it is almost past.
Away, distrust;
My God hath promis'd; He is just.

115. ¶ PRAISE.

King of glorie, King of peace,
I will love Thee;
And, that love may never cease,
I will move Thee.

Thou hast granted my request,
Thou hast heard me;
Thou didst note my working breast,
Thou hast spar'd me.

Wherefore with my utmost art
I will sing Thee,
And the cream of all my heart
I will bring Thee.

Though my sins against me cried,
Thou didst cleare me;
And alone, when they replied,
Thou didst heare me.

Sev'n whole dayes, not one in seven,
I will praise Thee;
In my heart, though not in heaven,
I can raise Thee.

Thou grew'st soft and moist with tears,
Thou relentedst,
And when Justice call'd for fears,
Thou dissentedst.

Small it is in this poore sort =in songs or hymns of praise
To enroll Thee;
Ev'n eternitie is too short
To extoll Thee.

116. ¶ AN OFFERING.

Come, bring thy gift. If blessings were as slow
As men's returns, what would become of fools?
What hast thou there—a heart? but is it pure?
Search well, and see, for hearts have many holes.
Yet one pure heart is nothing to bestow;
In Christ two natures met to be thy cure.

O, that within us hearts had propagation,
Since many gifts do challenge many hearts!
Yet one, if good, may title to a number,
And single things grow fruitfull by deserts.
In public judgments one may be a nation,
And fence a plague, while others sleep and slumber.

But all I fear is, lest thy heart displease,
As neither good nor one; so oft divisions
Thy lusts have made, and not thy lusts alone—
Thy passions also have their set partitions:
These parcell out thy heart; recover these,
And thou mayst offer many gifts in one.

There is a balsome, or indeed a bloud,
Dropping from heav'n, which doth both cleanse and close
All sorts of wounds, of such strange force it is.
Seek out this All-heal, and seek no repose
Untill thou finde, and use it to thy good:
Then bring thy gift, and let thy hymne be this:

Since my sadnesse
Into gladnesse,
Lord, Thou dost convert;
O, accept
What Thou hast kept
As Thy due desert.

Had I many,
Had I any—
For this heart is none—
All were Thine,
And none of mine;
Surely Thine alone.

Yet Thy favour
May give savour
To this poore oblation, thank-offering
And it raise
To be Thy praise,
And be my salvation.

117. ¶ LONGING.

With sick and famisht eyes,
With doubling knees, and weary bones,
To Thee my cries,
To Thee my grones,
To Thee my sighs, my tears ascend:
No end?

My throat, my soul is hoarse;
My heart is wither'd like a ground
Which Thou dost curse;
My thoughts turn round,
And make me giddie: Lord, I fall,
Yet call.

From Thee all pitie flows:
Mothers are kinde because Thou art,
And dost dispose
To them a part:
Their infants, them, and they suck Thee
More free.

Bowels of pitie, heare;
Lord of my soul, love of my minde,
Bow down Thine eare;
Let not the winde
Scatter my words, and in the same
Thy name.

Look on my sorrows round;
Mark well my furnace. O, what flames,
What heats abound!
What griefs, what shames!
Consider, Lord; Lord, bow Thine eare,
And heare.

Lord Jesu, Thou didst bow
Thy dying head upon the tree;
O, be not now
More dead to me.
Lord, heare. 'Shall He that made the eare
Not heare?' Ps. xliv. 9

Behold, Thy dust doth stirre;
It moves, it creeps, it aims at Thee;
Wilt Thou deferre
To succour me,
Thy pile of dust, wherein each crumme
Sayes, Come?

To Thee help appertains;
Hast Thou left all things to their course,

And laid the reins
Upon the horse?
Is all lockt? hath a sinner's plea
No key?

Indeed, the world's Thy book,
Where all things have their leaf assign'd;
Yet a meek look
Hath interlin'd:
Thy board is full, yet humble guests
Finde nests.

Thou tarriest, while I die,
And fall to nothing: Thou dost reign
And rule on high,
While I remain
In bitter grief; yet am I stil'd
Thy childe.

Lord, didst Thou leave Thy throne
Not to relieve? how can it be
That Thou art grown
Thus hard to me?
Were sinne alive, good cause there were
To bear:

But now both sinne is dead,
And all Thy promises live and bide;
That wants his head,
These speak and chide,

And in Thy bosome poure my tears,
As theirs.
Lord JESU, heare my heart,
Which hath been broken now so long,
That evr'y part
Hath got a tongue :
Thy beggars grow; rid them away
To-day.
My Love, my Sweetnesse, heare :
By these Thy feet, at which my heart
Lies all the yeare,
Pluck out Thy dart,
And heal my troubled breast, which cries,
Which dyes.

118. ¶ THE BAG.

Away, despair ! my gracious Lord doth heare ;
Though windes and waves assault my keel,
He doth preserve it ; He doth steer
Ev'n when the boat seems most to reel.
Storms are the triumph of His art ;
Well may He close His eyes, but not His heart.
Hast thou not heard that my Lord Jesus die'd ?
Then let me tell thee a strange storie :
The God of power, as He did ride
In His majestick robes of glorie,
Resolv'd to 'light; and so one day alight
He did descend, undressing all the way.

The starres His tire of light and rings obtain'd,
The cloud His bowe, the fire His spear,
The sky His azure mantle gain'd;
And when they ask'd what He would wear,
He smil'd, and said as He did go,
He had new clothes a-making here below.

When He was come, as travellers are wont,
He did repair unto an inne.
Both then, and after, many a brunt
He did endure to cancell sinne;
And having giv'n the rest before,
Here He gave up His life to pay our score. debt

But as He was returning, there came one
That ran upon Him with a spear.
He, who came hither all alone,
Bringing nor man, nor arms, nor fear,
Receiv'd the blow upon His side,
And straight He turn'd, and to His brethren cry'd,

'If ye have anything to send or write—
I have no bag, but here is room—
Unto My Father's hands and sight,
Beleeve Me, it shall safely come.
That I shall minde what you impart,
Look, you may put it very neare My heart.

Or if hereafter any of My friends
Will use Me in this kinde, the doore
Shall still be open; what he sends

I will present, and somewhat more,
Not to his hurt: sighs will convey
Anything to Me.' Heark, Despair, away!

119. ¶ THE JEWS.

Poore nation, whose sweet sap and juice
Our cyens have purloin'd and left you drie; scions=graffs
Whose streams we got by the Apostles' sluce,
And use in baptisme, while ye pine and die;
Who by not keeping once, became a debter,
And now by keeping lose the letter;—

Oh that my prayers—mine, alas!
Oh that some angel might a trumpet sound,
At which the Church, falling upon her face,
Should crie so loud untill the trump were drown'd,
And by that crie, of her deare Lord obtain
That your sweet sap might come again!

120. § THE COLLAR.

I struck the board, and cry'd, 'No more;
I will abroad.'
What, shall I ever sigh and pine?
My lines and life are free; free as the road,
Loose as the winde, as large as store.
Shall I be still in suit?
Have I no harvest but a thorn
To let me bloud, and not restore

What I have lost with cordiall fruit?
Sure there was wine
Before my sighs did drie it; there was corn
Before my tears did drown it;
Is the yeare onely lost to me?
Have I no bayes to crown it,
No flowers, no garlands gay? all blasted,
All wasted?
Not so, my heart; but there is fruit,
And thou hast hands.
Recover all thy sigh-blown age
On double pleasures; leave thy cold dispute
Of what is fit and not; forsake thy cage,
Thy rope of sands
Which pettie thoughts have made; and made to thee
Good cable, to enforce and draw,
And be thy law,
While thou didst wink and wouldst not see.
Away! take heed;
I will abroad.
Call in thy death's-head there, tie up thy fears;
He that forbears
To suit and serve his need
Deserves his load.
But as I rav'd and grew more fierce and wilde
At every word,
Methought I heard one calling, 'Childe;'
And I reply'd, 'My Lord.'

121. ¶ THE GLIMPSE.

Whither away, Delight?
Thou cam'st but now; wilt thou so soon depart,
And give me up to night?
For many weeks of lingring pain and smart,
But one half houre of comfort for my heart!

Methinks Delight should have
More skill in musick, and keep better time.
Wert thou a winde or wave,
They quickly go and come with lesser crime;
Flowrs look about, and die not in their prime.

Thy short abode and stay
Feeds not, but addes to the desire of meat.
Lime begg'd of old, they say,
A neighbour spring to cool his inward heat,
Which by the spring's accesse grew much more great.

In hope of thee, my heart
Pickt here and there a crumme, and would not die;
But constant to his part,
When-as my fears foretold this, did replie,
A slender thread a gentle guest will tie.

Yet if the heart that wept
Must let thee go, return when it doth knock.
Although thy heap be kept
For future times, the droppings of the stock
May oft break forth, and never break the lock.

If I have more to spinne,
The wheel shall go, so that thy stay be short.
Thou knowst how grief and sinne
Disturb the work. O, make me not their sport,
Who by Thy coming may be made a Court!

122. § ASSURANCE.

O spitefull bitter thought,
Bitterly spitefull thought! Couldst thou invent
So high a torture? is such poyson bought?
Doubtlesse, but in the way of punishment;
When wit contrives to meet with thee,
No such rank poyson can there be.

Thou saidst but even now
That all was not so fair as I conceiv'd
Betwixt my God and me. That I allow,
And coin large hopes, but that I was deceiv'd:
Either the league was broke, or neare it;
And that I had great cause to fear it.

And what to this? what more
Could poyson, if it had a tongue, expresse?
What is thy aim? wouldst thou unlock the doore
To cold despairs and gnawing pensivenesse?
Wouldst thou raise devils? I see, I know;
I writ thy purpose long ago.

But I will to my Father,
Who heard thee say it. O most gracious Lord,

If all the hope and comfort that I gather
Were from myself, I had not half a word,
Not half a letter to oppose
What is objected by my foes.
But Thou art my desert:
And in this league, which now my foes invade,
Thou art not onely to perform Thy part,
But also mine; as when the league was made,
Thou didst at once Thyself indite,
And hold my hand while I did write.
Wherefore, if Thou canst fail,
Then can Thy truth and I: but while rocks stand
And rivers stirre, Thou canst not shrink or quail;
Yea, when both rocks and all things shall disband,
Then shalt Thou be my rock and tower,
And make their ruine praise Thy power.
Now, foolish thought, go on,
Spin out thy thread, and make thereof a coat
To hide thy shame; for thou hast cast a bone
Which bounds on thee, and will not down thy throat:
What for it Self-love once began,
Now Love and Truth will end in man.

123. § THE CALL.

Come, my Way, my Truth, my Life!
Such a Way as gives us breath,
Such a Truth as ends all strife,
Such a Life as killeth Death.

Come, my Light, my Feast, my Strength!
Such a Light as shows a feast,
Such a Feast as mends in length,
Such a Strength as makes his guest.

Come, my Joy, my Love, my Heart!
Such a Joy as none can move,
Such a Love as none can part,
Such a Heart as joyes in love.

124. ¶ CLASPING OF HANDS.

Lord, Thou art mine, and I am Thine,
If mine I am; and Thine much more
Than I or ought or can be mine.
Yet to be Thine doth me restore,
So that again I now am mine,
And with advantage mine the more,
Since this being mine brings with it Thine,
And Thou with me dost Thee restore:
If I without Thee would be mine,
I neither should be mine nor Thine.

Lord, I am Thine, and Thou art mine;
So mine Thou art, that something more
I may presume Thee mine then Thine, than
For Thou didst suffer to restore
Not Thee, but me, and to be mine:
And with advantage mine the more,

Since Thou in death wast none of Thine,
Yet then as mine didst me restore: i.e. as a man
O, be mine still; still make me Thine;
Or rather make no Thine and mine.

125. ¶ PRAISE.

Lord, I will mean and speak Thy praise,
Thy praise alone;
My busie heart shall spin it all my dayes;
And when it stops for want of store,
Then will I wring it with a sigh or grone
That Thou mayst yet have more.

When Thou dost favour any action,
It runnes, it flies;
All things concurre to give it a perfection.
That which had but two legs before,
When Thou dost blesse, hath twelve; one wheel doth rise
To twentie then, or more.

But when Thou dost on businesse blow,
It hangs, it clogs;
Not all the teams of Albion in a row
Can hale or draw it out of doore:
Legs are but stumps, and Pharaoh's wheels but logs,
And struggling hinders more.

Thousands of things do Thee employ
In ruling all
This spacious globe: angels must have their joy,
Devils their rod, the sea his shore,

The windes their stint: and yet when I did call,
Thou heardst my call, and more.

I have not lost one single tear;
But when mine eyes
Did weep to heav'n, they found a bottle there—Ps. lvi. 8
As we have boxes for the poor—
Readie to take them in; yet of a size
That would contain much more.

But after Thou hadst slipt a drop
From Thy right eye—
Which there did hang like streamers neare the top
Of some fair church, to show the sore
And bloodie battell which Thou once didst trie—
The glasse was full and more.

Wherefore I sing. Yet since my heart,
Though press'd, runnes thin;
O that I might some other hearts convert,
And so take up at use good store; usury
That to Thy chests there might be coming in
Both all my praise, and more!

126. § JOSEPH'S COAT.

Wounded I sing, tormented I indite,
Thrown down I fall into a bed and rest:
Sorrow hath chang'd its note; such is His will
Who changeth all things as Him pleaseth best:
For well He knows, if but one grief and smart

Among my many had His full career,
Sure it would carrie with it ev'n my heart,
And both would runne until they found a biere
To fetch the bodie, both being due to grief.
But He hath spoil'd the race; and giv'n to anguish
One of Joye's coats, 'ticing it with relief enticing
To linger in me, and together languish.
I live to shew His power, Who once did bring
My joyes to weep, and now my griefs to sing.

127. ¶ THE PULLEY.

When God at first made man,
Having a glasse of blessings standing by,
'Let us,' said He, 'poure on him all we can;
Let the world's riches, which dispersèd lie,
Contract into a span.'

So strength first made a way,
Then beautie flow'd, then wisdome, honour, pleasure;
When almost all was out, God made a stay,
Perceiving that, alone of all His treasure,
Rest in the bottome lay.

'For if I should,' said He,
'Bestow this jewell also on My creature,
He would adore My gifts in stead of Me,
And rest in Nature, not the God of Nature:
So both should losers be.

Yet let him keep the rest,
But keep them with repining restlessnesse ;
Let him be rich and wearie, that at least,
If goodnesse leade him not, yet wearinesse
May tosse him to My breast.'

128. § THE PRIESTHOOD.

Blest Order! which in power dost so excell,
That with th' one hand thou liftest to the skie,
And with the other throwest down to hell
In thy just censures ; fain would I draw nigh,
Fain put thee on, exchanging my lay-sword
For that of th' Holy Word.

But thou art fire, sacred and hallow'd fire,
And I but earth and clay; should I presume
To wear thy habit, the severe attire
My slender compositions might consume :
I am both foul and brittle, much unfit
To deal in Holy Writ.

Yet have I often seen, by cunning hand
And force of fire, what curious things are made
Of wretched earth. Where once I scorn'd to stand,
That earth is fitted, by the fire and trade
Of skilfull artists, for the boards of those
Who make the bravest shows.

But since those great ones, be they ne're so great,
Come from the earth, from whence those vessels come,

So that at once both feeder, dish, and meat
Have one beginning and one finall summe;
I do not greatly wonder at the sight,
If earth in earth delight.

But th' holy men of God such vessels are
As serve Him up Who all the world commands.
When God vouchsafeth to become our fare,
Their hands convey Him Who conveys their hands:
O, what pure things, most pure, must those things be
Who bring my God to me!

Wherefore I dare not, I, put forth my hand
To hold the Ark, although it seem to shake
Through th' old sinnes and new doctrines of our land;
Onely, since God doth often vessels make
Of lowly matter for high uses meet,
I throw me at His feet.

There will I lie, untill my Maker seek
For some mean stuffe whereon to show His skill;
Then is my time. The distance of the meek
Doth flatter power. Lest good come short of ill
In praising might, the poore do by submission
What pride by opposition.

129. ¶ THE SEARCH.

Whither, O whither art Thou fled,
My Lord, my Love?
My searches are my daily bread,
Yet never prove.

My knees pierce th' earth, mine eies the skie;
And yet the sphere
And centre both to me denie
That Thou art there.

Yet can I mark how herbs below
Grow green and gay,
As if to meet Thee they did know,
While I decay.

Yet can I mark how starres above
Simper and shine,
As having keyes unto Thy love,
While poore I pine.

I sent a sigh to seek Thee out,
Deep drawn in pain,
Wing'd like an arrow; but my scout
Returns in vain.

I tun'd another—having store—
Into a grone,
Because the search was dumbe before;
But all was one.

Lord, dost Thou some new fabrick mold
Which favour winnes,
And keeps Thee present; leaving th' old
Unto their sinnes?

Where is my God? what hidden place
Conceals Thee still?

What covert dare eclipse Thy face?
Is it Thy will?
O let not that of any thing;
Let rather brasse,
Or steel, or mountains be Thy ring, ring-fence
And I will passe.

Thy will such an intrenching is
As passeth thought:
To it all strength, all subtilties
Are things of nought.

Thy will such a strange distance is
As that to it
East and West touch, the poles do kisse,
And parallels meet.

Since, then, my grief must be as large
As is Thy space,
Thy distance from me; see my charge,
Lord, see my case.

O take these barres, these lengths away;
Turn, and restore me:
'Be not Almightie,' let me say,
'Against, but for me.'

When Thou dost turn, and wilt be neare,
What edge so keen,
What point so piercing can appeare
To come between?

For as Thy absence doth excell
All distance known,
So doth Thy nearnesse bear the bell,
Making two one.

130. ¶ GRIEF.

O, who will give me tears? Come, all ye springs,
Dwell in my head and eyes; come, clouds and rain;
My grief hath need of all the watry things
That nature hath produc'd: let ev'ry vein
Suck up a river to supply mine eyes,
My weary weeping eyes, too drie for me,
Unlesse they get new conduits, new supplies,
To bear them out, and with my state agree.
What are two shallow foords, two little spouts
Of a lesse world? the greater is but small,
A narrow cupboard for my griefs and doubts,
Which want provision in the midst of all.
Verses, ye are too fine a thing, too wise,
For my rough sorrows; cease, be dumbe and mute,
Give up your feet and running to mine eyes,
And keep your measures for some lover's lute,
Whose grief allows him musick and a ryme;
For mine excludes both measure, tune, and time:
Alas, my God!

131. ¶ THE CROSSE.

What is this strange and uncouth thing,
To make me sigh, and seek, and faint, and die,
Untill I had some place where I might sing
And serve Thee; and not onely I,
But all my wealth and familie might combine
To set Thy honour up as our designe?

And then, when, after much delay,
Much wrestling, many a combate, this deare end,
So much desir'd, is giv'n; to take away
My power to serve Thee; to unbend
All my abilities, my designes confound,
And lay my threatnings bleeding on the ground.

One ague dwelleth in my bones,
Another in my soul,—the memorie
What I would do for Thee, if once my grones
Could be allow'd for harmonie;—
I am in all a weak disabled thing,
Save in the sight thereof, where strength doth sting.

Besides, things sort not to my will
Ev'n when my will doth studie Thy renown:
Thou turnest th' edge of all things on me still,
Taking me up to throw me down;
So that, ev'n when my hopes seem to be sped,
I am to grief alive, to them as dead.

To have my aim, and yet to be
Farther from it then when I bent my bow;
To make my hopes my torture, and the fee
Of all my woes another wo,
Is in the midst of delicates to need,
And ev'n in Paradise to be a weed.

Ah, my deare Father, ease my smart!
These contrarieties crush me; these crosse actions
Doe winde a rope about, and cut my heart:
And yet since these Thy contradictions
Are properly a crosse felt by Thy Sonne
With but foure words, my words, 'Thy will be done!'

132. ¶ THE FLOWER.

How fresh, O Lord, how sweet and clean
Are Thy returns! ev'n as the flow'rs in Spring,
To which, besides their own demean,
The late-past frosts tributes of pleasure bring;
Grief melts away
Like snow in May,
As if there were no such cold thing.

Who would have thought my shrivel'd heart
Could have recover'd greennesse? It was gone
Quite under ground; as flow'rs depart
To see their mother-root, when they have blown,
Where they together
All the hard weather,
Dead to the world, keep house unknown.

These are Thy wonders, Lord of power,
Killing and quickning, bringing down to Hell
And up to Heaven in an houre;
Making a chiming of a passing-bell.
We say amisse
This or that is;
Thy word is all, if we could spell. interpret

O that I once past changing were,
Fast in Thy Paradise, where no flower can wither!
Many a Spring I shoot up fair,
Offring at Heav'n, growing and groning thither;
Nor doth my flower
Want a Spring-showre,
My sinnes and I joyning together.

But while I grow in a straight line,
Still upwards bent, as if Heav'n were mine own,
Thy anger comes, and I decline:
What frost to that? what pole is not the zone
Where all things burn,
When Thou dost turn,
And the least frown of Thine is shown?

And now in age I bud again,
After so many deaths I live and write;
I once more smell the dew and rain,
And relish versing: O, my onely Light,
It cannot be
That I am he
On whom Thy tempests fell all night.

These are Thy wonders, Lord of love,
To make us see we are but flow'rs that glide;
Which when we once can find and prove,
Thou hast a garden for us where to bide.
Who would be more,
Swelling through store,
Forfeit their Paradise by their pride.

133. ¶ DOTAGE.

False-glozing pleasures, casks of happinesse,
Foolish night-fires, women's and children's wishes,
Chases in arras, guilded emptinesse,
Shadows well-mounted, dreams in a career,
Embroider'd lyes, nothing between two dishes:
These are the pleasures here.

True-earnest sorrows, rooted miseries,
Anguish in grain, vexations ripe and blown,
Sure-footed griefs, solid calamities,
Plain demonstrations evident and cleare,
Fetching their proofs ev'n from the very bone:
These are the sorrows here.

But O the folly of distracted men!
Who griefs in earnest, joyes in jest pursue;
Preferring, like brute beasts, a loathsome den
Before a Court, ev'n that above so cleare,
Where are no sorrows, but delights more true
Then miseries are here!

134. ¶ THE SONNE.

Let forrain nations of their language boast
What fine varietie each tongue affords;
I like our language, as our men and coast;
Who cannot dresse it well, want wit, not words.
How neatly do we give one onely name
To parents' issue and the sunne's bright starre!
A sonne is light and fruit; a fruitfull flame
Chasing the father's dimnesse, carried far
From the first man in the East to fresh and new
Western discov'ries of posteritie.
So in one word our Lord's humilitie
We turn upon Him in a sense most true;
For what Christ once in humblenesse began,
We Him in glorie call The Sonne of Man. Sun

135. ¶ A TRUE HYMNE.

My Joy, my Life, my Crown!
My heart was meaning all the day,
Somewhat it fain would say,
And still it runneth mutt'ring up and down
With only this, My Joy, my Life, my Crown!
Yet slight not these few words;
If truly said, they may take part
Among the best in art:
The finenesse which a hymne or psalme affords
Is when the soul unto the lines accords.

He Who craves all the minde,
And all the soul, and strength, and time,
If the words onely ryme,
Justly complains that somewhat is behinde
To make his verse, or write a hymne in kinde.

Whereas, if th' heart be mov'd,
Although the verse be somewhat scant,
God doth supplie the want;
As when th' heart says, sighing to be approv'd,
'O could I love!' and stops, God writeth 'Lov'd.'

136. ¶ THE ANSWER.

My comforts drop and melt like snow;
I shake my head, and all the thoughts and ends
Which my fierce youth did bandie, fall and flow
Like leaves about me, or like summer-friends,
Flyes of estates and sunne-shine. But to all
Who think me eager, hot, and undertaking,
But in my prosecutions slack and small;
As a young exhalation, newly waking,
Scorns his first bed of dirt, and means the sky,
But cooling by the way, grows pursie and slow
And settling to a cloud, doth live and die
In that dark state of tears,—to all that so
Show me and set me I have one reply,
Which they that know the rest know more then I.

137. ¶ A DIALOGUE-ANTHEM.

CHRISTIAN DEATH.

CHRISTIAN.

Alas, poore Death! where is thy glorie?
Where is thy famous force, thy ancient sting?

DEATH.

Alas, poore mortall, void of storie!
Go spell and reade how I have kill'd thy King.

CHRISTIAN.

Poore Death! and wist was hurt thereby?
Thy curse being laid on Him makes thee accurst.

DEATH.

Let losers talk, yet thou shalt die;
These arms shall crush thee.

CHRISTIAN.

Spare not, do thy worst:
I shall be one day better then before;
Thou so much worse, that thou shalt be no more.

138. ¶ THE WATER-COURSE.

Thou who dost dwell and linger here below,
Since the condition of this world is frail,
Where of all plants afflictions soonest grow,
If troubles overtake thee, do not wail;

For who can look for lesse that loves { Life? / Strife?

But rather turn the pipe and water's course
To serve thy sinnes, and furnish thee with store
Of sov'raigne tears, springing from true remorse;
That so in purenesse thou mayst Him adore
Who gives to man, as He sees fit, {Salvation. / Damnation.}

139. ¶ SELF-CONDEMNATION.

Thou who condemnest Jewish hate
For choosing Barabbas a murderer
Before the Lord of glorie,
Look back upon thine own estate,
Call home thine eye, that busie wanderer,
That choice may be thy storie.

He that doth love, and love amisse,
This world's delights before true Christian joy,
Hath made a Jewish choice:
The World an ancient murderer is;
Thousands of souls it hath and doth destroy
With her enchanting voice.

He that hath made a sorrie wedding
Between his soul and gold, and hath preferr'd
False gain before the true,
Hath done what he condemnes in reading;
For he hath sold for money his deare Lord,
And is a Judas-Jew.

Thus we prevent the last great day, anticipate
And judge our selves. That light which sin and passion
Did before dimme and choke,
When once those snuffes are ta'ne away,
Shines bright and cleare, ev'n unto condemnation,
Without excuse or cloak.

140. ¶ BITTER-SWEET.

Ah, my deare angrie Lord,
Since Thou dost love, yet strike,
Cast down, yet help afford;
Sure I will do the like.

I will complain, yet praise,
I will bewail, approve;
And all my sowre-sweet dayes
I will lament, and love.

141. § THE GLANCE.

When first Thy sweet and gracious eye
Vouchsaf'd, ev'n in the midst of youth and night,
To look upon me, who before did lie
Weltering in sinne,
I felt a sugred strange delight,
Passing all cordials made by any art,
Bedew, embalme, and overrunne my heart,
And take it in.

Since that time many a bitter storm
My soul hath felt, ev'n able to destroy,
Had the malicious and ill-meaning harm
His swing and sway;
But still Thy sweet originall joy,
Sprung from Thine eye, did work within my soul,
And surging griefs, when they grew bold, controll,
And got the day.

If Thy first glance so powerfull be—
A mirth but open'd, and seal'd up again—
What wonders shall we feel when we shall see
Thy full-ey'd love!
When Thou shalt look us out of pain,
And one aspect of Thine spend in delight
More then a thousand sunnes disburse in light, distribute
In heav'n above.

142. § THE TWENTY-THIRD PSALME.

The God of love my Shepherd is,
And He that doth me feed,
While He is mine, and I am His,
What can I want or need?

He leads me to the tender grasse,
Where I both feed and rest;
Then to the streams that gently passe:
In both I have the best.

Or if I stray, He doth convert,
And bring my minde in frame:
And all this not for my desert,
But for His holy name.

Yea, in Death's shadie black abode
Well may I walk, not fear;
For Thou art with me, and Thy rod
To guide, Thy staffe to bear.

Nay, Thou dost make me sit and dine
Ev'n in my enemies' sight;
My head with oyl, my cup with wine
Runnes over day and night.

Surely Thy sweet and wondrous love
Shall measure all my dayes;
And as it never shall remove,
So neither shall my praise.

143. ¶ MARIE MAGDALENE.

When blessèd Marie wip'd her Saviour's feet—
Whose precepts she had trampled on before—
And wore them for a jewell on her head,
Shewing His steps should be the street
Wherein she thenceforth evermore
With pensive humblenesse would live and tread;

She being stain'd herself, why did she strive
To make Him clean Who could not be defil'd?

Why kept she not her tears for her own faults,
And not His feet? Though we could dive
In tears like seas, our sinnes are pil'd
Deeper then they in words, and works, and thoughts.

Deare soul, she knew Who did vouchsafe and deigne
To bear her filth, and that her sinnes did dash
Ev'n God Himself; wherefore she was not loth,
As she had brought wherewith to stain,
So to bring in wherewith to wash:
And yet in washing one she washèd both.

144. ¶ AARON.

Holinesse on the head,
Light and perfections on the breast,
Harmonious bells below, raising the dead
To leade them unto life and rest:
Thus are true Aarons drest.

Profanenesse in my head,
Defects and darknesse in my breast,
A noise of passions ringing me for dead
Unto a place where is no rest:
Poore priest, thus am I drest.

Onely another head
I have, another heart and breast,
Another musick, making live, not dead,
Without Whom I could have no rest:
In Him I am well drest.

Christ is my onely head,
My alone-onely heart and breast,
My onely musick, striking me ev'n dead,
That to the old man I may rest,
And be in Him new-drest.

So, holy in my head,
Perfect and light in my deare breast, cleare?
My doctrine tun'd by Christ, Who is not dead,
But lives in me while I do rest,
Come, people; Aaron's drest.

145. ¶ THE ODOUR. 2 Cor. xi.

How sweetly doth 'My Master' sound! 'My Master!'
As amber-greese leaves a rich scent
Unto the taster,
So do these words a sweet content,
An orientall fragrancie, 'My Master.'

With these all day I do perfume my minde,
My mind ev'n thrust into them both; =both words
That I might finde
What cordials make this curious broth,
This broth of smells, that feeds and fats my minde.

'My Master,' shall I speak? O that to Thee
'My servant' were a little so,
As flesh may be;
That these two words might creep and grow
To some degree of spicinesse to Thee!

Then should the pómander, which was before
A speaking sweet, mend by reflection,
And tell me more;
For pardon of my imperfection
Would warm and work it sweeter then before.

For when 'My Master,' which alone is sweet,
And ev'n in my unworthinesse pleasing,
Shall call and meet,
'My servant,' as Thee not displeasing,
That call is but the breathing of the sweet.

This breathing would with gains, by sweetning me—
As sweet things traffick when they meet—
Return to Thee;
And so this new commerce and sweet
Should all my life employ and busie me.

146. ¶ THE FOIL.

If we could see below
The sphere of Vertue and each shining grace
As plainly as that above doth show,
This were the better skie, the brighter place.

God hath made starres the foil
To set-off vertues, griefs to set-off sinning;
Yet in this wretched world we toil,
As if grief were not foul, nor vertue winning.

147. ¶ THE FORERUNNERS.

The harbingers are come: see, see their mark;
White is their colour, and behold my head.
But must they have my brain? must they dispark
Those sparkling notions which therein were bréd?
Must dulnesse turn me to a clod?
Yet have they left me, 'Thou art still my God.'

Good men ye be to leave me my best room,
Ev'n all my heart, and what is lodgèd there:
I passe not, I, what of the rest become, =care not
So 'Thou art still my God' be out of fear.
He will be pleasèd with that dittie;
And if I please Him, I write fine and wittie.

Farewell, sweet phrases, lovely metaphors:
But will ye leave me thus? when ye before
Of stews and brothels onely knew the doores,
Then did I wash you with my tears, and more,
Brought you to Church well-drest and clad:
My God must have my best, ev'n all I had.

Lovely enchanting language, sugar-cane,
Hony of roses, whither wilt thou flie?
Hath some fond lover tic'd thee to thy bane? enticed
And wilt thou leave the Church, and love a stie?
Fie! thou wilt soil thy broider'd coat,
And hurt thyself and him that sings the note.

Let foolish lovers, if they will love dung,
With canvas, not with arras, clothe their shame;
Let Follie speak in her own native tongue:
True Beautie dwells on high; ours is a flame
But borrow'd thence to light us thither:
Beautie and beauteous words should go together.
Yet if you go, I passe not; take your way:
For 'Thou art still my God' is all that ye
Perhaps with more embellishment can say.
Go, birds of Spring; let Winter have his fee;
Let a bleak palenesse chalk the doore,
So all within be livelier then before.

148. ¶ THE ROSE.

Presse me not to take more pleasure
In this world of sugred lies,
And to use a larger measure
Then my strict yet welcome size.
First, there is no pleasure here:
Colour'd griefs indeed there are,
Blushing woes that look as cleare
As if they could beautie spare.
Or if such deceits there be—
Such delights I meant to say—
There are no such things to me,
Who have pass'd my right away.
But I will not much oppose
Unto what you now advise;

Onely take this gentle rose,
And therein my answer lies.

What is fairer then a rose?
What is sweeter? yet it purgeth.
Purgings enmitie disclose,
Enmitie forbearance urgeth.

If, then, all that worldlings prize
Be contracted to a rose,
Sweetly there indeed it lies,
But it biteth in the close.

So this flow'r doth judge and sentence
Worldly joyes to be a scourge;
For they all produce repentance,
And repentance is a purge.

But I health, not physick, choose:
Onely, though I you oppose,
Say that fairly I refuse,
For my answer is a rose.

149. ¶ DISCIPLINE.

Throw away Thy rod,
Throw away Thy wrath;
O my God,
Take the gentle path.

For my heart's desire
Unto Thine is bent;

I aspire
To a full consent.

Not a word or look
I affect to own,
But by book,
And Thy Book alone.

Though I fail, I weep;
Though I halt in pace,
Yet I creep
To the throne of grace.

Then let wrath remove,
Love will do the deed;
For with love
Stonie hearts will bleed.

Love is swift of foot;
Love's a man of warre,
And can shoot,
And can hit from farre.

Who can 'scape his bow?
That which wrought on Thee,
Brought Thee low,
Needs must work on me.

Throw away Thy rod:
Though man frailties hath,
Thou art God;
Throw away Thy wrath.

150. ¶ THE INVITATION.

Come ye hither, all whose taste
Is your waste;
Save your cost and mend your fare;
God is here prepar'd and drest,
And the feast
God, in Whom all dainties are.

Come ye hither, all whom wine
Doth define,
Naming you not to your good;
Weep what ye have drunk amisse,
And drink this,
Which, before ye drink, is bloud.

Come ye hither, all whom pain
Doth arraigne,
Bringing all your sinnes to sight;
Taste and fear not: God is here
In this cheer,
And on sinne doth cast the fright.

Come ye hither, all whom joy
Doth destroy
While ye graze without your bounds;
Here is joy that drowneth quite
Your delight,
As a floud the lower grounds.

Come ye hither, all whose love
Is your dove,
And exalts you to the skie:
Here is love, which, having breath
Ev'n in death,
After death can never die.

Lord, I have invited all,
And I shall
Still invite, still call to Thee;
For it seems but just and right
In my sight,
Where is all, there all should be.

151. ¶ THE BANQUET.

Welcome, sweet and sacred cheer,
Welcome deare;
With me, in me live and dwell:
For thy neatnesse passeth sight,
Thy delight
Passeth tongue to taste or tell.

O what sweetnesse from the bowl
Fills my soul,
Such as is and makes divine!
Is some starre—fled from the sphere—
Melted there,
As we sugar melt in wine?

Or hath sweetnesse in the bread
Made a head
To subdue the smell of sinne,
Flowers, and gummes, and powders giving
All their living,
Lest the enemie should winne?

Doubtlesse neither starre nor flower
Hath the power
Such a sweetnesse to impart;
Onely God, Who gives perfumes,
Flesh assumes,
And with it perfumes my heart.

But as pómanders and wood
Still are good,
Yet being bruis'd are better scented;
God, to show how farre His love
Could improve,
Here, as broken, is presented.

When I had forgot my birth,
And on Earth
In delights of Earth was drown'd,
God took bloud, and needs would be
Spilt with me,
And so found me on the ground.

Having rais'd me to look up,
In a cup
Sweetly He doth meet my taste;

But I still being low and short,
Farre from Court,
Wine becomes a wing at last.

For with it alone I flie
To the skie;
Where I weep mine eyes, and see
What I seek for, what I sue;
Him I view
Who hath done so much for me.

Let the wonder of this pitie
Be my dittie,
And take up my lines and life;
Hearken under pain of death,
Hands and breath,
Strive in this, and love the strife.

152. ¶ THE POSIE. =MOTTO

Let wits contest,
And with their words and posies windows fill;
'Lesse then the least
Of all Thy mercies' is my posie still.

This on my ring,
This by my picture, in my book I write;
Whether I sing,
Or say, or dictate, this is my delight.

Invention, rest;
Comparisons, go play; wit, use thy will;
'Lesse then the least
Of all God's mercies' is my posie still.

153. ¶ A PARODIE.

Soul's joy, when thou art gone,
And I alone,
Which cannot be,
Because Thou dost abide with me,
And I depend on Thee;

Yet when Thou dost suppresse
The cheerfulnesse
Of Thy abode,
And in my powers not stirre abroad,
But leave me to my load,—

O what a damp and shade
Doth me invade!
No stormie night
Can so afflict, or so affright,
As Thy eclipsèd light.

Ah, Lord, do not withdraw,
Lest want of aw
Make sinne appeare,
And when Thou dost but shine lesse cleare,
Say that Thou art not here.

And then what life I have,
While Sinne doth rave,
And falsly boast,
That I may seek, but Thou art lost,
Thou and alone Thou know'st.

O what a deadly cold
Doth me infold!
I half beleeve
That Sinne says true; but while I grieve,
Thou com'st and dost relieve.

154. ¶ THE ELIXIR.

Teach me, my God and King,
In all things Thee to see,
And what I do in any thing
To do it as for Thee.

Not rudely, as a beast,
To runne into an action;
But still to make Thee prepossest,
And give it his perfection. his=its

A man that looks on glasse,
On it may stay his eye;
Or if he pleaseth, through it passe,
And then the heav'n espie.

All may of Thee partake:
Nothing can be so mean

Which with his tincture, 'for Thy sake,'
Will not grow bright and clean.

A servant with this clause
Makes drudgery divine;
Who sweeps a room as for Thy laws
Makes that and th' action fine.

This is the famous stone
That turneth all to gold;
For that which God doth touch and own
Cannot for lesse be told. counted

155. ¶ A WREATH.

A wreathèd garland of deservèd praise,
Of praise deservèd, unto Thee I give,
I give to Thee, Who knowest all my wayes,
My crookèd winding wayes, wherein I live—
Wherein I die, not live; for life is straight,
Straight as a line, and ever tends to Thee—
To Thee, Who art more farre above deceit
Then deceit seems above simplicitie.
Give me simplicitie, that I may live;
So live and like, that I may know Thy wayes;
Know them, and practise them; then shall I give,
For this poore wreath, give Thee a crown of praise.

156. ¶ DEATH.

Death, thou wast once an uncouth hideous thing,
Nothing but bones,

The sad effect of sadder grones:
Thy mouth was open, but thou couldst not sing.
For we consider'd thee as at some six
Or ten years hence,
After the losse of life and sense;
Flesh being turn'd to dust, and bones to sticks.
We lookt on this side of thee, shooting short,
Where we did finde
The shells of fledge-souls left behinde;
Dry dust, which sheds no tears, but may extort.
But since our Saviour's death did put some bloud
Into thy face,
Thou art grown fair and full of grace,
Much in request, much sought for, as a good.
For we do now behold thee gay and glad,
As at doom's-day,
When souls shall wear their new aray,
And all thy bones with beautie shall be clad.
Therefore we can go die as sleep, and trust
Half that we have
Unto an honest faithfull grave,
Making our pillows either down or dust.

157. ¶ DOOM'S-DAY.

Come away,
Make no delay;
Summon all the dust to rise,
Till it stirre and rubbe the eyes;

While this member jogs the other,
Each one whispring, 'Live you, brother?'

Come away,
Make this the day.
Dust, alas, no musick feels
But Thy trumpet; then it kneels,
As peculiar notes and strains
Cure tarantulae's raging pains.

Come away,
O make no stay!
Let the graves make their confession,
Lest at length they plead possession:
Fleshe's stubbornnesse may have
Read that lesson to the grave.

Come away,
Thy flock doth stray.
Some to the windes their bodies lend,
And in them may drown a friend;
Some in noisome vapours grow
To a plague and publick wo.

Come away,
Help our decay.
Man is out of order hurl'd,
Parcel'd out to all the world.
Lord, Thy broken comfort raise,
And the musick shall be praise.

158. ¶ JUDGEMENT.

Almightie Judge, how shall poore wretches brook
Thy dreadfull look,
Able a heart of iron to appall,
When Thou shalt call
For ev'ry man's peculiar book? specific

What others mean to do I know not well;
Yet I heare tell
That some will turn Thee to some leaves therein
So void of sinne,
That they in merit shall excell.

But I resolve, when Thou shalt call for mine,
That to decline,
And thrust a Testament into Thy hand:
Let that be scann'd,
There Thou shalt finde my faults are Thine.

159. ¶ HEAVEN.

O, who will show me those delights on high?
ECHO. *I.*
Thou, Echo, thou art mortall, all men know.
ECHO. *No.*
Wert thou not born among the trees and leaves?
ECHO. *Leaves.*
And are there any leaves that still abide?
ECHO. *Bide.*

What leaves are they? impart the matter wholly.
ECHO. *Holy.*
Are holy leaves the Echo, then, of blisse?
ECHO. *Yes.*
Then tell me, what is that supreme delight?
ECHO. *Light.*
Light to the minde: what shall the will enjoy?
ECHO. *Joy.*
But are there cares and businesse with the pleasure?
ECHO. *Leisure.*
Light, joy, and leisure; but shall they persever?
ECHO. *Ever.*

160. ¶ LOVE.

Love bade me welcome; yet my soul drew back,
Guilty of dust and sin. =durt, dirt
But quick-ey'd Love, observing me grow slack
From my first entrance in,
Drew nearer to me, sweetly questioning
If I lack'd any thing.

'A guest,' I answer'd, 'worthy to be here:'
Love said, 'You shall be he.'
'I, the unkind, ungrateful? Ah, my dear,
I cannot look on Thee.'
Love took my hand, and smiling did reply,
'Who made the eyes but I?'

'Truth, Lord; but I have marr'd them; let my shame
Go where it doth deserve.'
'And know you not,' says Love, 'Who bore the blame?'
'My dear, then I will serve.'
'You must sit down,' says Love, 'and taste My meat.'
So I did sit and eat.

FINIS.

Glorie be to God on High,
and on earth
Peace, good-will towards men.

I. VARIOUS READINGS

FROM THE WILLIAMS LIBRARY AND THE BODLEIAN MSS.

In our Essay we give an account of the two Manuscripts whence the following Various Readings, with occasionally considerable additions—none hitherto printed—are drawn. We follow the order of the successive poems as given in the MS.: but the number prefixed to each corresponds with that in our text, so that the given poem can readily be turned up thereby. It seemed expedient to adhere to the order of the MS. in giving its various readings, especially as at the same time it shows the sequence as well as the contents of the MS. Except in a few noticeable instances mere differences of orthography are passed over; but the opening stanza of 'The Church,' which is headed 'The Dedication' in the two MSS., from the Williams MS., may be here given as a specimen of its orthography. The italicised letters show the differences as compared with 1632-3 texts and later:

THE DEDICATION.

'Lord, my first fruits present themselues to thee:
Yet not myne neither, for from thee they came
And must returne: accept of them and mee,
And make vs striue who shall sing best thy name.
Turne their eyes hither, who shall make a gaine;
Theirs who shall hurt themselues or me, refrain.'

It will be observed that the pronoun is spelled 'me' and 'mee;' and so throughout arbitrarily, and also in the addition or non-addition of a final *e* and *y* for *i*, and *i* for *y*. Those in the Bodleian MS. follow the Williams.

II. THE CHURCH PORCH.

St. i. l. 2, 'The price of thee . . . .'
,, ii.-iv.:

'Beware of Lust (startle not), O beware,
It makes thy soule a blott: it is a rodd

Whose twigs are pleasures, and they whip thee bare:
It spoils an Angel: robs thee of thy God.
How dare those eyes vpon a bible looke,
Much lesse towards God, whose Lust is all their book?

Abstaine or wedd: if thou canst not abstaine,
Yet Wedding marrs thy fortune, fast and pray:
If this seeme Monkish, think wch brings most paine,
Need or Incontinency: the first way,
If thou chuse brauely & rely on God,
He'ele make thy wife a blessing, not a rodd.

Let not each $\frac{\text{fancy}}{\text{motion}}$ make thee to detest
A Virgin-bed, wch hath a speciall crowne
If it concurr wth vertue: doe thy best,
And God will show thee how to take the towne,
And winn thy selfe: Compare the ioyes, & so
If rottennes haue more, Lett heauen goe.

Drink not the third glass,' &c.

In the third stanza above 'motion' is originally written, and 'fancy' placed over it (erased) by Herbert himself, who has also in second stanza l. 2 corrected 'mares' into 'marrs.'

St. v. ll. 5, 6:

'The Drunkard forfeits man, & doth devest
All worldlie right saue what hee hath by Beast.'

St. vi. l. 2, 'his rains:' Herbert erases 'his,' and writes above 'the.'

St. vi. l. 3, 'kinds' for 'kinde'—which I have adopted.

Ib. ll. 5, 6:

'Hee that has ill, & can haue no good
Because no knowledg, is not earth, but mudd.'

St. vii. l. 4, 'A paine in that:' 'of' is originally written, and 'in' put above it (erased) by Herbert.

St. x. l. 3, 'cheating' for 'avarice.'

,, xiv. l. 3. 'If those bee all thy day . . . .'

,, xv. l. 3, 'chawes' for 'jawes.' See Bodleian MS. readings at close of these Williams MS. readings.

St. xv. l. 4, 'employment' for 'employments'—which I have adopted.

After xv. is this stanza, not hitherto printed:

'If thou art nothing, think what thou wouldst bee:
Hee that desires is more then halfe ye way:
But if thou coole, then take some shame to thee,
Desire and shame will make thy labour play.
This is Earth's language, for if heauen come in,
Thou hast run all thy race ere thou beginn.'

St. xvi. l. 1, 'O England, full of all sinn, most . . . .'

St. xvii. l. 4, 'All that is left . . . .'

,, xx. l. 3, 'sowre' for 'stowre.' See Notes and Illustrations in the place. I adopt 'sowre.'

St. xx. l. 6, 'And though hee bee a ship, is his owne shelf:' adopted. Hitherto 'What nature made a ship, he makes a shelf.'

St. xxii. l. 2, 'Tast all, but feed not. If thy stomach call . . . .'

St. xxiii. l. 2, 'does' for 'doth.'

Ib. l. 4, 'thou' for 'you.'

St. xxviii.:

'Yett in thy pursing still thy self distrust,
Least gaining gaine on thee, & fill thy hart:
Wch if it cleaue to coine, one common rust
Will canker both, yett thou alone shallt smart:
One common waight will press downe both, yet so
As that thy self alone to hell shall goe.'

St. xxx. l. 4, 'clothes' for 'cloth'—which I adopt.

Ib. l. 5. See Notes and Illustrations.

St. xxxiv. l. 2, 'Learn this it hath' originally: Herbert erases 'it,' and writes 'that.'

St. xxxviii. l. 6, 'cleanly, is fame's interest.'

,, xxxix. l. 4, 'thou thy mirth inhance.'

,, xliii. l. 1, 'respectfull' for 'respective.'

,, xlv. l. 1, 'base menace' for 'basenesse is.'

,, xlvi. l. 5, 'art' for 'way'—which I adopt; albeit 'way,' as = the road of life which friends travel together, gives a good meaning. But 'art' is finer and deeper, and suggests the culture and consideration needed.

St. xlvii. l. 3, 'nor:' originally written 'not,' corrected by Herbert into 'nor.'

St. xlix. l. 4, 'at' for 'in'—which I adopt. It must be borne in mind, however, that Herbert may have been looking to symmetry in his '*in*.' We have 'by . . . . . by' in line above, and here 'in . . . . in.' Still 'at' is preferable.

St. liii. ll. 5, 6:

'that Bow doth hitt
No more then passion, when shee talkes of it.'

St. lv. l. 2, 'Need and bee glad, and wish thy presence still.'

,, lviii. ll. 5, 6. In l. 5 originally, 'I give those for gone:' Herbert erases 'those,' and inserts it before 'I give.' Line 6 reads:

'They dye in holes where glory never shone.'

St. lix. l. 2, 'the greatest:' l. 3, 'thy' for 'thine:' line 4:

'As swords cause death, so may a litle sting.'

I adopt 'sting' for 'sling.' It might be argued that agreement must be regarded, and one reading not taken without the other. That is, a 'sword' is a thrusting, wounding weapon, therefore 'sting' is its minimum. A 'gun' is the acme of projectile weapons, and of these the rudest is a 'sling.' Still I prefer the varying of the metaphor.

After st. lxi. is the following new stanza:

'Leave not thine owne deere cuntry-cleanlines
For this french sluttery, w^ch so currant goes:
As if none could be brave but who profess
First to be slovens, & forsake their nose:
Let thy minds sweetnes have his operation
Vpon thy body, cloths & habitation.'

St. lxiv. l. 6, 'they' for 'both.'

,, lxvi. l. 1, 'that' for 'the'—which I adopt.

,, lxviii. l. 5, 'stockings' for 'stocking—which I do not adopt. The phrase is evidently modelled on the style of a proverbial saying, and 'kneeling . . . . stocking' has more of that form than 'stockings.'

St. lxix. l. 5, 'Our blessings from vs . . . . '

,, lxx. l. 2, 'thy' for 'thine'—which I adopt.

Ib. ll. 5, 6:

'others' comlines
Turns all their beauty to his vglines.'

St. lxxi. l. 1, 'vaine and' for 'or'—which I adopt.

,, lxxvi. l. 1, 'that' for 'by'—which I adopt.

III. Superliminare.

The first four lines in Williams MS. is headed 'Perirranterium,' the second four 'Superliminare'—each having a page to itself. See Notes and Illustrations *in loco*.

IV. The Church.

1. The Altar, l. 16: 'onely' is originally written, and Herbert erasing it writes 'blessed' above. Perhaps 'onely' had been better. 2. The Sacrifice. In 1632-3, after st. iii. it runs 'Was ever grief,' &c. So also partially in the Williams MS.; but I have printed it in full. In l. 3 Herbert has filled in 'that,' inadvertently dropped. In l. 57 the MSS. and 1632-3 alike have

'prieste,' not 'priests' as usually: as = High-priest, preferable. Line 79 is originally 'To whose power Thunder is but weake and slight:' Herbert erases, and writes above 'And onely am the Lord of Hosts & might.' Line 119, 'doth' dropped: 'heaven' in full. Line 123, 'But not their harts, as I by proofe doe try.' Line 130, 'vp' originally: Herbert erases, and writes 'wth.' In line 129, 'him' for 'me,' and l. 131, 'he' for 'I.' Line 169, 'gaue mee heretofore' for 'gave to me before.' Line 171, 'issue to the poore'—perhaps better. Lines 177-8:

> 'Yet since in frailty, cruelty, shrowd turns,
> All scepters, Beads: Cloths, Scarlet: Crowns are Thorns,
> I, who am Truth, turne into truth their scorns.'

See Notes and Illustrations in the place. Lines 181-2, '. . . . my Face, Whom Angells . . . . .' Line 187, 'Wth stronger blows strike mee as I came out.' Line 199: I have not hesitated to adopt the Williams MS. reading for the usual text (as in 1632-3), 'The decreed burden of each mortall saint.' Line 210, 'share' for 'part.' Line 214, 'thou art well pleas'd.' Line 217, 'My soule is full of shame, my flesh of wound.' Line 223: again I adopt the Williams MS. instead of 1632-3, 'for you to feel.' 3. The Thanksgiving. Lines 1 and 3, 'Oh' is not in MS.: l. 3, 'King of all Grief,' and originally 'I shall I:' Herbert erases 'I' and writes 'how.' Line 11: I have adopted the Williams MS. here for 1632-3, 'skipping thy dolefull'—very inferior. Line 20, 'in' for 'by' mis-adopted; but 'by,' in its formerly common sense of 'through,' is the more correct and prettier. He returns the wealth back to God, who gave it him, through the poor, making them the intermediate holder—a variant on giving to the poor, and lending to the Lord. To give it back 'in' the poor is vague and unidiomatic English, nor does it call up as clearly as the other the enriching of the poor and the ultimate interest of God in it. Line 26, 'teare:' originally 'ripp:' Herbert erases, and writes 'teare.' Line 36, 'a' inserted in error in 1632-3 before 'fashion:' removed as in our MS. Line 45, 'him' for 'move:' and l. 46, 'thy love therein.' 4. The Second Thanksgiving. I adopt this from the Williams MS. in preference to 'The Reprisall,' simply as in 1632-3. It is the further poem promised in ll. 29, 30 of the previous one. Line 14, 'Thy' for 'the.' I have in text adopted 'Thy' for 'the:' but reflection shows 'the' to be preferable. 'Thy' conquest is God's conquest; but when Herbert says, By doing so, so I will come into (*i.e.* take part in, have my part in) *the* con-

quest, he implies by 'the' that which is the whole thought of the poem, viz. that if he cannot conquer God, as acknowledged in the previous part, he will join forces with Him, and be able to say of God's conquest over the old man, We fought together, and I reap of the glory. 7. Good Friday. In the Williams MS. the first half of this poem is a-wanting here, though given onwards, but without variations; the second half is headed 'The Passion,' and commences thus:

'Since nothing, Lord, can bee so good
To write Thy sorrows in as blood,
My . . . .'

Line 7, '*he* may say:' Then:

'Sinn being gone, o, doe Thou fill
The place, and keep possession still:
For by the writings all may see
Thou hast an ancient claime to mee.'

It were pity to lose these various readings.

8. Redemption. This, in the Williams MS., follows the above second half of 'Good Friday,' and is entitled, like it, The Passion. In ll. 10, 11 the MS. reads originally:

'Sought him in Cities, Theaters, resorts,
In grottos, gardens, Palaces & Courts.'

Herbert erases, and writes as we have printed after 1632-3. 10. Easter. This, in the Williams MS., follows 6, entitled The Sinner (which in l. 9 spells 'quinessence,' and in l. 11 'hundred'). The first half of Easter has no variants, but the second is much more daintily touched than the text of 1632-3. It will be found in its place, pages 47-8. In st. i. l. 4, originally it is 'And brought:' Herbert erases, and writes 'Bringinge.' 11. Easter Wings. Lines 8, 9 originally:

'As Larks doe by degree,
And sing this day thy sacrifice.'

Herbert erases, and writes as in printed text. Lines 12-14: originally 'Yet thou . . . . Dayly didst . . . . Till . . . .' Herbert erases, and writes as in printed text. Line 18, 'this day,' not in MS. 12. Holy Baptisme. The first poem on this subject offers large variation throughout, and must here be given in full:

H. BAPTISME.

'When backward on my sins I turne mine eyes,
And then beyond them all my Baptisme view,
As he y^t^ heaven beyond much thicket spyes:
I pass y^e^ shades, & fixe vpon the true

Waters aboue ye Heauens: O sweet streams,
You doe prevent most sins, & for ye rest
You give vs teares to wash them; lett those beams,
Wch then wind wth you, still meet in my brest,
And mend, as rising starres and rivers doe.
In you Redemption measures all my tyme,
Spredding ye plaister equal to ye cryme.
You taught ye book of life my name, that so
Whatever future sinns should mee mis-call,
Yor first acquaintance might discreditt all.'

'Wind' is a favourite word with Herbert and Vaughan for the movements of the stars.

13. Holy Baptisme. Line 11, 'Though yt . . . :' l. 13, 'but keep her first . . . . .' 22. Love. This in the MS. comes after 13. Line 4, I adopt 'in' for 'on.' Line 5, 'does' for 'doth.' Following this is the first of the SIX new English Sacred Poems of the MS. not before printed. See it in Volume II. under the heading of 'Lilies of the Temple.' 36. Church Musick. Then follows the new poem. The MS. gives a new (third) stanza i., as follows in Church Musick after the printed second:

'O what a state is this, wch never knew
Sicknes, or shame, or sinn, or sorrow:
Where all my debts are payd, none can accrue,
Wch knoweth not what means too morrow.'

23. The Temper. This succeeds preceding, and is entitled 'The Christian Temper,' and so also 24. Line 5, 'a hundred heavens.' Line 25, 'Whether I Angell it on . . . .' 19. Prayer. This follows the second part of The Christian Temper. Line 5, 'fort:' l. 7, 'Transposer of ye world, wonder's resort.' The first part of 20. Holy Communion is not in the MS. The second, which is headed Prayer, follows 19. Prayer. The last stanza reads:

'But wee are strangers grown, O Lord,
Lett Prayer help our Losses:
Since thou hast taught vs by thy word
That wee may gaine by crosses.'

37. Church Lock and Key. In Williams MS. it is headed 'Prayer,' and follows 20, also headed 'Prayer.' A new second stanza is found in the MS. as follows:

'If either Innocence or fervencie
did play their part,
Armies of blessings would contend and vye,
Wch of them soonest should attaine my hart.
Yet . . . .
mending it . . . .'

and thus closes:

'O make mee wholy guiltles, or at least
Guiltles so farr,
That Zele and purenes circling my request,
May guard it safe beyond ye highest starr.'

26. Employment. This succeeds the preceding. Lines 23, 24:

'Lord, that I may the Sunn's perfection gaine,
Give mee his speed.'

28. Whitsunday. This follows 26. It commences:

'Come, blessed Doue, charm'd wth my song,
Display thy golden wings in mee:
Hatching . . . .
Till I . . . .'

Line 8, 'Wth livery-graces furnishing thy men.' The following new stanzas take the place of the printed text's three closing ones:

'But wee are falne from Heaven to Earth,
And if wee can stay there, its well.
He yt first fell from his great birth
Wth out thy help, leads vs his way to Hell.

Lord, once more shake ye Heaven & Earth,
Least want of Graves seeme thy thrift:
For sinn would faine remoue ye dearth,
And lay it on thy husbandry, for shift.

Show yt thy brests can not be dry,
But yt from them ioyes purle for ever,
Melt into blessings all the Sky,
So wee may cease to sucke, to praise thee, never.'

27. The Holy Scriptures. This follows preceding. Line 4, 'to suple outward paine.' Line 11, 'enough' for 'too much.' Line 24, 'And more then fancy' for 'And comments on thee.' Line 28, 'can spell eternall bliss.' The second new poem ('Love') follows 27. 'Lilies of the Temple' in Volume II. 33. Sinne. This succeeds the second new poem. Line 1, 'a Sinn.' 40. Trinitie Sunday follows 33. Line 1 is originally 'made me Living mudd:' Herbert writes 'rais'd me from the mudd.' There comes next the third new poem ('Trinity Sunday'). See it as above. 17. Repentance. This succeeds the third new poem. Line 3, 'momentary.' Lines 9, 10:

'Looking on this side, and beyond us all,
Wee are born old.'

Lines 28-30:

'Melt and consume
To a salt rheume,
Fretting to death our other parts.'

So originally: Herbert erases, and writes 'to smoke and fume.' 30. Praise. This succeeds 17. Line 5, 'make me an Angell,

I:' l. 7, 'Or if I steale vp to:' stanza second is fourth in MS. In st. iii. l. 15, Herbert corrects 'a,' miswritten before 'soule' instead of before 'brave,' and ll. 15, 16 read:

'for to a poore
It may doe more.'

The last stanza quaintly ends thus in the MS.:

'for if a Spider may
Spin all ye day:
Not flyes, but I, shall be his prey,
Who doe no more.'

14. Nature. This follows 30. Line 9 originally 'bee all:' Herbert erases, and writes as in printed text. 29. Grace. This succeeds 30. Line 5, 'If the Sunne still . . .:' l. 6, 'Thy great house would a . . . .' Stanza iv. not in MS. Line 19 originally 'O lett thy:' Herbert erases, and writes as in printed text. A new (cancelled) stanza (fifth) is as follows:

'What if I say thou seek'st delayes,
Wilt thou not then my fault reprove?
Prevent my Sinn, to thine owne praise,
Drop from above.'

32. Mattens succeeds 29. Line 14, 'O richly' originally: Herbert erases, and writes 'and.' There comes next the fourth new poem ('Even-song')—which see as above. 54. Christmas-day follows this. Line 1, 'riding on a day:' ll. 13, 14 read:

'Furnish my soule to thee, yt being drest,
Of better lodging thou mayest be possest.'

35. Church Monuments follows the fourth new poem, and 44. Frailtie follows 35. Lines 6-8:

'Misuse them all the day,
And ever as I walk, my foot doth tredd
Vpon their head.'

Line 16, 'Troubling:' Herbert erases, and writes as in printed text. 41. Content follows 44. Line 9, 'flint' for 'flints'—adopted. 42. The Quidditie is next, and headed 'Poetry.' Line 3, 'Nor' for 'no:' l. 8, 'my' for 'a.' 16. Affliction follows 42. Line 6, I have adopted the MS. as a better rhyme for 'gracious benefits.' Lines 7, 8, 'rich' for 'fine,' and l. 9, 'bewitch' for 'entwine:' and l. 10, 'Into thy familie:' ll. 15, 16:

'I was preserved
Before that I could feare.'

Lines 29, 30:

'I did not know
That I did live but by a pang of woe.'

Line 36, 'thorough.' Line 65, 'King' for 'God.' 43. Humilitie comes next: then 48. Sunday. In the former there are no variants; in the latter the following stanza (1st) reads:

'O day so calme, so bright:
The Couch of Tyme, ye balme of t. ares,
Th' indorsement of supreme delight,
The parter of my wrangling feares,
Setting in order what they tumble:
The Week were dark, but yt thy light
Teaches it not to stumble.'

Lines 23 and 25, 'doth stand .... on either hand.' Then ll. 26-28:

'They are ye rowes of fruitful trees
Parted wth alleys or wth grass
In God's rich Paradise.'

Lines 31, 32:

'Make bracelets for ye spouse and wife
Of the Immortall onely King.'

In l. 35 'and' is originally miswritten: Herbert erases, and writes 'then.' 25. Jordan follows 48, and 53. Deniall thereafter. In the latter, l. 13, 'hart and knees:' l. 16, 'that thou' (adopted) instead of 'thou that:' l. 29, 'hart' erased by Herbert, and 'soule' written above it, instead of usual 'minde' (adopted). 55. Ungratefulnesse follows 53. Line 7, 'hadst .... rich:' l. 9, 'hast layd open.' 52. Employment succeeds 55—the heading 'Imploiment' being written by Herbert himself. Line 14, 'sate' for 'sat' (adopted). For the fifth stanza the MS. reads:

'O, that I had the wing and thigh
Of laden Bees:
Then would I mount vp instantly,
And by degrees
On men dropp blessings as I fly.'

A Wreath follows 52—no variants. 51. To all Angels and Saints succeeds. Line 16, 'my' for 'our' (adopted): l. 20, 'your' for 'a:' l. 22, 'great:' l. 25, Herbert erases 'garland,' and writes 'posy.' 62. The Pearl follows 51. Line 3, 'purchased:' l. 4, the superfluous 'and' of 1632-3 not in MS. (adopted): l. 22, Herbert erases 'gustos,' and writes 'lullings:' l. 25, Herbert erases 'twenty,' and writes 'many:' ll. 26-29:

'Where bo'h their baskets are wth all their store,
The smacke of dainties and their exaltation:
What both ye stops and pegs of pleasure bee,
The ioyes of Company or Contemplation.'

Lines 26-28 are marked out in the MS. Line 3, 'seeled,' which, as showing the sporting term, I adopt in preference to 'sealed.' 63. Tentation—Herbert's own heading—follows. I adopt 'Tentation' before 1632-3, 'Affliction' for heading. 57. The World succeeds 63. Line 10, 'Quickly reformed all wth menaces:' l. 19, I have adopted the reading of the MS. in preference to 1632-3, 'But Love and Grace took Glorie by the hand.' 58. Coloss. iii. 3 follows 57. 18. Faith succeeds 58. Lines 15, 16:

'wth no new score
My Creditour beleeu'd so too.'

Line 19, 'places:' l. 24, 'My nature on Him wth the danger:' l. 31, 'bow:' l. 35, Herbert erases 'impart,' and writes 'Impute:' l. 36, 'This shadows out what Christ has done.' 60. Lent follows 18. Line 3, I adopt 'a child' of MS. for 'compos'd:' l. 29, so too 'our' for 'the:' l. 39, '*most* wages,' which Herbert erases, and writes '*by* wages:' l. 45, 'all vice.' 64. Man succeeds 60. Line 2, 'no man builds:' l. 8, 'no' of 1632-3 text is a misprint for 'mo,' as revealed by the Williams MS. reading 'more' here. 'Mo' was probably adopted by Herbert, because there are other two '*mores*' in this and the next line. I read 'mo' accordingly. Line 26, I have adopted the MS. instead of 1632-3, 'The earth doth rest, heau'n move, and fountains flow:' l. 36, 'descent' I adopt for 'ascent:' l. 41, 'if one have beauty:' ll. 53, 54:

'That as y^{e} world to vs is kind and free,
So we may bee to Thee.'

65. Antiphon succeeds, and is headed 'Ode.' Line 19, 'Lord, thou dost deserve much more:' l. 21, 'Wee have no store.' 71. Affliction comes next. 15. Sinne follows. Lines 13, 14:

'Yet all these fences wth one bosome sinn
Are blowne away, as if they nere had bin.'

70. Charms and Knots follows. Lines 3, 4 read thus:

'A poore man's rod if thou wilt hire,
Thy horse shal never fall or tire.'

Line 8, 'Doubles the night, & trips by day.' Line 10, 'hart' for 'head.' Lines 11, 12 follow the next couplet in MS. The following have never before been printed—the closing couplet being a variant of the usual closing one:

'Who turnes a trencher, setteth free
A prisoner crusht wth gluttonie.

Take one from ten, and what remains?
Ten, if a Sermon goe for gains.'

(Cf. ll. 15, 16.)

'The world thinks all things bigg and tall;
Grace turnes ye Optick, then they fall.

A falling starr has lost his place;
The Courtier getts it that has grace.

In small draughts heauen does shine and dwell;
Who dives on further, may find Hell.'

66. Unkindnesse comes next. 72. Mortification succeeds. Line 1, 'does.' 74. Miserie comes next. It is headed in MS. 'The Publican.' Line 28, I adopt 'wings' for 'wing:' ll. 44-48:

'wth all his mind and might
For this he wondrous well doth know
They will be kind, and all his pains requite:
Making him free
Of that good companie.'

Line 51, 'Thou lyest warme:' ll. 65, 66:

'Ah, wretched man,
Who may thy follies span?'

Line 75, I adopt 'a' for 'the;' albeit 'the' denotes 'the' level at which a sight of bliss may be obtained. 76. Prayer comes next. Line 2, 'Art thou, my blessed King:' l. 10, 'silly' for 'measur'd.' 77. Obedience succeeds. Line 15, 'shutt out' (adopted) for 'exclude;' notwithstanding that he is speaking of the excluding effect of a document, in regard to which exclusion from participation we do not perhaps use the phrase 'shut out.' 'Shut out' seems more poetical, less technical. 75. Jordan comes next, but is headed 'Invention.' Line 1, I adopt 'verse' for 'lines'—as a collective noun. Line 6, 'Praising:' l. 14, 'So I bespoke me much insinuation:' l. 16, 'Whisper, how wide is all this preparation?' Line 18, 'Copy out, there needs no alteration.' 154. The Elixir comes next. It is headed 'Perfection,' and Herbert, without erasing it, adds 'The Elixir'—which I adopt; 1632-3 spells 'Elixer.' Lines 1-4 thus read:

'Lord, teach mee to referr
All things I doe to thee,
That I not onely may not erre,
But allso pleasing bee.'

Lines 5-8 not in MS. There is this in its stead—marked out:

'He that does ought for thee,
Marketh yt deed for thine:
And when the devel shakes ye tree,
Thou saist, this fruit is mine.'

Lines 14 and 16: l. 14, originally 'low,' but Herbert erases,

and writes 'meane:' l. 16, originally 'to heauen grow,' and Herbert writes 'grow bright and cleane.' Line 19, originally 'a chamber,' and Herbert erases, with 'roome as.' Another four lines follow—marked out:

> 'But these are high perfections.
> Happy are they that dare
> Lett in the light to all their actions,
> And shew them as they are.'

Herbert adds the closing stanza, 'This is,' &c. There come next the fifth and sixth new poems ('The Knell' and 'Perseverance')—which see in 'Lilies of the Temple' in Vol. II. 156. Death succeeds. Thereafter 157. Doom's Day. Line 21, I adopt 'bodies' for 'bodie.' 158. Judgment succeeds. 159. Heaven thereafter. Lastly comes 160. Love, with 'Finis' at end. None of these has various readings. After five blank leaves comes 'The Church Militant'—which we have deemed it expedient to place in Vol. II. There will be found some most interesting variations and additions. 'L'envoy' in the MS. closes The Church Militant, and accordingly was intended to belong to it, not as ending of the volume at large.

II. BODLEIAN MS. VARIOUS READINGS.

THESE are very slight and unimportant. A few have been noted in preceding, as being confirmed by the Williams MS. Sancroft had evidently read and punctuated the MS. with some care. He corrects occasional misspellings. In st. xv. l. 3, 'chawes' was written as in Williams MS.: he changes to 'jawes.' In st. xvi. l. 1, 'but' is filled in, having been inadvertently dropped. In st. xliii. l. 6, 'y^{u}' for 'thee.' In st. xlix. l. 2, 'courteous' is spelled 'curteous,' and 'o' is inserted. In st. lxi. 'thy' was miswritten 'thine,' and is corrected. In 2. The Sacrifice, ll. 130-132, it is 'him,' 'his,' and 'He.' In 25. Jordan, l. 14, 'rime' was first miswritten 'time:' altered to 'rime.' In 27. The Holy Scriptures, l. 11, the spelling is 'Lidger.' In 33. Sin, l. 10, the spelling is 'perspectiue:' see Notes and Illustrations in the place. In 43. Humility, l. 3, the spelling is 'foule,' and l. 16, 'in' for 'on.' In 48. Sunday, l. 11, the spelling is 'worky.' In 49. Avarice, l. 4, the spelling

is 'durty.' In 55. Ungratefulness, l. 23, for 'box' is 'bone.' In 60. Lent, l. 37, 'that' for '*the* way.' In 63. Affliction, l. 12, 'pink' for 'prick.' In 86. Business, l. 29, 'spare' for 'space.' 109. Church-Rents *or* Schisms for 'and:' l. 18, 'vaded' for 'faded.' These are all in any way noticeable in the Bodleian MS. G.

NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

HAVING given in preceding pages the Various Readings of the Williams MS.—and in our Essay (Vol. II.) will be found a critical examination of them and the few in the Bodleian MS.—it falls here to annotate and elucidate the Poems of the present volume. This is done in the sequel according to the order of the successive pieces, as these are numbered II. st. i., II. &c., and so to IV. 1, 2, &c. (*a*) *Title-page.* At pp. 1, 2, I give accurate copies of the title-pages of the first and second editions of 'The Temple;' but it does not appear that Herbert himself gave this name to his Poems. Probably NICHOLAS FERRAR did so, as suggested by the motto from Psalm xxix. 9. The Williams MS. has no title-page. After two blank leaves comes, on a page by itself, 'The Dedication' (6 lines). Then the running headings are—(*a*) The Church Porch, (*b*) The Church, (*c*) The Church Militant. It seems probable that Herbert would have himself preferred for title 'The Church' to 'The Temple.' Now, however, 'The Temple' must remain as accepted 'for all time.' The Bodleian MS. as 'licensed' has the following title-page (*literatim*):

W. SANCROFT.

The Original of Mr. George Herbert's Temple;
as it was at first Licenced for the presse.

THE TEMPLE.

PSALM xxix. 8.

In his Temple doth euery man
speake of his honour.

THE DEDICATION.

'Lord, my first fruits present themselues to thee;
Yet not mine neither; for from thee they came,
And must returne. Accept of them and mee,
And make vs striue, who shall sing best thy Name.
Turne their eies hither, who shall make a gaine,
Theirs, who shall hurt themselues or me, refraine.'

B. LANY PROCAN.
THO. BAINBRIGG.
M. WREN.
WILLIAM BEALE.
THO. FREEMAN. [pp. 1-290 : Index at end : numbered 165.]

On these MSS. and the early editions of 'The Temple,' see Essay. (*b*) *The Dedication*, p. 8. Line 1, '*my first fruits.*' Cf. Exodus xxiii. 16 *et alibi*, and our Essay.

II. *The Church Porch*, pp. 9-28. Of this Poem the following is a separate and noticeable edition: 'The Church Porch. By George Herbert; with Notes; and a Selection of Latin Hymns for Sunday Use in Upper Forms. Edited by Edward C. Lowe, D.D., Head Master of S. John's School, Hurstpierpoint. Oxford and London (Parker), 1867.' 8vo, pp. vii. 74.

Dr. Lowe shows appreciation and insight and (in the old fine sense) 'painfulness;' but various of his Notes are sadly wordy, and are felt wearyingly to be so in their contrast with the sententious text; and there is a tendency in them to expand into a gloss or paraphrase passages whose meaning is plain. Such annotations were common among certain editors of a past generation, but they take off a reader's attention from the author. Notes seem called for only when they explain difficulties or obscurities of thought or expression, or develop a reference or subtlety or happiness of idea or wording, which aids in the understanding and right valuation of the author, and might be passed over by the general reader. Dr. Lowe's initial (L.) is placed at end of each Note drawn from his edition (as *supra*): occasionally I have felt constrained to differ from him, and consequently supplement and correct, as well as fill in many of the sources of his numerous quotations, which somehow he has not himself done. Certain of his Notes, as not for adults, are silently passed over.

Perirrhanterium: 'A Greek word for an instrument for sprinkling holy water. There is no exact English for such an utensil; we might call it a sprinkling-brush. In earlier times, till superstition overlaid the original meaning of the rite, and caused its disuse at the Reformation, a stoup or bowl of holy water was placed at the entrance of churches, to remind those who used it that the worshipper should be careful to have his "conscience *sprinkled* from dead works" in order "to serve the living God." So this introduction, sprinkling in no very connected way "a handful of advice," teaches purity of moral life as a preparation for the spiritual truth to be unfolded in the subsequent poem; thus the first words of the Temple after this introduction are:

> "Thou whom the former precepts have
> *Sprinkled*, and taught how to behave
> Thyself in church," &c.' L.

In the Williams MS. 'Perirrhanterium' heads the first of the two appended stanzas of four lines each, and the second four lines above, 'Superliminare.' If this had been a scribe's mistake, Herbert would have corrected it; but though he does this nicely and vigilantly elsewhere, he leaves this, and does not put 'Perirrhanterium' at the beginning of the Poem. As dipping the brush into the lustral vessel was a momentary act, while the Church Porch is a long poem, the MS. placing is perhaps preferable; nevertheless, with this explanation, I have deemed it expedient to adhere to the printed text.

St. i. l. 2, '*rate*.' See Various Readings. =valuation.

Ib. l. 3, '*Verser*:' 'The more simple form of the word used in Herbert's time, which afterwards became *versificator*, and is now *versifier*.' L.

St. i. l. 4, '*bait of pleasure*:' 'Cicero de Senect. xiii. says "divine Plato escam malorum appellat voluptatem:" here Herbert would use pleasure to allure the good.' L. The 'bait' has a hook within it whereby to draw to Christ.

St. i. l. 6, '*delight . . . . sacrifice*:' 'a paradox, because sacrifice requires pain and denial, which are opposite to delight, Youth like poetry, dislike sermons; our author offers them, through the medium of verse, what is pleasant in the former, useful in the latter.' L. There is something far deeper here. See our Essay (Vol. II.) on the place.

St. ii. See Various Readings here—important.

Ib. l. 3, '*It blots the lesson*.' One sense of 'lesson' is that written or printed which has to be learnt, and so here. Cf. first and second Lesson in Church service. The 'writing' is of The Spirit of God. In the holiest there is a conflict between the 'flesh and the spirit' and The Spirit. Lust indulged masters and 'blots' all. Dr. Lowe cites Hamlet (i. 5):

> 'though to a radiant angel linked
> Will sate itself in a celestial bed,
> And prey on garbage.'

See St. James i. 15. Line 3 refers to the conscience, and l. 4 to the Bible.

St. iii. Cf. Various Readings here—important. Line 6, 'rottenness:' Proverbs xii. 4.

St. iv. l. 1, '*If God had laid all common*:' 'This illustration of man's perversity is from the difference between common land and enclosed. If God had allowed free indulgence of appetite, men would have laid restrictions on this liberty. Now, being

allowed indulgence only within bounds, we break those bounds, and forget that there is a law of trespass against those who go on private ground. Solomon advises to the same point by a like figure: Proverbs v. 15." L. The remark on law of trespass is incorrect, for Herbert is stronger. He speaks not of mere trespass, but of appropriation: see 'plough,' l. 4. The enclosing of common lands was greatly complained of then and in preceding reigns, and gave rise to riots and insurrections. Hence Herbert's simile; but to make it exact we must understand ll. 3, 4 as referring to appropriating of lands to which others had right, whether in commonage or private.

St. iv. l. 3, '*impal'd*'=enclosed, fenced within 'pales' or palings.

St. iv. l. 6, '*crosse*'=contrary. Cf. st. lxvi. l. 5, 'shift feet and face'=place the feet where the head ('face') is, and the head where the 'feet' are. The argument for the Being and Attributes of God from design may be temporarily regarded as old-fashioned, if not obsolete; yet is it permanent and legitimate. Suppose the human body were to be made *de novo*, what change of 'place' of any single member could be suggested as an advantage?

St. v. l. 1, '*third glasse*:' 'The third glass is put for any cup that will cause excess. "Every inordinate cup is unblessed, and the ingredient is a devil" (Othello, act ii. sc. 3). Elsewhere in the same play Shakespeare tells us what was our countryman's repute: "In England they are most potent in potting. Your Dane, your German, your swag-bellied Hollander are nothing to your Englishman." L. With reference to the 'third glasse,' Herbert's reference is clearly to one or other of various proverbial sayings, *e.g.* the first glass is—Pleasure; a second —Indulgence; the third—Degradation; and 1. a man; 2. an ape; 3. a devil; and the like.

St. v. l. 3, '*list*'=choose, 'may'st choose.' See our Essay on 'When once it is within thee' (l. 2).

St. v. l. 6, '*round*:' '*i.e.* keep passing the bottle round. To what excess the fashion of drinking must have prevailed may be seen in quotations given from contemporary authors in Chambers's Book of Days, Nov. 1; and in an extract from Heywood's Philocothonista, in Brande's Popular Antiquities, vol. ii. p. 377. Even King Charles II. issued a proclamation against these excesses. It is recorded that "he that first invented the use of drinking healths had his brains beat out with a pottle-

pot."' L. The Puritan Preachers and Prynne abound in denunciations of the 'round' of drinking healths.

St. vi. l. 1, '*mother kill :*' 'Some such brutalities are related by historians of Cambyses and of Nero. Allusion may be made to the story of a youth whom Satan tempted to kill his mother. The horrible proposal was indignantly resented. Then Satan tempted him to kill his sister, which was likewise spurned. Next he tempted him with drunkenness; and the youth yielded as to what he thought a venial offence, and he came home mad-drunk, and in his fury killed his mother, then with child of a daughter. Ryley's Notes, 1745.' L. On these Notes (in a Bodleian MS.) see our Essay. Cf. for the anecdote Brooks' 'Precious Remedies' (Works by us, vol. i. p. 20), where other references are given, and the strange association of it with Judas.

St. vi. l. 3, '*all kinds of ill :*' 'for examples, Noah, Lot, Nabab, Amnon, Belshazzar, Holofernes, Cambyses, Philip, Alexander.' L.

St. vi. ll. 5, 6. See Various Readings here.

Ib. l. 5, '*devest :*' 'here used, like a Latin verbum exuendi, with a second accusative. We now say divest *of*.' L. =put off: we unnecessarily say 'divest *himself of*.'

St. vi. l. 6, '*all worldly right :*' '*i.e.* all right in the world, every privilege on earth.' L. 'beast:' so Shakespeare: 'O, I have lost my reputation. I have lost the immortal part of myself, and what remains is bestial' (Othello, ii. 3). Jac. Prud. has 'where the drink goes in, there the wit goes out.'

St. vii. l. 1, '*wine-sprung :*' 'So in semi-slang, a tipsy man is said to be sprung: so a bat that is not sound; or a ship springs a leak, and lets in the water.' L. 'sprung'=out of its place, *i.e.* a mind made to start aside or become warped by wine.

St. vii. l. 2, '*his canne :*'=the wine-sprung man's 'can' or cup.

St. vii. l. 5, '*third glasse.*' Cf. on st. v. l. 1.

Ib. l. 5, '*lose.*' 'Lose' is certainly here the variant spelling of 'loose.' The previous 'sprung' leads him to think of the 'loose,' as it was technically called, of the shaft when the restraining hand was withdrawn. The phrase is a curious instance of the hold conceit had upon Herbert. The double meaning of stay=stop and prop, or restraining support, leads him to think of and say, If thou loose hold of thy stay, thy resolution then, &c. Again, but in a different way, there is a kind of equivoque suggested in viii. 4, where, having

spoken of 'leaving,' he says, Be not a beast in courtesy, but 'stay'—stay, I mean not with them in answer to their appeals, but 'stay' at the third cup, or 'leave' them. So probably 'brave' in xxxii. 4 is used both for handsome and brave in having the resolution so to act. These are noted thus early because they give glimpses of Herbert's humour and style, necessary to the due appreciation and even understanding of his verse.

St. vii. l. 6, '*modest*:' 'Moral excellence requires due consideration of time, place, and person. Virtue out of season is not virtue. Modesty, admirable at one time, may be cowardice at another. The timidity which dares not resist, and is here called modesty, should give place to a firm boldness before "the devil drunkenness."' L.

St. viii. l. 6, '*God's stamp deface*.' Would that the 'weighty and powerful' words were remembered! Nothing at all approaches 'wine' (*i.e.* drunkenness) in subordinating the higher to the lower part of our nature. The body becomes a terrible tyrant, if once it be made master instead of servant.

St. ix. l. 2, '*thy shame thy glory*:' 'Whose god is their belly, whose glory is their shame.' Philip. iii. 19.

St. ix. l. 3, '*Frailty gets pardon by submissiveness*:' 'So Cassio, reproaching himself in shame "I drunk!" is comforted by the plea of common frailty: "You or any man living may be drunk at some time, man" (Othello, ii. 3). But higher than any such worldly apology is the thought of the love of our Heavenly Father, who, when His prodigal son is yet a great way off, has compassion on him when he is returning in penitent submissiveness.' L. The latter alone is the thought of Herbert. 'Pardon' to a boaster of his 'sin' is impossible. The reference to Cassio is nothing to the point.

St. x. l. 4, '*cheap*.' Cf. st. xii.; 'in the sense of common, careless, easy, worthless, vile.' L. The previous lines show that as a cheap seller, so the cheap swearer is he who readily parts with his oaths, as things of little or no value, and not only gets no value for his ware, but parts also with his soul for nought, or almost nothing, and on the most trifling temptation. The primary idea of bargaining is involved throughout. Cf. xii. l. 2.

St. x. l. 5, '*fearing*' [of God]=reverencing.

Ib. l. 6, '*Epicure*'=one pursuing pleasure, 'as in Macbeth: "then fly, false thanes, and mingle with the English epicures." L. '*bate*'=subtract. 'Bate me an ace, quoth Bolton.'

St. xi. l. 5, '*Play not away . . . . Name :*' 'The poet would say that the virtue or power of God's Name is a trump card, a stake not to be played away, but to be held in the hand, to win against all the sorrows and temptations of life. It is in the hour of grief that God's name rightly used in prayer will turn all to *triumphs*, or *trumps*, for the two words are the same.' L. Dr. Lowe's is a very pretty thought, but it is not Herbert's, for the simple reason that a *stake* is the value wagered, and is not a trump or any other card, to be retained in the hand. If the Poet had meant a 'card,' he would have said so.'

St. xii. l. 1, '*cheapest.*' Cf. on st. x. l. 4. If 'cheap' means as Dr. Lowe there says, then here vile sins, or sins worthless in the sense of vile, are most punished because to shun them is vile or worthless! Sins easily got are, because it is 'easy' to shun them—requires no expense. '*dearly :*' 'opposed to cheapest; meaning, "at the highest rate," as we say "to pay dearly for an error;" compare such expressions as "my dearest foe," "my father hated his father dearly," and "shall it not grieve thee dearer than thy death?" Shakespeare' [Julius Cæsar, iii. 1]. L. Benjamin Franklin has made the thing famous in his apologue of the Whistle that was 'bought too *dearly*.' We have here the secondary meaning of 'easy' derived from the thought of cheap or easy purchase.

St. xii. l. 3, '*spare :*' '*i.e.* wit enough, and to spare.' L.

Ib. l. 4, '*heap :*' '*i.e.* ex granis acervus : do not by repeated little sins wear away the accumulation of grace in the soul.' L. Ex granis acervus is a thought wholly different from Herbert's, and the remainder of Dr. Lowe's note is a mere amplification of what is plainer in the text. The same remark applies to his note on xiii. 1.

St. xiii. l. 3, '*cowards tell lies :*' 'The great violation of the point of honour from man to man is giving the lie . . . . The reason perhaps may be because no other vice implies a want of courage so much as telling a lie; and therefore telling a man he lies is touching him in the most sensible part of honour, and indirectly calling him a coward. Spectator 99.' L.

St. xiii. l. 4. Two classes, says Herbert, tell lies: cowards, and those who in their passion would gain their ends by any means. The former he exhorts to be brave—'dare to be true;' to the latter he says, 'nothing can need a lie.'

St. xiii. l. 6, '*froth.*' Cf. Isaiah lvii. 20.

St. xiv. l. 1, '*canst not flie :*' 'Occupation is not work. Employment in vanity is only idleness.' L.

St. xiv. l. 2, '*mistressing*' = dawdling in hourly attendance on her whom probably for mere fashion's sake you have assumed as your lady-love. Both the assumption and the dawdling were fashions of the day. It is to be remembered that a young unmarried but marriageable lady was called 'Mistris' or 'Mistress,' not 'Miss,' as now, and that 'mistressing' does not carry in it the deteriorated sense. 'The whole line is a quotation from his dear friend and brother poet, Dr. Donne, Dean of St. Paul's :

> "As if their day were only to be spent
> In dressing, mistressing, and complement."' L.

See our Essay, as before, on this place.

St. xiv. l. 4, '*lent :*' '*i.e.* not given to us to do as we like with our own.' L.

St. xiv. l. 6, '*brave wings :*' '*i.e.* the affections and emotions and instincts, which would naturally be active.' L.

St. xiv. ll. 5, 6, '*feathers into a bed :*' one of various proofs that Herbert had humour. See our Essay on this.

St. xv. l. 1, '*Magistrate . . . . severe :*' 'So Shakespeare's justice is "with eye severe" [As you like it, ii. 7], but "severus non sævus."' L. As 'severe' is at the present day restricted to stern, apt to punish, these parallel passages may interest :

> 'Truth, wisdom, sanctitude, severe and pure.'
> (Milton, P. L. iv. 293.)
>
> 'This grave rebuke,
> Severe in youthful beauty, added grace.' (Milton, Ib. ll. 844-45.)
>
> 'From grave to gay, from lively to severe.'
> (Pope, Essay on Man, ll. 879-80.)

St. xv. ll. 2, 3, '*studious :*' 'The student's end is Truth.' L.

Ib. l. 4, '*chase :*' '*i.e.* pursue. The soldier is aptly warned against idleness, as in peace that honourable profession is specially beset by this temptation.' L. And England had a long peace through the reign of James. See Various Readings here.

St. xv. ll. 5, 6, '*Fool not,*' &c. : 'this advice and what follows apply to magistrate, student, and soldier.' L. Cf. Byron's measurelessly pathetic lines on his last birthday—as given in our Essay.

St. xvi. l. 3, '*thy native cloth :*' 'English wool has ever been famous. In 1613 one John May, writing of woollen clothing, says of England, "No kingdom can speak so happily of this

Benefit as this Realme. The Quantitie so much as serveth all nations in the World, and the Qualitie so good as it is chiefly desired of all."' L. Our own day has witnessed a prodigious advance in our national wool manufactures—England still maintaining supremacy in the world's markets.

St. xvi. l. 5, '*Not that they all are so :*' 'Sir Henry Wotton, Lord Falkland, John Hampden, are examples.' L.

St. xvi. l. 6, '*gone to grass :*' 'This means that the gentry were absorbed in their farms. To the same end asks the son of Sirach, "How can he get wisdom that holdeth the plough, and glorieth in the goad, that driveth oxen, and is occupied in their labours, and whose talk is of bullocks?" Eccl. xxxviii. 25.' L. Does he refer wholly to the 'gentry absorbed in their farms'? Is not 'they have gone to grass' rather they are slothful, wanting in work and energy, as is a horse turned out from work to grass? St. xviii. seems to favour this sense rather than the other.

St. xvii. l. 3, '*mark a partridge*' = a technical term in sporting 'game.'

St. xvii. l. 4, '*ship them over :*' '*i.e.* send them abroad to see the world. Cowper ironically tells,

> "How much a dunce that has been sent to roam
> Excels a dunce that has been kept at home."
> [Progress of Error, ll. 415-16.]

And a German proverb has it thus: "A gosling flew over the Rhine, and came home a goose." The following story is from Dean Ramsay's Reminiscences. A Laird's eldest son was rather a simpleton. Laird says, "I am going to send the young laird abroad." "What for?" asks the tenant; answered, "To see the world." Tenant replies, "But lordsake, Laird, *will no the world see him?*" See Spectator, 364, where Philip Homebred amusingly exposes the absurdity of the abuses of travel in place of education.' L. Robert Fergusson earlier, and Robert Burns later, pungently and memorably expose the like characteristic of their age. See the former's Hame Content (our edition, pp. 80-84); the latter's Verse-Epistles and elsewhere. But be it noted that the folly and the uselessness lie not in travelling, but in putting it '*in place* of education,' rather than as a means toward education. Herbert rebukes those who 'ship' their sons, and regard the thing as 'done.' There could be no question by him of the advantage of 'travel.' It is just possible that Her-

bert had also in his mind the 'shipping' to the new colonies—Virginia, the Bermudas, and others.

St. xvii. l. 5, '*this art :*' '*i.e.* of education.' L.

Ib. l. 6, '*thine.*' 'If thy child does not excite thy reverent care, as being created in the image of God, regard it at least as being thine image—its parent's.' L.

St. xviii. l. 1, '*breed :*' '*i.e.* bring up, train; as we may say well-bred, ill-bred, of manners.' L.

St. xviii. l. 3, '*them :*' 'the sense, not the grammar, must explain this; *them* refers to children implied; and so it does in the next clause, while *they* in following line refers to parents.' L.

St. xviii. l. 5, '*needs :*' 'not *has*, but *needs*. The man whose necessities require 5000*l.* per annum is as poor as he whose necessities are met by 5*l.* per annum; compare the last line of st. xix.' L. See under st. xxx. l. 3.

St. xix. l. 2, '*rest.*' 'Crede quod habes et habes.' L. No doubt Herbert had in recollection St. Augustine's deep saying, 'O Lord, Thou hast formed us for Thyself, and our souls are restless until they rest in Thee' (Conf.). Cf. St. Matthew xi. 28.

St. xix. l. 2, '*trunk*'=chest or portmanteau.

Ib. l. 4, '*fly over ditches :*'

> "Sæpius ventis agitatur ingens
> Pinus; et celsæ graviore casu
> Decidunt turres, feriuntque summos
> Fulgura montes." (Horace, Od. ii. x. 9.)'

I add Mr. Theodore Martin's rendering from his admirable Horace:

> 'The mighty pine is ever most
> By wild winds sway'd about and toss'd;
> With most disastrous crash
> Fall high-topp'd towers; and ever where
> The mountain's summit points in air
> Do bolted lightnings flash.'

So Shakespeare:

> 'And often, to our comfort, shall we find
> The sharded beetle in a safer hold
> Than is the full-wing'd eagle.' (Cymbeline, act iii. sc. 3.)

St. xx. l. 3, '*sowre.*' I have adopted this word from the Williams MS., and record that it is confirmed by the Bodleian MS. But inasmuch as 1632-3 and later texts read 'stowre' and 'stour,' these elucidations and illustrations of this word may be acceptable. Dr. Lowe thus annotates 'stour' (his spelling): 'There is an obsolete substantive used by Spenser thus written, signifying attack or incursion; and Ascham uses a comparative

"stoorer," in the sense of more austere, or harder. Halliwell, in his Dictionary of Archaisms and Provincialisms, quotes from Palsgrave, tutor to Princess Mary, daughter of Henry VIII., and author of the first French Grammar written in English, the following: "stoure, rude as coarse cloth is, *gros*." The same old author has "stoure of conversacyon, *estourdy*," both which examples fit in with the text, as meaning severe, stiff, inflexible. The MS. in the Bodleian reads "sowre," which is an intelligible but unnecessary alteration.' I venture to differ from Dr. Lowe as to 'sowre' being an alteration, much more as to its being unnecessary, seeing that 'sowre' is Herbert's own word in both of these authentic and authoritative MSS. Besides, we have 'sowre' used elsewhere by Herbert, *e.g.* st. xxxvi. l. 1, '. . . Is thy complexion *sowre*?' Indeed, it seems to have been an oddly favourite word with him in varied applications. See 78. Conscience, l. 3; 83. Vanitie, l. 6; 105. Eph. iv. 30, l. 2; 140. Bitter-sweet, l. 7. We have no hesitation, therefore, in displacing the long-held misprint of 'stowre.' 1674, 1679, 1703, and Pickering 1835, &c. substituted 'tower' unmeaningly.

But while adopting 'sowre,' I must add that there seems no need (as Dr. Lowe, *supra*) of forcing any meaning on this word, its exact meaning fitting exactly. It answers somewhat to the Scotch 'dour.' Stoor, or hard, or boystous (store, K); *Austerus*, *rigidus* (Prompt. Parv. ed. Way). Compare also note there and Halliwell, *Stour* (1), *Stoure* (2-6), and *Store*, though the examples under this last are more correct than the explanation given, while the usages—however the word be spelt—are all easily derived from the meanings given in the Prompt. The substantive *stour*, conflict, swoon, or fit, may be of the same root, but with a secondary sense, as in storm (Ger. *sturm*); and in this sense it may have come to us through the French, where estour is a conflict; or both may be remnants of stir, styer, Icelandic = battle, and so Scoticè, as well as = fine dust, such as a battle—single, or by forces—causes to rise. With reference to Dr. Lowe's 'stoorer' from Ascham, it runs as follows: 'A fenny goose euer as her flesh is blacker, *stoorer*, vnholsomer, so is her fether for the same cause courser, *stoorer*, and rougher' (Toxophilus, B, p. 131, Arber). *En passant*, if estourdy (as *supra*) is same as stoure of conversation, then the latter does not mean rude or rough of conversation, for that is not the meaning of the French word—though it may mean

boorishly stupid. I remark, finally, that looking to 'constancie' and 'knit' in the context, it is possible that 'stoure' was an author's variant intended for an improvement.

St. xx. l. 4, '*thrall.*' 'Thrall occurs as an adjective, in the sense of subject; and as a substantive, a subject; and also, as here, subjection or slavery, or as we should now say, thraldom. Thus in Chapman's Homer:

> "Her men took land
> And first brought forth Ulyses, bed and all;
> Then richly furnisht it: he still in *thrall*
> Of all-subduing sleep."

Also Hudibras:

> "And laid about him till his nose
> From *thrall* of ring and cord broke loose."' L.

Sir Philip Sidney uses 'thrall' very often: see our edition of his complete Poems: ii. 183, 213, 279. 'Thrall,' *supra*, is=not 'subject,' but bond or slave.

St. xx. l. 6, '*shelf.*' See Various Readings here—important. I have adopted the Williams MS. instead of the printed text of 1632-3, and usually, 'What nature made a ship, he makes a shelf.' On this Dr. Lowe annotates: 'This line is very obscure. Perhaps it means, the impulse which first made you form your resolution was as a ship to transport you on the voyage of life towards the haven of rest; but by giving up the resolution, you have wasted an energy; you make no progress, but have shelved yourself, and there remain. The shelf, as of rocks, may be referred to here as that on which the ship is wrecked.' L. The Williams reading seems to clear the obscurity, albeit it is plain enough that the thought is=resolution would be a ship to carry man over his trials and temptations to the haven where he would be; but by breaking his resolution and turning it into irresolution, it becomes a shelf or reef on which he (not the ship) is thrown and destroyed. There is no incongruity in a thing being regarded in one light as a ship, and in another as a rock-reef, for the two are not contemporaneous, neither similarly conditioned.

St. xxi. l. 2, '*the King sees*:' '*i.e.* any superior.' L. Milton more grandly:

> 'All is, if I have grace to use it so,
> As ever in my great Task-master's eye.' (Sonnet vii.)

St. xxi. l. 2, '*his King does*:' 'Coloss. iv. 1, "Knowing that ye also have a Master in heaven."' L. But king is king, and

Herbert was not thinking of Coloss. iv. 1, but simply of 'King of kings.'

St. xxi. l. 3, '*Simpering :*' 'means smiling, especially in a false or foolish way. Smiles of pretended friendship are in the layman the hypocrisy that pretended holiness is in the clerk.' L.

St. xxi. l. 4, '*clue undoes :*' '*i.e.* Let this pretence have but a corner in your character, and all your moral conduct falls into a mass of indirect perplexity, as when a clue or skein of thread comes undone and lies in a mass of entanglement.' L. This is scarcely Herbert's thought; but if clue is taken to be a ball (or skein) of thread, then it must not only mean that we are led to discover it, but also that the 'clue' is self-acting, or unrolls itself—a conception only befitting a fairy tale. A 'clue,' however, is a ball, or anything gathered into a ball. Thus a sail when gathered together is 'clewed up.' Hence I judge the meaning of Herbert to be that the hypocrisy unrolls itself, and shows what it is within; the mask drops—when given a corner (l. 4) where it may be alone and unseen.

St. xxi. l. 5, '*to task :*' '*i.e.* he searches into his motives, and judges his actions.' L.

St. xxi. l. 6, '*a mask.*' 'If a man is afraid to do good, better than not to do it, let him wear a mask and hide himself, as Nicodemus came by night; or even as Naaman received an implied sanction for worshipping in the house of Rimmon. The higher rule of the Gospel is, "Let your light so shine before men," &c.' L. [St. Matt. v. 16.]

St. xxii. l. 1, '*look to thy mouth :*' 'Proverbs xxiii. 2.' L. '*diseases enter there :*' '*i.e.* by bad air, or by excessive or unwholesome food.' L. Herbert places in the Jacula Prudentum this: 'Whatsoever was the father of a disease, an ill diet was the mother;' 'By suppers more have been killed than Galen ever cured.'

St. xxii. l. 2, '*sconces.*' Willmott *in loco* has the following strangely erroneous note: 'Sconce generally signifies a skull; but sometimes also a bulwark: it seems to bear the latter meaning in this line. If hunger tempts a man to over-indulgence, he has two safeguards—he can either carve for others, or talk to them' (Works of Herbert, p. 5). Dr. Lowe gives an ingenious but probably untrue explanation thus: 'Sconce is a word chiefly heard in the University, meaning a fine for any impropriety or irregularity at meals in hall. Herbert fitly uses it

here; if you are disposed to be greedy, you can impose upon yourself two penalties or sconces—you can carve for others, or talk to them; and you need not fear that meanwhile all the food will be gone.' L. Sconces are small protecting bulwarks or outworks, and Herbert's conceit is, that Nature has placed two bulwarks before the mouth, thereby showing the necessity of care, examination, and watchful exclusiveness—these bulwarks being the (closed) lips and teeth. The second clause, beginning with the third line, or more probably with the 'if' of the second, is a new thought, additional safeguards, while they are proceedings due to Christian sociability and courtesy. A further safeguard is looking on meat as dirt, and your body as the same; but neither this, nor carving, nor discoursing, can properly be called sconces or forts. 'Sconce' was so common a word, and the conceit is so like a conceit of the day, that I prefer it to believing that 'sconce' is here used in the local University term. Besides, on the showing of the text, 'if thy stomach call,' read as it must be with this reading, the carving and discoursing are spoken of as safeguards, not as penalties for things done; nor can they in their nature of brotherly, social, or courteous acts be looked on as penalties or acts of penance.

St. xxii. l. 4, '*kind to two*:' '*i.e.* probably to the host, who would otherwise have to carve, and to himself by helping himself.' L. But see last Note.

St. xxii. l. 6, '*earth to earth*:' 'We were made of the dust of the earth, and the first man was called Adam, *i.e.* red earth, and our food is all from the earth: "as for the earth, out of it cometh bread." Besides, "unto dust shall we return;" and the thought of the end, as suggested by these words from the Burial Office, may restrain appetite.' L.

St. xxiii. l. 1, '*sickly healths*:' '*i.e.* Never mind those who deride your regularity of life, while their own ill health is the result of their irregularities.' L.

St. xxiii. l. 6, '*keeps good company*.' He is here giving examples of living by rule—the commonwealth, the sun, the host of heaven. If you then live by rule, you keep good company, are in fellowship with the sun, stars, &c.

St. xxiv. l. 2, '*great thaw*:' 'As soon as the tight hold of circumstances, which like frost keep a man from falling away, is relaxed, he drops to pieces under the influence of temptation, as ice in a thaw. We call a man who acts under no self-restraint

dissolute; that is, one who has melted away.' L. But query—'tight hold' of reason, not circumstances? Dr. Lowe says, as 'ice in a thaw,' which makes man and his circumstances one. Herbert's idea is, he becomes slack and rots, as extraneous things preserved in ice rot when it thaws. The thought, like that in 107. The Size, l. 40, may have been suggested by the great frost of 1614.

St. xxiv. l. 4, '*under-writes a law:*' 'Man is made up of a series of qualities, a variety of faculties, each to be used for its own end under its own rule; as in a shop each parcel of goods might have the name of its contents written under a rule directing their use. *Underwriting* is when one name is written under another, and so is applied to the form of insuring ships at Lloyd's. In this passage it is used only in its precise etymological sense.' L. Dr. Lowe errs by going back on a thought already past, that of the shop. Herbert is now thinking of qualities, living parcels. Underwriting in insurance is not the writing of one name under another, but subscribing to a bond. The words 'rules' and 'law,' and the mode of expression, sufficiently show that 'under-write' is used by Herbert in a legal-literal sense= subscribes to a law, which law each parcel or quality of man is thus bound not to vary from or exceed.

St. xxiv. l. 5, '*loose.*' I have adopted this instead of the printed text (1632-3 and usually) 'lose,' from the Williams MS., which is also confirmed by the Bodleian. There is, perhaps, here a reference to the 'loose,' *i.e.* the loosing of the arrow, the word being a technical term. See Note on st. vii. l. 5.

St. xxv. l. 1, '*he alone.*' 'Whosoever is delighted in solitude is either a wild beast or a god. For it is most true that a natural and secret hatred and aversation towards society, in any man, hath somewhat of the savage beast; but it is most untrue, that it should have any character at all of the divine nature, except it proceed, not out of a pleasure in solitude, but out of a love and desire to sequester a man's self for a higher conversation: such as is found to have been falsely and feignedly in some of the heathen—as Epimenides the Candian, Numa the Roman, Empedocles the Sicilian, and Apollonius of Tyana; and truly and really in divers of the ancient hermits and holy fathers of the Church. Bacon's Essays, xxviii.' L.

St. xxv. l. 2, '*doth wear.*' 'The graces and the virtues are the garments of the soul, the wedding-garments of the parable. As folks take so much care of their wardrobes, so let them look

as carefully to the repairs and good order of their spiritual attire.' L. But in our Lord's Parable it is 'the wedding-garment' —not plural (St. Matt. xxii. 11), and the meaning is infinitely deeper than 'the graces and virtues.'

St. xxv. l. 5, '*good fellows*'=boon companions.

,, xxvi. l. 2, '*honour*.' '"Spend on thine honour . . ." as did Araunah and David also: 2 Samuel xxiv. 23, 24. Lord Bacon says, "Riches are for spending; and spending for honour and good actions." Essays, xxviii.' L. (shortened). Herbert was the friend and associate of Bacon. See our Memorial-Introduction.

St. xxvi. l. 3, '*scraper*'=gatherer of money—still money and money, at all hazards and with all meannesses.

St. xxvi. l. 4, '*use it*:' '*i.e.* turn it to account by good deeds —not hide it in a napkin, nor necessarily spend it at will.' L.

St. xxvii. l. 6, '*journey*:' '*i.e.* the last journey, "from whence no traveller returns" [Hamlet, iii. 1]: "before they go hence, and be no more seen."' L. [Job xvi. 22; Psalm xxxix. 13.]

St. xxviii. l. 1, '*yet*.' There being nothing in the preceding stanza about not thriving, 'yet' is not used disjunctively, but as=continually, ever, still. The same sense of continuance is implied in 'as yet' and in 'while they were yet heathen,' and the like; in fact, various of the usages of 'still' branch out so parallel with those of 'yet,' that one may frequently be used to illustrate or gloss the other.

St. xxviii. l. 4, '*the devil hath him*.' 'There have been many legends, besides those of Simon Magus and Dr. Faustus, of conjurors pretending to supernatural powers being carried away by the evil spirit they conjured with. Something such was the fate of the sons of Sceva (Acts xix. 14).' L.

St. xxviii. l. 6, '*quick*'=sensitive or living parts.

,, xxix. l. 1, '*skills it*:' '*i.e.* what difference does it make? To *skill* was originally to distinguish, and so the skill of discrimination came to be the word for excellent practice in any art. The artist or the artificer who can best discriminate between perfection and imperfection is likely to be the most skilful in his art or craft.' L. 'Distinguish' is used so loosely in modern English, that it might be well to read above 'originally to [separate] distinguish [between].' Suggested by St. Luke xvii. 1, 2.

St. xxix. l. 3, '*stars for money*:' '*i.e.* count the stars, not

your coins. The righteous are "to shine as stars," and though they may be more numerous than we can count or "tell," yet can we purchase them, in obedience to the Gospel, by a right use of earthly goods. "Sell that ye have, and give alms; provide yourselves bags which wax not old, a treasure in the heavens that faileth not" (St. Luke xii. 33).' L. Not 'count . . . . coins,' but 'take,' 'obtain' the coin or treasures of heaven in exchange for your goods, instead of obtaining and accumulating gold.' See Note on 16. Affliction, ll. 11, 12.

St. xxx. l. 1, '*measure*:' '*i.e.* determine at what rate you will live within your income.' L. Doubtless, though the sense is not the same, and though it is not in the Jacula Prudentum, Herbert had in remembrance the proverb, 'Cut your coat according to your cloth.' In sparing or stinting himself, for the sake of ostentatious finery and changing fashions (faults of that day in especial and of our own), he probably thought of the man's stinting his nobler self in his 'curiousness of spending.'

St. xxx. l. 3, '*cannot on forty*.' 'You may allow here for difference in value of money. Another poet's village parson was "passing rich with forty pounds a year" [Goldsmith: Deserted Village, l. 141]. What Herbert means is, if you cannot make your income keep you, it is because your habits are extravagant, and additions to income would only be material for extravagance. Lord Bacon says, "Certainly, if a man will keep but even of hand, his ordinary expenses ought to be but half of his receipts; and if he think to wax rich, but to the third part." Mr. Gladstone, on July 6th, 1867, thus spoke: "There are two kinds of wealth in this world, and two kinds of poverty. There is the wealth and the poverty which are absolute, and which are measured by the amount of money or money's worth. There is also the wealth and the poverty which are relative, and which are not measured by the mere amount of money or money's worth that is possessed, but by the relation that the money or the money's worth bears to the views and character and habits of the possessor. In consequence of this, you will often find a man who uses small means wisely not unprepared to confess that he is rich; and conversely, you will find a man whose great means are outstripped by the still greater greediness of his desires complain of poverty, even while he is rolling in abundance. The great thing that is required is this—not what the condition of each man shall be, but that each man shall be master of his own condition." A learned Hindoo was asked the

other day to assist a Government official in Calcutta in a new translation of the Arabian Nights. The Eastern sage counted such work beneath his dignity, and declined. The official reminded him of his opportunities of seeing him at Court. "What can you do for a man who has 100*l.* a year, and lives on 50*l.*?" was the reply.' L. Cf. Petrarch. Epist. ad Post.

St. xxx. l. 4, '*unthrift*:' '*i.e.* the prodigal who wastes his money on curious and fanciful objects.' Unthrift is used substantively in Richard II. act ii. sc. 3, where Bolingbroke speaks of "upstart unthrifts . . ." Dryden uses it of the Prodigal:

> "Then poor and naked come,
> Thy Father will receive his unthrift home,
> And thy blest Saviour's blood discharge the mighty sum."' L.

[=The Hind and the Panther, part iii. ll. 295-7.] Dr. Lowe irrelevantly illustrates the adjectival use of 'unthrift:' found in all the Dictionaries.

St. xxx. l. 5, '*too wide*.' 'The illustration from the clothes may be an allusion to the ludicrous exaggeration in width of the trunk-hose worn in King James I.'s time.' L. Extravagance in dress being such a vice of the age, Herbert makes it stand for all unthrift; but he speaks of clothes only, not of curious and fanciful objects. Curious is here = fanciful; and this sense is derived, as it were, from the two meanings of 'curious,' according as it refers to the agent or object—painstaking or over-busy, and strange or finished by art = over-busy in reference to curious fashions, fanciful. See on l. 5.

St. xxxi. l. 1, '*hopes*.' 'Do not incur an outlay in making a showy appearance, for the sake of getting credit. If you have only a dashing exterior to commend you, you are worth no more than a ship with sails set and no cargo aboard. If fine feathers make fine birds, the French proverb adds, "Grands oiseaux de coutume sont privés de leurs plumes." "Fine clothes," said Dr. Johnson, "are good only as they supply the want of other means of securing respect." How far they can supply this, Herbert shows. The condition of those who "by pleading clothes do fortunes seek" is happily hit off by Belarius, the old courtier-hermit, in Cymbeline, where, speaking of men "rustling in unpaid-for silk," he says, "such gain the cap of him that makes them fine, yet keeps his book uncrossed."' L. [Cymbeline, iii. 3.] If it is pleasant at this day to find old-fashioned literature, such as Dr. Johnson, Spectator, and the like, being read, it must, I fear, be said that much in above, as

elsewhere, is wholly beside Herbert's meaning. The next sentence shows it is 'spend not in hopes of preferment,—not credit,—waste not your substance thus.' I have put a hyphen in 'pleading-clothes,' as making the sense clearer, and as it is really a compound word.

St. xxxii. l. 1, '*bear the bell.*' 'Several explanations of this common expression are offered. The best perhaps is, that in olden days, and in Herbert's time, a bell was the prize in horse-racing. Some have found its meaning in bell-wether; the sheep that carries the bell being the leader of the flock; others have fancied it a corruption of bearing the "belle," *i.e.* winning a fair girl over other suitors. The first explanation and the last are funnily combined by an author of 1664, quoted by Brande, who, speaking of women, says, "Whoever bears the *bell* away, yet they will ever carry the *clapper.*" My antiquarian friend and coadjutor, the Rev. J. T. Fowler, has drawn my attention to a description in Magius de Tintinnabulis of the Caroccius, a vehicle used in war by mediæval Italians, which, carrying a bell, and surrounded by a flag, and used for calling the troops to mass, was regarded as a shrine of honour and sanctity, and was carried into battle, something like "the ark of God." If the enemy won this, he would indeed "bear the bell."' L.

St. xxxii. l. 5, '*curiousness :*' 'used for affectation in dress, always striving to produce a new effect, and so, like a perpetual courtship, never possessing the desired object. Polonius's advice is in part like Herbert's: "Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy, but *not express'd in fancy;* rich, not gaudy."' L. [Hamlet, act i. sc. 3.]

St. xxxiii. l. 1, '*sport.*' 'This may apply to risking money on any chance, as in betting.' L. Herbert's idea is, You may play a game, but not as gambling; for the 'game' [=sport] not to make or lose money.

St. xxxiii. l. 4, '*play their part.*' 'At the dissolution of the monasteries, many of the Church lands and buildings were gambled away at Court.' L. And much later too; yet as Herbert speaks of 'servants and Churches,' his meaning probably was, that as in gambling he lost not his own merely, but his wife's and children's fortunes, so he also spent that due to his servants, and the alms and oblations due to his God. Hence, by a figure, he says that in playing away these the servants and churches play their part with him, go partners in his play, and with him lose their part.

St. xxxiii. l. 5, '*a herald.*' 'Reckless gambling will bring a man to such entire ruin, that no memory of his name or state will survive, except a fragment of his arms in a painted window in the church; and this will be understood only by a scientific herald, who shall be coming round, as was his custom, at intervals of about thirty years, under the authority of Royal Commissions, for the purpose of inquiring into all matters connected with the bearing of arms, genealogies, &c. The earliest visitation recorded was in 1413, the latest in 1686. Boutell's Heraldry: article on Visitations, p. 132.' L.

St. xxxiv. l. 1, '*so dear a rate.*' 'Dr. Johnson's remark may be well remembered in these days of commercial speculation: "*Who* is ruined by gaming? You will not find six instances in an age. There is a strange rout made about deep play; whereas you have many more people ruined by adventurous trade, and yet we do not hear such an outcry against it." Boswell.' L. To be read *cum grano salis*, seeing two blacks do not make a white.

St. xxxiv. l. 5, '*gunpowder.*' 'Civil, *i.e.* domestic, as opposed to foreign. The Gunpowder-plot in 1605 [and its annual commemoration] would give special point to this illustration.' L.

St. xxxv. l. 1, '*boldness.*' 'Herbert's time, like our own, was one of warm controversy. Such is ever a time when men are bold to speak and rash in assertion.' L. True in a measure; but Herbert was not thinking of controversy. He refers to the bold impudence and self-assertion of gallants and other braggadocios. The first line is the general theme, therefore I punctuate (:), and boldness (:); but 'get' is a repetition or re-enforcement of first assay, and l. 6 the parallel clause to 'Then march.' Hence worth (;), not as usually (:).

St. xxxv. l. 4, '*solid bravery.*' 'The emphasis here is on *solid:* bravery means accomplishments and acquirements of a merely showy kind; as Bacon speaks of "ministers of state who love business rather upon conscience than upon bravery." In Isaiah we have "in that day the Lord will take away the bravery of their tinkling ornaments" [Isaiah iii. 18]. Milton exquisitely describes "a stately ship, with all her bravery on, and tackle trim, sails fill'd, and streamers flying." Samson A.' L. Again somewhat beside the text: bravery was used of handsomeness of apparel, and is here used as applied to the apparel of the mind. This is shown by 'march on gallant.' But there is a secondary and somewhat humorous allusion to

bravery in its other sense, the bold bravery of empty words. The secondary sense is the primary in st. xxxvii. l. 6, and the primary here the secondary.

St. xxxvi. l. 1, '*complexion :*' 'as we should say, disposition. In olden times men's characters were said to depend very much upon the composition of their humours, which physicians said were four; and as these humours will affect the complexion, it was taken for the disposition.' L.

St. xxxvi. l. 2, '*allay :*' '*i.e.* alloy, used, as here, for anything which in combination abates or allays a predominant quality or humour. Dryden uses complexion and allay in like relation:

> "For from all tempers he could service draw,
> The worth of each with its allay he knew;
> And as the confident of Nature saw
> How she complexions doth divide and brew."' L.

(Stanzas on Oliver Cromwell, 25: Christie, in his Dryden, misspells 'alloy' for 'allay.')

St. xxxvi. l. 5, '*knows :*' '*i.e.* If a man has reduced all his passions to be his obedient servants, he has learned, in his inner experience, what struggle he has to expect with others, and how to meet it.' L. 'Knows' is simply 'skilled in.' He is a skilled captain in Life's wars, whether those of internal mutiny or of social life.

St. xxxvii. l. 1, '*quarrels.*' 'So Polonius:

> "Beware
> Of entrance to a quarrel; but being in,
> Bear't, that th' opposer may beware of thee."
> (Hamlet, act i. sc. 3.)' L.

St. xxxvii. l. 1, '*does not speak.*' 'Either, if a wrong have been done, speak "plainly and home," "telling thy brother his fault between him and thee alone" (S. Matt. xviii. 15). For if a quarrel ensue, speak out, and leave no matter for subsequent ill-will or misunderstanding.' L. I cannot find this in the text. Only ll. 5, 6 have a shadow of obscurity. The whole is, Catch not at quarrels, yet on occasion speak plainly and home. Be not ready to resent little slights, as though they injured your fame; do great deeds, and show by them you could do lesser, but such lesser as quarrelling on account of these slights do them not. That shall be thy wisdom, &c.

St. xxxvii. l. 5, '*do them not.*' 'Let your great achievements be an answer to any charge of incapacity, when you see fit to pretermit some small action; this will establish your

wisdom; under cover of which, your self-restraint from action will be counted as honourable or brave deeds.' L. See last Note.

St. xxxviii. l. 1, '*every toy be posed*:' '*toy* means "trifle;" *posed* means "perplexed, brought to a stand-still; put to a non-plus," and so said to be derived from *pause*: but it is rather an abbreviation of the French "*apposer*, to set on or near to," and then *to set questions* to a candidate, not letting him *pass* till he has answered them. At Winchester [and Westminster] the examiners are still called "posers;" and at S. Paul's School the compositions written for prizes are called *appositions*, and their Speech Day is their Apposition Day. Lord Bacon says, "let his questions not be troublesome, for that is fit for a *poser*," *i.e.* examiner.' L. Spider threads are evidently alluded to, and it seems most likely that Herbert was thinking of those flying threads which the spider sends forth, or of the flying gossamer webs. 'Pos'd' would then mean stopped or stayed. This view is the more likely, as Fame is always represented as flying, and to take the web as (=placed) stationary would require a forced and unknown use of pos'd, as staggered or shaken.

St. xxxviii. l. 2, '*thin web, which poisonous*.' 'The metaphor is taken from a spider's web. The secretions of the spider were formerly thought to be poisonous; but it is now thought doubtful whether the bite of even the larger spiders of the tropics is harmful. In the Winter's Tale [ii. 1] Leonatus says, "There may be in the cup a spider steep'd, and one may drink a part, and yet partake no venom." In other plays Shakespeare names spiders with toads and adders and such venomous reptiles.' L.

St. xxxviii. l. 3, '*the great soldier*.' 'Any soldier who had become great had had his honour composed of stuff that would endure a shake. Perhaps the story of the Bruce [King Robert Bruce of Scotland] is referred to, who would not let his resolution fail after his many disasters, when he had watched a spider in his tent again and again renew its broken web.' L. Rather again and again ascend its slender cord to the roof, after seven times falling, and at last succeed. But while the previous allusion to the web temptingly allures one to the Bruce, Herbert would scarcely have referred to him as 'the great soldier;' nor was his 'honour' at stake, only his resolution; nor did his 'honour' receive a 'shake.' Probably the 'great soldier' was Themistocles before Salamis, and his memorable 'Strike, but hear me.'

St. xxxviii. l. 5, '*civility plays the rest:*' may be used in the angler's sense, but play at games was so common, that allusions are constantly drawn from it; and it seems more probable, as more agreeable to sense, that the phrase is drawn thence—he engages and sportively opposes with a cheerful civil courtesy all those whom wisdom does not choose as friends: civilly associates, yet as at tennis keeps a line of demarcation, or as at cards is of the other side.

St. xxxviii. l. 6, '*the best.*' 'The wise man selects a *few* acquaintance to be friends; others he treats with courtesy, not confidence; the frivolous and the superficial, the insincere, the toys of society, he is not angry with; he lets them pass with civility.' L. Dr. Lowe surely mistakes here: the 'toys of society,' shunned so far as to receive no ill from them, is a thing that receives the esteem and approbation of the wisest and '*best*'=passes or receives the mark of their approval.

St. xl. l. 5, '*big:*' 'used here as in st. vi. for pregnant, its proper meaning; so in Cowper's hymn:

> "Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take,
> The clouds ye so much dread
> Are *big* with mercy, and shall break
> In blessings on your head."

The familiar use of big for large or great is incorrect.' L. Where Dr. Lowe found his etymology I do not know. One incorrect usage is old enough. Chaucer tells of a '*big* bow.' Does 'great' also properly mean 'pregnant,' because we say 'great with child'? We don't say a woman is 'big,' but 'big with child;' and this alone shows pregnant is not its original meaning.

St. xl. l. 6, '*wittie*'=may be made matter of 'wit' or 'jest.' 'Wittie' and 'wit' are used as='wise' and 'wisdom.' The meaning is, Laugh not overmuch at thine own good things, lest, according to the axiom in l. 2, it be thought thy wit is news to thy ignorance, and so wonder in the bystanders that so good a thing should come from so seemingly poor a wit advance their appreciation of thy conceit or happy thought.

St. xl. l. 4, '*The fine*'=that which is 'fined' (a technical term in cookery, &c.) by removal of the scum. The word is therefore used in a conceitful or double sense in contrast both with *scumme* and *course*.

St. xl. l. 6, '*none are so clear as they*' (who so act, and so strike off all scores).

St. xli. l. 1, '*engineer*:' 'tis the sport to have "the engineer hoist with his own petard" (Hamlet, iii. 4) occurred perhaps to Herbert's mind, as it must to Herbert's reader.' L.

St. xlii. l. 1, '*sad wise valour*.' 'The valour of a great soldier, as it is checked by wisdom under a sense of responsibility, is tinged with sadness, in the thought of the cost to others at which victory must be won. The soldier's life supplies the Poet throughout this poem with repeated illustrations.' L. True; but not accurate in relation to Herbert's use of 'sad' here. It was used in his and older times both in its metaphorical sense of serious, sedate, and sometimes as solid. This latter not being much known, I give an example: 'River water is good that runneth .... vpon clay ground, *sad* sauory and cleere' (Bartholomew, l. 13, c. iii.), 'super .... fundum .... argillosum solidum rapidum et mundum' (Batman). So Prompt. Parv. '*sad* or hard, solidus. *Saddyn*, or make sad, solido consolido.' And Halliwell, as before, gives 'sad bread, *panis gravis*' (Coles), and says the same phrase is now used in the North of England. (Cf. our Glossarial Index in Marvell's Works, vol. i. *s.v.*) Gravity, solidity is opposed in l. 1 to the 'giggler' of l. 3.

St. xlii. l. 3, '*giggler*.' 'The giggler is the man without reflection, or sense of responsibility, jesting on all that passes; such an one's weakness under trial, temptation, or affliction shows him a Pistol or a Falstaff as against a brave Prince Hal. He is a braggart soldier, with no more courage than a milkmaid, and any threat of danger, or semblance of alarm, puts his mouth to silence.' L. But see last Note.

St. xlii. l. 3, '*infection*.' To understand Herbert's introduction of 'infection,' we must hold in remembrance how frequent and deadly the plague and other pestilences were in London and England.

St. xlii. l. 4, '*a fired beacon*'=a beacon kindled, as in cases of alarm through invasion of enemies.

St. xlii. l. 6, '*cock*.' 'When the giggler is thus discomfited, the grave man whom he may have flouted turns his ridicule upon him. The cock is used for a conqueror, as Swift says:

> "My schoolmaster called me a dunce and a fool,
> But at cuffs I was always the cock of the school."' L.

St. xliii. l. 1, '*respective boldness*:' '*i. e.* boldness or independence tempered with the respect due to greatness.' L.

The Williams MS. has 'respectful,' but 'respective' seems the finer word, as involving more clearly the thought of looking back on or considering the state of the person addressed. It is used by Shakespeare and others, but gradually fell into disuse.

St. xliii. l. 2, '*theirs*:' '*i. e.* all that is their due, used absolutely as *thine* in next line.' L.

St. xliii. l. 3, '*service*.' 'But where you are a dependent, care or attention to your patron is needed, for in proportion to your alacrity or your indifference is the making or marring of your fortune.' L.

St. xliii. l. 6, '*parcel-devil*:' 'parcel is the diminutive of part, and means a share; so we say "parcel-gilt plate;" the compound word here means one who goes shares with the devil by helping the ruin of the man who is flattered in his sins.' L. 'Flattered,' as when a man who really is a drunkard is called 'good fellow,' or a spendthrift 'generous,' &c.

St. xliv. l. 3, '*worm*.' 'The warning against envy fitly follows that against flattery, for, as another poet says, "Envy to small minds is flattery" (Young). The rankling effects of envy have led all poets to speak of envy's tooth. Herbert puts the tooth into the worm, which he would say the envious man takes into his heart to eat out his peace. Horace says, "Invidiâ Siculi non invenere tyranni Tormentum majus" (Epist. i. 258).' L. The source of Herbert's phrase were the Emblems, which represent Envy as feeding on her own snakes, that issue as hair from her head.

St. xliv. l. 3, '*jealousy*.' 'Such jealousy is emulation. "Let us consider one another, to provoke unto love and to good works" (Hebrews v. 24).' L.

St. xliv. l. 6, '*light*.' 'Make the passions thy servants, take from all of them their spite, and as by so doing you make envy emulation, you will make the others draw you, as well-trained beasts, towards the light of heaven.' L. More briefly Willmott says: 'The sanctified passions become instruments of a blessing.'

St. xlv. l. 1, '*baseness exalted*.' 'The reference is to Psalm xii. 8. "Moses' seat" is to be revered, even though Pharisees and Sadducees sit in it. So says our Lord, St. Matt. xxiii. 2, 3.' L.

St. xlv. l. 4, '*beast . . . . back*.' 'Perhaps there is allusion here to the ark when it was carried to Beth-shemesh by the milch-kine (1 Samuel vi. 10); or Herbert may refer to the Host carried in procession on a mule's back with rich trappings,

though such things had long disappeared from England in his time.' L. Surely the former alone was in Herbert's thoughts.

St. xlv. l. 6, '*arras.*' 'Arras was a superior kind of tapestry, so called from the French town where it was made. Tapestry is here used for any kind of common hangings, while arras would be such as was woven into rich devices. "The cloth of state" is of value for what it represents, not for what it is. What would a broker give for Edward the Confessor's chair on which the sovereigns of England are crowned, if he valued it as an article of furniture only?' L. See note on 147. The Forerunners, l. 26.

St. xlvi. l. 1, '*bosom.*'

> 'The friends thou hast, and their adoption tried,
> Grapple them to thy soul with hooks of steel.'
> (Hamlet, act i. sc. 3.)

Dr. Lowe, inadvertently I suppose, prints 'hoops.' So in quotation from Goldsmith (see on st. xxx. l. 3) he misreads 'on' for 'with.'

St. xlvi. l. 2, '*thy heart.*' 'The blessing of a true friend is to correct our evils; so take him into thy confidence, and let him know thee entirely.' L. Yet must there ever be things revealable to God alone.

St. xlvi. l. 4, '*drops of blood.*' Such was Antonio's friendship (Merchant of Venice, act iv. sc. 1).

St. xlvi. l. 5, '*friendship.*' 'A pathetic lament on the decay of disinterested friendship.' L. Albeit, as shown by Scott in his 'Fortunes of Nigel,' there was this 'decay,' we must accept the 'lament' with allowance. Elijah imagined he was left alone, while there were still thousands 'true and faithful' (1 Kings xix. 10-18, and Romans xi. 2-4).

St. xlvii. l. 1, '*surety.*'

> '"Neither a borrower nor a lender be;
> For loan oft loses both itself and friend,
> And borrowing dulls the edge of husbandry."
> [Hamlet, act i. sc. 3.]

Herbert is less absolute than Polonius.' L. More scriptural too. See Psalms xxxvii. 26, cxii. 5. Cf. Proverbs xxii. 7.

St. xlvii. l. 2, '*debt.*' 'Love has to do only with the two persons it binds together. Whatever proceeds from any other source than the personal regard of these parties for one another is not love. In l. 4 of this stanza, "their" refers to

children, not to friends.' L. Dr. Lowe misunderstands this. Herbert's argument is, Love is only a personal debt: you cannot engage the welfare and rights of your children in it.

St. xlvi. l. 4, '*Both friends*'=your friend and yourself.

,, xlviii. 'This is probably the stanza of which S. T. Coleridge, in his notes says: "I do not understand this stanza;" but by some confusion of printing the editors of Pickering's edition, and of Bell and Daldy's, make this note refer to stanza lii., where there seems nothing to puzzle even a less powerful mind than S. T. C.'s. [See our Notes on st. lii.] It is perhaps hopelessly obscure. The MS. notes in the Bodleian comment thus: "As familists must take care of suretyship, so single persons must mind to be surety for no more than they are capable of paying if the principal fail. For nobody should be bound to enslave himself for provision both for himself and y^e^ principall. God, by making me one, charges me while single with the maintenance of no more y^n^ one: till Trouble coming on me in y^e^ world does oblidge me to more than the ordinary care, and make me pay for my weakness, y^t^ bro't me to it." My friend Sir John Coleridge observing justly that "if Herbert be often hard, he always has a meaning," suggests that the drift of the passage is to show that the borrower's advantage, as well as the lender's, is against an obligation to a married friend, a double view of the case which is notable; and he would paraphrase accordingly: "The unmarried man may be surety to the extent of all his goods for his friend, but not more. If married, he may not be surety, both for his family's sake, as in the preceding stanza, and for his friend's sake; because even when the latter has brought himself to thrall by the obligation he has accepted, he ought not to be required to work for more than one person; as he is himself only one, and love, which is a *personal* debt, makes him no more. But if, when married, you are surety for a friend, and 'labour cease,' that is, if the friend fail, you have done him this wrong, that he is then bound to restore your family, as well as yourself, to what he has deprived them of, and your wife and children, who are in this respect your weakness, come into the score against the debtor."

'Does the following appear clearer to the reader? As, if married, you may under no circumstances be surety, so, if unmarried, you may give all for a friend, even your life. But as you can only give your life once, so have you only one estate to offer. If you involve yourself beyond your means, you are liable

to work for two, as it were, viz. for your own maintenance, which, we assume, is no longer provided for, seeing you have lost your estate, and for the discharge of your liabilities; but even the thraldom of a bondslave is easier than this, for he is not bound to work for two. In short, you are one; love does not alter the conditions of your being, until after engagements contracted under a false sense of its claims a crash ensues, "labour comes," and then you find yourself in the presence of numerous demands, which multiply your weakness twenty-fold, but leave your faculties those only of an individual.' L. A Correspondent in Notes and Queries offers the following elucidation: 'If you are single, give all you have to the service of God. But do not be anxious to make the gift larger by toil; for God only requires that which is suitable to the position in which He has placed you. He bestows a certain "estate" upon every man as He bestows life; let both be dedicated to Him. For if you give first yourself, and then what He has given you, this is sufficient; you need not try to be more rich that you may be more charitable. But if you choose a life of labour to gain an "estate" beyond the original position assigned to you in the providence of God, then you must reckon yourself responsible for the "one man" which God "made" you, and for *the other* which you make yourself besides. I conceive the stanza to be a recommendation of the contemplative life with poverty, in preference to the active life with riches' (1st S. ix. p. 566). It may seem superfluous after these full Notes to add more; but I scarcely think Herbert's entire thought is brought out in any one of them, or in the whole. Looking, then, at 'single,' this seems to be the meaning: As you would hazard your life for your friend, so hazard your estate; yet not more than your estate. If you hazard more and he fail, or fail you, then must you work for two—for your own maintenance, and to pay his debt, or that part of it for which you have become security beyond the value of your own possessions. This the Jew or Pagan, who for his debts sold himself unto slavery, was not bound to, for he did but one man's daily work, and was maintained by his master. God made you but one, and to labour as one; for your friend cannot and does not make you more, unless—and now comes the only real difficulty—after such weakness, such weak excess of love, you have thus to labour for your friend's debt and your own livelihood. Then you and your weakness having entered into bonds for two—for your-

self and your friend—your weakness scores, or has to count, as though it were that friend, and you and it have to work, as aforesaid, for and as two. Dr. Lowe errs, I think, in giving the verb 'score' the sense of the numeral, a sense it never has, and that does not agree with the 'work for two,' which is the central idea of the sentence.

St. xlix. l. 1, '*please*.' 'If you desire to please others by your conversation, remember that all pleasing discourse is either courteous, useful, new, or witty.' L. 'If . . . please [take this rule]. All pleasing discourse is,' &c. The construction is abnormally elliptical and strange. Please (:), as usually, makes it stranger. To understand the construction, 'all' must be taken as referring to the thought included in the previous sentence; that is, it refers not to 'discourse,' but to all 'pleasing discourse.' Such colloquialism occurs not unfrequently in our old writers.

St. xlix. l. 3, "*labour*.' 'Facts that are to be useful in conversation must be acquired by accurate study and a retentive memory; this is "labour." The merit of wit is its facility; hence it must mostly spring from a natural faculty; though Sydney Smith says that a man may sit down to study of wit as systematically as to the study of mathematics. By giving up six hours a day to being witty, he would come on prodigiously by midsummer. Forced wit is always a failure. It must never be that "invention comes from my pate as birdlime does from frize; it plucks out brains and all" (Othello, ii. 1). Real courtesy springs from the desire to make others happy, and from a humble sense of one's own actual merit, combined with a regard to one's own honour, which should be the standard of the attention we pay to others (Hamlet, act ii. sc. 2). Such motives to courtesy, however, are seldom found in courts. The poet refers only to the externals of courtesy, which are there well learned. It is the trick of courtesy to make other men feel pleased with themselves. The courtier knows even how to snub without seeming to wound *amour propre*. The *courtier* may give "greetings where no kindness is," which the *courteous* never does. In Herbert's time, "courtesy" and "courteous" were oftener used of the external act than of the inner motive, though the Apostle's precept is translated, "Be pitiful, be courteous," where the Greek means "lowly-minded" or "kindly-minded," according to the word used (1 Peter iii. 8); and the Nurse in Romeo and Juliet pours forth her dirge in most pregnant and pathetic terms:

"O Tybalt! Tybalt! the best friend I had!
O courteous Tybalt! honest gentleman!
That ever I should live to see thee dead." (Act iii. sc. 2).' L.

Little of the above disquisition *de quibusdam aliis* entered into Herbert's present consideration. Dr. Lowe surely misunderstands the words 'wittie' and 'wit.' 'Wit,' in its modern sense, Sydney Smith's wit, cannot be attained by 'ease.' If not a natural faculty, it can only be obtained by 'labour.' Herbert unquestionably uses the words in the old sense of 'wise' and 'wisdom,' 'thoughtful' and 'thoughtfulness.'

St. l. l. 1, '*neatly*'=nicely, persuasively.

lb. l. 3, '*proud ignorance:*' '*i.e.* such as tries to hide itself, will use any uneasy artifice rather than expose its hand, show its cards.—N.B. "his" is used before "rest" and "cards" for "its," the old use common in the Bible, Shakespeare, and writers of Herbert's time.' L. Dr. Lowe is in error here: 'proud ignorance' is a person playing cards (=a personification); therefore 'his' is required. Further: from frequent allusions, in the fashionable game of primero, and perhaps in others, the players, having on the hand originally dealt, set up their 'rest' or wager, then 'pulled,' that is, drew other cards; then discarded; then perhaps vyed, as at picquet; and then, as in it, played the 'after-game.' Any explanation of the phrase in the text must be conjectural, in our lack of information as to the rules; but if it were optional to draw more cards, and the opponent were bound by the decision of the other, then a 'proud ignorance,' by continuing to draw on a weak hand instead of vying at one, would frequently lose. A good player at écarté will frequently play on a hand where a bad player demands fresh cards. The 'rest' was not the ordinary stake for which a game was played, but a separate and after or vying wager, that was increased and varied with each player, according (in primero) to the cards he held, that is according to his reckoning of the odds or chances of the game as deduced from his cards.

St. l. ll. 3, 4. This is a complete parenthesis or modifying reflection arising out of the previous words, and steal, &c. is to be taken as following immediately on ll. 1, 2: Entice all to speak of what they know best (Sir Walter Scott's rule), and then further steal, &c., *i.e.* pick out of his information points on which by questioning or doubting you can get him to expatiate further. This is all that is meant by 'steal,' namely take out of his store, and making it your own, bring out from him more. The

parenthesis is—Entice all (or rather all you can); for there are some—and I mention it that you be not of such—whose 'proud ignorance' will lose such value as they set themselves at, rather than show any of the little they know. There is much of the owl's ignorance in the owl's silence with reference to your 'silent' men. See more in next Note.

St. l. l. 4, '*treasure*.' 'So Lord Bacon: "He that questioneth much shall learn much, and content much; but especially if he apply his questions to the skill of the persons whom he asketh: for he shall give them occasion to please themselves in speaking, and himself shall continually gather knowledge" (Essays, xxxii.). But it is not well to ask questions from curiosity. On that score Dr. Johnson says, "Questioning is not the mode of conversation among gentlemen. It is assuming a superiority, and it is particularly wrong to question a man concerning himself."' L. *En passant*, Dr. Johnson's dictum was surely too absolute, that to 'ask questions' is 'assuming a superiority.' The very opposite is truer and deeper. Our questions may be the recognition of our ignorance and of the other's 'superiority.' But sooth to say, the quotation from Dr. Johnson is irrelevant here. Herbert speaks not of questioning a man of himself and his private affairs, but of seeking (as before explained) the subject on which he is learned, and picking something therefrom which, put questioningly, may draw him on to give you more information. Perhaps 'steal' is not the happiest word.

St. li. l. 3, '*turns of speech*.' '"Let him be sure to leave other men their turns to speak. Nay, if there be any that would reign and take up all the time, let him find means to take them off, and bring others on: as musicians use to do with those that dance too long galliards" (Bacon's Essays, xxxii.).' L.

St. li. l. 5, '*thy will*.' 'You have not at such a time to dispose of your whole stock of wit. There will be other opportunities for what the present moment denies.' L. =Give not away thy whole stock as though thou madest thy will. See Cowper's 'Table Talk' on the proportion of conversation.

St. lii. l. 1, '*fierceness*:' '*i.e.* the fierceness resulting from want of self-discipline, and so, being wilful, adds an immorality to a mistake, which without this addition would have been no sin, as being the result of involuntariness or of an invincible ignorance. Herbert is both wise and prudent in his precept; yet Johnson speaks according to human nature when he observes, "how Lucian, the Epicurean, who argues only negatively,

keeps his temper; the Stoic, who has something positive to preserve, grows angry." He has much more to the same effect. See Boswell, p. 497, Murray's one-vol. edition.' L. 'Fierceness' makes as though your adversaries' error was a fault, and makes your truth-telling a discourtesy. Dr. Lowe is surely again irrelevant, and his explanation partial. But with reference to his Note, 'negative'-held opinions are lightly held, and may not be argued for with the passion of 'positive'-held ones; but 'calmness,' in argument and otherwise, is a thing of temperament and circumstance.

St. lii. ll. 3-6. Coleridge annotates here: 'I do not understand this stanza.' Dr. Lowe supposes that the reference was misplaced, and ought to have been against st. xlviii. This is so, as shown by Pickering's original edition (1835), where the reference is given to st. xlviii. But ll. 3-6 here do present difficulties. Willmott observes: 'The obscurity lies in the fifth line. The poet teaches calmness in disputes by showing that intemperate zeal takes even the grace from truth. Then he asks, "Why should I feel?" &c. For example, a person argues with me upon the climate of Egypt. He is decidedly wrong. I try to correct him. But why should I trouble myself with his geographical errors, when I take so little note of his bodily wants? "In love I should, but anger is not love:" *i. e.* if I were warmly attached to this man I might have such sentiments, which are the natural breathings of love; but anger has no relationship to that passion, no, nor even that certainty of learning which is wisdom: "therefore gently move;" *i. e.* conduct the argument with sweetness and discretion.' Looking at the entire stanza this seems to be the thought: Fierceness in argument, says Herbert, if you be in error, makes your error a fault in the eyes of others, a seemingly wilful prejudice and blind obstinacy. Fierceness towards your opponent, if he be in error, treats his mistake, not as a mere mistake, but as though it were a fault or crime in him (ll. 1, 2). Then, by a curious turn on the word 'feel,' he brings out his argument that such a course is both unbrotherly and unwise. Why should you, or—as he says in imitation of the apostle's 'we' (Eph. ii. 3)—why should I 'feel' more fierce at a man's mistakes than at view of his sickness or poverty? True, that in brotherly love I should feel it more—feel it more feelingly, more compassionately—since errors of mind are worse than bodily ills. But feeling it compassionately is not feeling it fiercely or angrily—anger is not love. Nor is it

wisdom, neither wisdom as a question of victory; for your anger repels your opponent and hardens him; you self-destroy your chance of victory: nor true wisdom, which in this is one with love, a man's errors being, as aforesaid, worse ills than sickness or poverty. Therefore, urge gently what you would advance.

St. liii. l. 5, '*clouds*.' 'As heat engendereth clouds by exhalation, so anger obscureth controversy. Clouds are ever shifting, and truth, as being stable, cannot dwell there. Even the rainbow, though stretched as if aiming at the blue vault above, never reaches it; for it drifts away with the clouds. It is the calm and cloudless weather which shows the blue sky above—the type of perpetual Truth.' L. Thomas Brooks, the old Puritan preacher, somewhere speaks finely of the rainbow as 'the Bow of God, which He has given no string, and provided with no arrows of vengeance.'

St. liv. l. 2, '*notion*.' 'Weigh what others say, but adopt not their conclusions without reflection; for many are so self-conceited, that being indifferent to what is true, they shape their assertions on any point to their own preconceived notions. "Give every man thine ear, but few thy voice; take each man's censure [opinion], but reserve thy judgment" (Hamlet, act i. sc. 3). "There is a dignity of mind which is jealous of appearing too compliant" (Dr. Johnson).' L. Herbert says, attend to what others say, for many are full, not of argument, but of their own conceits, and then you can listen to, and use if you will, their own confutation of their own position. This is plain; and Dr. Lowe's Note is utterly beside the text.

St. liv. l. 6, '*troth*.' 'Troth and Truth are really the same word, meaning the expression of what a man troweth or thinketh. The man speaks truth whose words represent fact or thought. Troth, however, is limited in use to truth of promise; hence betroth, to unite by promise of fidelity; so here "troth" is a faithful partnership or alliance.' L. Here also Dr. Lowe's disquisition is out of place, because Herbert simply uses Truth and Troth in their ordinary signification. *If* truth be with thy friend, do &c., and confess your belief in it.

St. lv. l. 1, '*be useful where thou livest*.' First, 'Be useful,' of use; not idle, and of no good to any. Then, 'Be useful *where* thou livest;' an appeal against non-residents—needed still.

St. lv. l. 3, '*good parts*.' Dr. Lowe misprints 'part'=kind-

ness, good parts, and rank and position, are those things which give the means of being useful where thou livest.

St. lvi. l. 1, '*low*'=on the level or humbly, as glossed by 'humble' (l. 2).

St. lvi. l. 3, '*aimeth at the sky*.' Bacon has this thought somewhere. '*means*:' another example of Herbert's *curiosa felicitas*, an art so remarkable in Shakespeare. Means = intendeth at, or aimeth at; yet conveys by its sound the thought that the aim is comparatively mean or low. Cf. 132. The Answer, l. 9.

St. lvi. l. 6, '*lethargicness*.' 'The glory stirs the lethargy, the humility allays the fever. Our Lord bids us aim at the perfection of our Father which is in Heaven (St. Matt. v. 48).' L. See our Introductory Note to Jacula Prudentum (Vol. III.). It is difficult to connect that part of Dr. Lowe's Note concerning 'our Lord,' or the reference to St. Matt. v. 48, with the thought in Herbert's text. He does not refer to being perfect as God is perfect. If the perfection of God spoken of in St. Matthew is that described in the text, 'a behaviour low,' &c., then the reference and remark are apposite, not otherwise.

St. lvii. l. 1, '*done*:' '*i.e.* always have a predominant purpose of life, the execution of which shall engage your thoughts. Stagnation breeds corruption. You may allow yourself periodical recreation, but only as the traveller alights, to pursue his journey when refreshed. Active and stirring spirits alone (of men) can be said to live: all others are like dead men under a tombstone, with an epitaph upon them: "Paulum sepultæ distat inertiæ Celata virtus" (Horace: Odes, iv. 9).' L. Again I can see nothing in Herbert here that says 'always have a predominant purpose in life.' He simply says, When you have a business to do, do it with all your mind, and without slackness or delay.

St. lvii. l. 3, '*worms*:' alluding to the belief that worms, frogs, and the like are developed by spontaneous generation out of slimy stagnant mud.

St. lix. l. 1: 'A child's service is little, yet he is no little fool that despiseth it' (Jac. Prud.). Cf. 70. Charms and Knots, ll. 3, 4.

St. lx. l. 1, '*forrain*:' '*i.e.* all wisdom in dealing with other people; "foreign wisdom" here is opposed to "native good" in next verse; and has the same meaning here as there in "fo-

reign of that name."' L. Rather—all the wisdom of foreign travel, all the precepts to be observed, are comprised in this. The word 'language' shows that here, and in the next stanza, he is speaking of the rules which should guide one in that tour abroad which was then the necessary complement of a gentleman's education.

St. lxi. l. 1, '*native good.*'

> "To thine own self be true,
> And it must follow, as the night the day,
> Thou canst not then be false to any man."
> (Hamlet, act i. sc. 3.)' L.

But the man must himself be 'true.' Let him be 'false,' and the more he is 'true' to himself, the falser must he be all round.

St. lxi. l. 5, '*observest.*' 'In the way of obsequiousness. So Polonius (Hamlet, act i. sc. 3): "Do not dull thy palm with entertainment of each new-hatch'd, unfledg'd comrade."' L. Dr. Lowe has somewhat misunderstood this. Polonius is speaking, not of obsequiousness, but of too readily entertaining those who are obsequious; and secondly, he is speaking of entertaining individuals; while the whole context of Herbert shows that he is not alluding to obsequiousness to persons, but of being unduly obsequious, or observant in adopting without judgment all the fashions, manners, and customs of foreigners—a folly then common, and spoken against by almost every writer of the age.

St. lxii. l. 2, '*board thee:*' '*i.e.* welcome thee as an ornament to their table, not less graceful than flowers.' L. French aborder, to go or come side by side with: hence it has the same etymology and meaning as accost (accoast, Fr. coste or côte): 'accost her is front her, board her, woo her, assail her' (Twelfth Night, i. 3). As a resulting sense, the French aborder also means to become familiar with (Cotgrave).

St. lxii. l. 3, '*stock of noisomeness.*' The traditional peck of earth which every one has to swallow; with the sub-thought of the 'noisomeness' of the decaying body in the grave. Dr. Lowe misses the point of the word, and circumscribes the sense of the passage, by referring 'board' to the table merely.

St. lxiii. l. 1, '*other's merit.*' 'Herbert's maxims have now risen from morality to religion; yet as are all other religious acts, so is almsgiving a social, moral, and political virtue. "There is that scattereth and yet increaseth" (Proverbs xxiv.

25). Herbert's own precept is but an English version of Cicero's: "ne major benignitas sit, quam facultates: tum, ut pro dignitate cuique tribuatur."' L.

St. lxiii. l. 3, '*single market-money*.' 'There must be a cheerful giver; not the spirit of nicely calculating less or more. Besides the money, there must be the sympathy; personal interest in the sufferer, courteous and considerate manner, as well as prayer.' L. To 'give' personally, rather than merely 'send,' is often the measure of difference between bare 'duty' and loving-kindness. A kind look, word, grasp of the hand, goes infinitely beyond the money amount, or, as Herbert means, the lowest price and nothing to boot.

St. lxiii. l. 6, '*change names*:' *i.e.* be a good poor man.

,, lxiv. l. 2, '*Christ's stamp*.' '"Who for our sakes became poor" [see 2 Cor. viii. 9.]. "To boot," a verb, to aid, or to add some good thing to a person's condition; so "what boots it," and "bootless."' L. Willmott more tersely, 'in addition,' which is the ordinary meaning.

St. lxiv. l. 3, '*God reckons*.' 'Compare St. Matthew xviii. 10.' L.

Ib. '*His*.' 'Compare St. Matt. xxv. 40; Prov. xix. 17.' L.

St. lxiv. l. 5, '*go before*.' '"Thy prayers and thine alms *are come up* for a memorial before God" (Acts x. 4).' L.

St. lxiv. l. 6, '*too late*.' 'A warning against death-bed charities.' L. That is, when the 'charities' are exclusively made there.

St. lxv. l. 2, '*tithe purloined*.' I think I have seen an old book which went to show that no grandson inherited lands despoiled from the Church. Herbert may here refer to some similar idea or belief.

St. lxv. l. 3, '*chime*.' Willmott annotates here: 'Southey says beautifully of the chime, that "it is a music hallowed by all circumstances, which, according equally with social exultation and with solitary pensiveness, though it falls upon many an unheeding ear, never fails to find some hearts which it exhilarates, and some which it softens."'

St. lxvi. l. 1, '*understood*.' 'It is understood that you pay your dues of worship twice on the Lord's-day. Twice a day at least, during the week, God has supplied us with "daily bread;" for dinner at eleven and supper in the early evening were the meals of those days. On Sunday He gives better cheer, even spiritual food; or it may mean, that all the week

there have been the Church Prayers daily—morning and evening; but on Sunday He gives the Bread of Life—of which we must not stint ourselves, for it will "preserve body and soul unto everlasting life." ' L. The whole wording and thought is against Dr. Lowe's second conjecture, 'or it may mean .... everlasting life.' He has mixed up two things, not observing that Herbert has passed from one to the other. In ll. 1, 2, as Dr. Lowe explains it, he says, 'Give God His due twice on Sunday,' for all the week thy two ('main') meals are given by Him. Then in ll. 3-6 he proceeds to the receiving of the Holy Communion, the receiving of which he earnestly enforces in other poems. This gives their full significance to all the phrases of ll. 3, 4, and to the 'Thwart' of l. 5 and 'fast' of l. 6: to 'fast' where God intends you to feast is loss. 'That' from Williams MS. for 'the' is adopted.

St. lxvi. l. 5, '*cross*.' 'Be not contrary, as in st. iv.; *i.e.* do not deny yourselves God's bounties on Sunday by abstaining from worship. Fast when you will, for true fasting is a gain to your spiritual life; but to fast when God bids you feast on spiritual food is loss.' L. But see last Note.

St. lxvii. l. 1, '*weight .... sign*.' '*i.e.* an inducement or weighty argument to the heart, conveyed to it through the signs understood and exchanged by the eyes. So the sight of a vast congregation praying is a sign of love which the eyes convey to the heart.' L. Yet must it never be forgotten that '*private* prayer' *is* 'a brave designe,' for there are things of every human life that only 'private prayer' can meet. 'Preaching' of the Gospel, wherein eyes and ears alike may and ought to be fully engaged, is *the* central thing in the House of God under the Gospel, in contradistinction with the multitudinous ceremonial under the Law. Dr. Lowe scarcely explains the text. The love that brings one and all to the House of God is a 'sign' to the eyes, while the love shown by the multitude, through the sympathy of feeling engendered by a multitude, increases or weightens the love in each individual heart. Throughout Herbert is thinking of the effect of a one-thinking multitude in intensifying the feelings of each component of the crowd. See Note on l. 5, next.

St. lxvii. l. 5, '*six and seven*.' This probably was not chosen merely for the rhyme, but is an allusion to the saying at sixes and sevens, then often written in the singular. The effect of numbers is not only warmth, but more unanimity: hence 'where

most pray is heaven;' where there are few it is colder, and each, uninfluenced by the sympathy of multitude, is more apt to be thinking of his own concerns.

St. lxvii. l. 6, '*most pray, is heaven.*' If the prayer be praying, and not saying merely. I don't know that 'prayer' will hold the place in heaven which it does on earth. It will be a glorified thing, partaking more of praise. Herbert elsewhere uses prayer as=prayer and praise, or praise as=prayer.

St. lxviii. l. 1, '*bare*'=uncovered, or bare-headed.

,, lxix. l. 3, '*Stay not for the other pin.*' Sunday delays, through over-dressing, has always been, alas, one of the sins of Christians. Cf. Jacula Prudentum, 'When prayers are done, my lady is ready.'

St. lxix. l. 5, '*flout thee.*' 'A common word in Herbert's time and Shakespeare's: probably only used familiarly, as it does not occur in the Bible. In Walton's Angler we have "Phillida flouts me;" Lord Bacon (Essay xxxii.) says, "Tell truly, was there never a flout or dry blow given?" Swift, at a later date, has:

> "When you pertly raise your snout,
> Fleer and gibe, and laugh and flout;"

and Carlyle speaks of the banner "flouting the wind."' L.

St. lxx. l. 1, '*seal up . . . eyes.*' '"What is more wicked than an eye? therefore it weepeth upon every occasion" (Eccl. xxxi. 13).' L. 'Seal' or 'seel' (Fr. siller), a technical term for closing hawk's eyes, by passing a thread or feather through the lids, until the bird became more tractable (Nares).

St. lxxi. l. 2. 'Note the alliteration of this line. "Blood-boltered Banquo," in its way, is not more forcible. Whether plots here mean designs or lands, we will not decide.' L. Probably plots is=plans, contrivances of week-day occupation.

St. lxxi. l. 5, '*couzin.*' 'An old-fashioned word for to cheat. In the Anglo-Saxon version of the Lord's Prayer we have "ne gelædde thu us on costnung;" into cozening or specious temptation. The "thieves" here refer obviously to Christ's words when He purged the Temple: "ye have made it a den of thieves."' L. (St. Matt. xxi. 13.) The connection of 'couzin' with 'costnung' is doubtful. Rather it appears to come from the Dutch koosen, to fawn on, &c.

St. lxxi. l. 6, '*or hell.*' 'So are all spiritual privileges: "To the one, we are the savour of death unto death; and to the other, the savour of life unto life" (2 Cor. ii. 16).' L. Deeper still—

our 'actions' (l. 5) are the expression of our inner character, or ought to be.

St. lxxii. l. 1, '*Judge not the preacher; for He is thy judge.*' I have given a capital H to 'He,' in order to mark out the thought, the controlling thought of Herbert, that God is our Judge, and will rejudge our judgments. It is not true that 'the preacher' is our 'judge.' So too with the second 'Him' in l. 2. Mislike of the servant springs often from mislike and misestimate of his Master. If I have a lofty and awful conception of God, I shall bring that with me to the hearing of His 'ambassador.' Cf. St. Matt. xix. 8.

St. lxxii. l. 3, '*folly.*' '"It pleased God by the foolishness of preaching to save them that believe" (1 Cor. i. 21).' L. Yet is Herbert scarcely correct in saying that God 'calleth preaching folly.' He nowhere does so. Men did; and the Apostle argues from their own terms. Or perhaps it might be maintained from 1 Cor. i. 17, 'not with wisdom of words,' that St. Paul, in i. 21, was thinking also of his own infirmity: 'his bodily presence weak, and his speech contemptible' (2 Cor. x. 10), and that Herbert, adopting this, says of a poor preacher, God may alone call the preaching of man 'folly,' but that foolishness was able in St. Paul to bring the Gentiles to repentance and to God.

St. lxxii. l. 4, '*earthen pot.*' 'We have this treasure in earthen vessels' (2 Cor. iv. 7).

St. lxxiii. l. 1, '*the blessing*'=the Benediction at close of service.

St. lxxiv. l. 1, '*Jest not.*' 'This warning holds against rash arguing for argument's sake against Religion. Dr. Johnson's was a contentious spirit; "he had a pleasure in contradiction, so that there was hardly any topic, *if not of the great truths of morality and religion*, that he might not have been incited to argue either for or against" (Boswell).' L. This is scarcely Herbert's thought, which is of misdirected criticism on the man, *i.e.* the preacher. 'Argument' or 'controversy' is not here in question.

St. lxxiv. l. 5, '*we.*' 'When the Law was given amid thunderings from Sinai, the Jews turned to idolatry; when God speaks to us the simple message of the Gospel, which the world calls foolishness, we do not obey. Though God surround us with warnings and promises, yet who is holy?' L. Herbert is here extremely elliptical: *The Jews refused thunder* [*i.e.* to obey the Law given in thunder on Mount Sinai]; *we* [*refuse*] *folly* [*i.e.*

God's love and mercy in a Christ crucified, which to the world is 'folly' (1 Cor. i. 18, 23)]. '*Hedge us in.*' Cf. Job iii. 23; Lamentations iii. 7; Hosea ii. 6.

St. lxxvi. l. 1. '*Sum up.*' See Various Readings here. 'So did the virtuous pagan Cato, whom Cicero makes say, "quid quoque die dixerim, audierim, egerim, commemoro vesperi." Though such recollection were only to strengthen his memory, how shall not such an one rise with the Queen of Sheba and the men of Niniveh in judgment against the carelessness of this generation?' L. Seneca also, and not to strengthen his memory. Chatterton puts the thing, in his 'Bristowe Tragedy,' in the mouth of Sir Charles Bawdin:

> 'And none can say but alle my lyffe
> I have his wordyes kept;
> And summed the actions of the day
> Eche nighte before I slept.'

In the Williams MS. it is 'that' for 'by:' not adopted, as 'by' answers better to 'at.'

St. lxxvi. l. 4, '*dress.*' 'Put on the whole armour of God' (Ephesians vi. 11). 'To dress a soul for a funeral is not a work to be despatched at one meeting' (Bishop Taylor's Holy Dying, chap. v.).

St. lxxvi. l. 4, '*watch.*' 'Just about G. Herbert's time the manufacture of watches was improving greatly. It was about 1620 that watches of present form became general, instead of the strange devices of ducks, Ganymedes, death's-heads, &c. in which they had hitherto been fixed. Malvolio, in his dreams of greatness, beholds himself a great man: "I frown the while, and perchance wind up my watch, or play with some rich jewel" (Twelfth Night, act ii. sc. 5). Ben Jonson describes a dissolute minor waiting for the hour of his majority to arrive, with his watch upon the table. This watch was one that struck.' L. Twelfth Night's date is 1607-14; Ben Jonson's 'Staple of News,' 1625. See Note in our DONNE, *s. v.*

St. lxxvi. l. 4, '*that:*' 'refers to the soul.' L.

,, lxxvii. l. 1, '*bravely; play the man.*' Cf. 1 Samuel iv. 9.

St. lxxvii. ll. 5, 6. In 'Notes and Queries' (2d Series, vi. 87) are the following lines by Bishop Shuttleworth, of Chichester, whose 'son thought he remembered his father saying at the time that the idea of them occurred in St. Chrysostom, or some

of the early Fathers.' More probably the Bishop copied after the text:

> 'Do right; though pain and anguish be thy lot,
> Thy heart will cheer thee when the pain's forgot;
> Do wrong for pleasure's sake, then count thy gains—
> The pleasure soon departs, the sin remains!'

III. *Superliminare.* See Note on 'The Church Porch,' under 'Perirrhanterium,' its sub-title. 'Superliminare' = the transome, lintel, or 'upper door-post,' of the door-way. Herbert uses this, and not limen, the threshold, having reference to Exodus xii. 7, and to the second stanza, which was clearly intended to be read as an inscription, and though in the same measure as the first, is quite different in its rhythm. I print it accordingly in capitals.

IV. *The Church*, pp. 29-218.

1. *The Altar*, p. 29. The reader has seen in 'The Church Porch' and *Superliminare* how, in those days, classical thoughts were mingled with Jewish and Christian; and here, though the altar was a wooden table, and the allusion is to the unhewn stone altar of the Jews, the structural form of the verse imitates the pagan altar, and as in Anomos' Altar and Sacrifice to Disdain, in Davison's Poetical Rhapsody, I have enclosed it in lines of that form. Herbert has a similar conceit in Easter Wings, and examples of pillars, pyramids, &c. may be seen in Puttenham's Art of English Poetry, and in Joshua Sylvester's dedications before his Du Bartas. Possibly Herbert wished to represent a broken altar. Cf. also Herbert's other conceits in the form of 11. Easter Wings, and 92. Sinne's Round. On l. 4, see Exodus xx. 25. On ll. 14, 15, cf. St. Luke xix. 40. See our Essay (Vol. II.) for Samuel Speed's copy after Herbert here.

2. *The Sacrifice*, p. 30. This is based on Lamentations i. 12, and St. Matthew xxvii. 39, 40. See Various Readings in the place.

Line 5, '*The Princes . . . .*' The Genevan version of Psalm ii. 2 is, 'The Kings of the earth band themselves together, and the Princes are assembled together against the Lord and against His Christ.'

Lines 17, 18, '*he.*' Again (as in l. 13) Judas; but Herbert overlooks that '*he*' was not alone. Cf. St. Matthew xxvi. 9; St. Mark xiv. 5; St. John xii. 5.

Line 22, '*beads.*' This is a kind of protest against the Roman Catholic rosary and its mechanical use—My blood the only beads [besides which there is none other].

Line 26, '*for both the hemispheres*' = a prophetic saying as to the whole earth, the old hemisphere and the yet undiscovered new, the known and the antipodean. 'Curing all wounds' confirms this view, as in heaven there are none to cure.

Line 29, '*sleep*:' St. Matthew xxvi. 40, 43.

,, 33, '*Arise*:' St. Matthew xxvi. 46, 47.

,, 41, '*kisse*:' St. Luke xxii. 48.

,, 57, '*priest*:' 1632-3 have 'Priest,' and so the Williams MS. = the High-Priest. Pickering (1853), Bell and Daldy (1865), and Willmott misprint 'priests'—one of several errors drawn from the unauthoritative texts of 1674, 1679, 1703, and later. I adopt 'Priest,' as above, in preference to 'priests' of St. Matthew xxvi. 59; St. Mark xiv. 55.

Line 63, '*robberie*:' Phil. ii. 6.

,, 66, '*raz'd and raisèd*:' St. John ii. 19. So Drummond of Hawthornden: 'Towns razed, and raised victorious' (Mœliades). 'Arches and stately temples which one age doth raise, doth not another raze?' (Cypress Grove.) Cf. 24. The Temple, l. 7.

Line 71, '*Adam*.' Thus Adam, *i.e.* his offspring in Adam's loins, returns My grant of breath to him (Gen. ii. 7). Cf. Hebrews vii. 9, 10.

Lines 73, 74, '*Herod and Pilate*:' St. Luke xxiii. 12.

,, 75, '*My enmitie*' = of or towards Me.

,, 82, '*censorious*' = ready to (mis)judge.

,, 86, '*vying*' = contending.

,, 91, '*hawk*' = as in the sport of 'hawking.'

,, 109, '*these words*:' *i.e.* (l. 107) 'His blood be on us and on our children' (St. Matthew xxvii. 25). Cf. the infinitely deep as tender words of St. Peter to these same imprecators, in Acts of the Apostles ii. 39.

Line 111, '*hony*,' &c.: similes suggested by the incidents of the Crucifixion.

Line 122, '*He*.' This so seems to refer to Cæsar that it unpleasantly stops the reader. I therefore print 'He.'

Lines 126, 127 = their bitterness finally cumulates in mysteriousness, the mystery of their redemption by My taking the suffering for these their sins, for their other sins, and for those of the whole world.

Line 134, '*spittle*:' St. John ix. 6. Cf. Herbert's Latin poems, as noted in the place. See Glossarial Index, under 'spittle.'

Line 141, '*flout*.' See Note on The Church Porch, st. lxix. l. 5.

Line 165, '*So sits.*' Cf. Genesis iii. 18 with St. Matthew xxvii. 29. A very remarkable sermon, bringing out the thought here very suggestively, will be found in a little volume in memorial of a noble soul all too early removed from the Church below—John Maclaren: 'Memoir of the Rev. John Maclaren . . . including Selections from his Letters and Sermons. Glasgow, 1861' (Ogle): pp. 293-307, from St. Matthew xxvii. 29.

Line 167, '*thrall:*' see previous Note on The Church Porch, st. xx. l. 4.

Line 178, '*bloudie their weeds:*' *i.e.* garments. The reference is to the soldiers' cast-off cloak.

Line 200, '*decreed.*' The Williams MS. reads 'gladsome' for 'decreed,' and 'a' for 'each'—the former written probably with reference to Heb. xii. 2; but in general, cross is used for persecution or burden, and Herbert changed his adjective probably because it was not really 'gladsome' to Simon, who typifies the follower of Christ in suffering (St. Matt. xvi. 24), and because the word does not well accord with the thought and general tone of the poem. Similarly, and as Simon typifies in Herbert's view the follower of Christ, 'each' is preferable to 'a.'

Line 202, '*tree*'=the Cross (Galatians iii. 13).

,, 206, '*two:*' *that* the created visible world, *this* the world of sin.

Line 223. I adopt from the Williams MS. the order 'Father's smile, to feel for you,' in preference to 1632-3, 'for you to feel.'

Line 247, '*Sacraments*'=blood and water (St. John xix. 34).

3. *The Thanksgiving*, p. 39. '*preventest,*' l. 4,=anticipate. Cf. 139. Self-condemnation, l. 19.

Line 6, '*one doore:*' 1679 edition originated the after-continued misprint of 'one gore'—an error which even so keen-eyed a critic as Dr. George Macdonald passed, and introduced into his quotation in 'Antiphon' (p. 190). Pickering (1858) perpetuated the misprint.

Line 7, '*flouted.*' See previous Note on The Church Porch, st. lxix. l. 5.

Ib. '*boxed*'=struck with the fists.

Line 11, 'skipping'=passing over or neglecting. It is important to attend to this its meaning, as the usual punctuation (skipping,) mistakes it, as though Herbert spoke of David's singing and skipping, and thus destroys the sense. The Williams MS. reads as printed by us ('neglecting'), being the more

harmonious, especially taken with the next line. 1632 and after-editions read:

'Shall I then sing, skipping, Thy doleful storie.'

Herbert no doubt altered to 'neglecting,' from the double meaning of 'skipping.'

Line 14, '*posy*.' 'Bunch of flowers. He was thinking of Aaron's rod, perhaps' (Antiphon, p. 190).

Line 20. I adopt Williams MS. 'in' for 'by' of 1632-3 and later.

Line 29, '*Thy*.' 1679 edition misprints 'my,' and it has been unhappily perpetuated. Dr. Macdonald ('Antiphon,' p. 191) so misreads, and adds in a foot-note, 'To correspond to that of Christ.'

Line 33, '*a spittle*'=a 'spital, *i.e.* hospital. Herbert nevertheless would not have disagreed with the solemn warning of quaint old Thomas Adams, of Willington, as follows: 'A man may have his name written in the chronicles, yet lost; written in durable marble, yet perish; written on a monument equal to a colossus, yet be ignominious; written on the *hospital gates*, yet go to hell' (The Happiness of the Church: 1618).

Ib. '*mend common wayes*:' not a rare provision in old wills.

Line 36. Willmott misprints 'for *a* fashion.'

,, 37-8:

'The yeare
Shall not perceive that I am here.'

Cf. the Latin poem of 'Parentalia' in Vol. II. p. 79, ll. 15, 16.

Line 40, '*his*'=its, as before.

,, 47-8. I punctuate 'Thee:' not (,) as usually—because having so turned back God's love on Him, he cries in accord with l. 18, his trying who will victorious prove (Genesis xxxii. 28):

'O my deare Saviour, Victorie!'

But the cry is premature; there comes the Passion, and on it the cry of the conquered,

'Alas, my God, I know not what.'

Line 47, '*Thy art of love*:' in opposition to the Poet's 'Art of Love,' as of Ovid.

4. *The Second Thanksgiving*, p. 41. I adopt this heading from the Williams MS., in preference to that of 1632-3 and after-editions, because (1) it binds on this with the previous as

in the others; (2) it marks the fulfilment of the promise in the former (l. 29); (3) it opens with the words 'I have considered it,' in relation to ll. 29, 30 of the preceding. None the less is 'The Reprisall' a very noticeable heading, inasmuch as it carries in it the fine thought that, since he cannot conquer God, he will, allied to God, make reprisals on and overcome another—the old man. It is possible, therefore, that Herbert himself, and not Ferrar, made the change, and hence I give it as a secondary title also.

Line 16, '*The man.*' 'The old man in the heart, subdued by grace.' Willmott. But the words, 'subdued by grace,' are ambiguous and unnecessary. He, subdued by grace, overcame 'the old man in the heart:' he did not overcome 'the old man .... subdued by grace'=The man—The old man in the heart.

5. *The Agonie*, p. 42. Line 3, '*a staffe.*' The following treatise furnishes abundant illustration of this old instrument: 'The Description and Use of the Sector Crosse STAFFE, and other Instruments, with a Canon of artificiall Sines and Tangents.... By Edm. Gunter. 1636 (4to).' See our Essay for parallel from Leighton.

Line 11, '*presse.*' 'I have trodden the wine-press alone' (Isaiah lxiii. 3).

Line 15, '*abroach:*' 'broach' is to tap: 'abroach' is here an adverb=on tap. Hence 'to set abroach' is=to be set running.

6. *The Sinner*, p. 43. Line 14, '*in stone:*' viz. the Law given by Moses (Exodus xxiv. 12).

7. *Good-Friday*, p. 43. Line 7, '*one starre*' (St. Matthew ii. 9, 10).

Line 10, '*score*'=*mark for* or *count as.*

,, 19-20, '*as each beast his cure doth know.*' As the dog who knows his med'cinable herb; or as the weasel was said to seek 'rue' before encountering a snake; or the mingoos its herb when bitten by a snake—both erroneous, but the latter, until very lately, believed to be a well-proved fact.

9. *Sepulchre*, p. 45. Line 7, '*toyes*'=trifles, as before.

Line 11, '*indited*'=indicted, *i.e.* accused and summoned.

,, 13, '*brain Thee.*' 'To beat out the brains; hence comes the modern phrase, "to knock a scheme upon the head."' Willmott. But while a cognate phrase, the latter is not derived from the former.

10. *Easter.* Line 5, '*dust.*' Founded apparently on the

thought in Romans vi. 67. Christ having died for our sins, we died unto sin in His death; and our hearts, the body of our sin, were calcined into dust, that as ore is burnt to ashes that the pure metal may flow out, so we, being purified, may rise to newness of life. Herbert seems to have mingled with the thought of the text quoted one derived from the ancient mode of burning the body, a thought due to the classical proclivities of his age; the influence of which, in our modes of expression as to the dead and their ashes, has not yet died out.

Line 8. After ll. 7, 8, he goes on to explain why each part of the lute should awake and strive. Hence I punctuate art (:), not (.) as usually.

Line 13, '*consort.*' 'Consort is the right word scientifically. It means the *fitting together* of sounds according to their nature. *Concert*, however, is not wrong. It is even more poetic than *consort*, for it means *a striving together*, which is the idea of all peace; the strife is *together*, and not of one against the other. All harmony is an ordered, a divine strife. In the contest of music, every tone restrains its foot and bows its head to the rest in holy dance' ('Antiphon:' on Milton, p. 205). But to prevent misconception, it may be added that *consort* was the then word, and *concert* later.

Line 15, '*vied.*' 'To "vie" was a term used in an old game of cards called Gluck; here it means the contrasts in music, where each variation appears to contend with the other.' Willmott. There are mistakes here: 'vie' was used in other games —primero, &c. The word is 'Gleek,' not 'Gluck.' But in this place there is no intended reference to cards at all, 'vie' being used in its ordinary sense and untechnically.

Line 16, '*multiplied:*' seems here to be used—for only heart, lute, and Holy Spirit are mentioned—as=multi-plicus, many-twisted.

Line 18. After this follows the song his heart and lute sing, and it seemed expedient to show this by a new heading, 'The Song.'

Line 29, '*Three hundred*'=round numbers for those of the year.

Lines 29, 30. See Various Readings here: important.

11. *Easter Wings*, p. 48. For other examples of the conceit which makes the verse assume a form resembling the subject of the verse, see Note on 1. The Altar; and also Essay, as before.

12. *Holy Baptisme*, p. 49. See Various Readings here.

Line 5, '*rent*'=fissure, cleft.

13. *Holy Baptisme*, p. 49. Line 10, '*Behither*.' 'On this side of, or except in anything evil.' Willmott. Rather=By or bye hither—a strengthened form of hither, implying well or fairly on this side of.

Line 15, '*Childhood is health*.' 'So Chrysostom: "The office of repentance is, when they have been made men, and then become old through sins, to free them from their oldness, and make them men; but it cannot bring them to their former brightness, for then the whole was good."' Wilmott.

15. *Sinne*, p. 51. Line 5, '*sorrow dogging sinne*.' 'Fear dread events that dog them both' (Comus, l. 405).

16. *Affliction*, p. 51.

Line 6, '*perquisites*.' I adopt the Williams MS. here instead of 'benefits,' as in 1632-3 onward. Its meaning is matters unaccounted for to the lord or master, and which by custom become the gain of the office-holder, agent, or servant. Hence 'Thy grace's perquisites' would most naturally mean, the perquisites due to God's grace; and it would be hard, though not perhaps quite impossible, to obtain any other meaning from it. Seeing this, Herbert, I apprehend, altered it, giving a clear sense but a worse rhyme.

Line 11, '*such*'=such and such. Lines 11, 12, cf. The Church Porch, st. xxix. l. 3, 'Take stars for money.' This idea was perhaps one not unfrequent in those days, otherwise one might suppose that the brothers Grimm had read this passage, and from it written their household story Star Dollars; for it glosses the phrase better than any mere explanation.

Line 24, '*partie*.' Probably=side or faction (using faction without its ill meaning), or as we say 'party,' where, as in politics, religion, law, &c., there is another opposite *pars* or party; 'made a party or chentelege on the side of error.'

Line 25, '*begun*.' Coleridge remarks on this word: 'Either a misprint or noticeable idiom of the word *began*: Yes! and a very beautiful idiom it is; the first colloquy or address of the flesh.' The idiom is still in use in Scotland. 'You had better not *begin* to me,' is the first address of the schoolboy, half angry, half frightened at the bullying of a companion. The idiom was once English, though now obsolete. Several instances of it are given in the last edition of Foxe's Martyrs, vol. vi. p. 627. It has not been noticed, however, that the

same idiom occurs in one of the best-known passages of Shakespeare; in Clarence's dream, Richard III., act i. sc. 4:

'O, then *began* the tempest *to* my soul'

(Notes and Queries, 1st S. ii. 263). The following is the text and note from Foxe (1838): 'Well,' said master Saunders, 'my dear Lord Jesus Christ hath *begun* to me of a more bitter cup than mine shall be; and shall I not pledge my most sweet Saviour? Yes, I hope . . .' '*Begun* to me' seems to be equivalent to 'hath challenged.' Bishop Hall, in his Contemplations (The Two Sons of Zebedee), writes, 'O blessed Saviour, we pledge Thee according to our weakness Who hast *begun to us* in Thy powerful sufferings.' See also Hanmer's Translation of Evagrius, book i. fol. 11. Bishop Reynolds, in his 'Meditations on the Lord's Last Supper' (c. viii.), furnishes another example of the same idiom: 'Because He Himself did *begin unto us* in a more bitter cup.' In Herbert here the meaning is= began its attacks or onslaughts on my soul already in pain, increased its vexations by vexations; the word being used in the sense of the Scotch schoolboy's colloquialism and as by Shakespeare *supra*. The other expressions quoted, though allied, are rather different, and refer to the customs of health-drinking, where one 'began,' and it lay upon the honour of the others to follow in the self-same way and to the same extent. Hence such beginning was a challenge, yet not exactly an attack as here and in Richard III. The schoolboy phrase might now mean one, now the other, according to circumstances.

Line 39, '*a lingring book*'=causing to linger, in a twofold sense, because it kept him plodding or lingering over it during hours when he would be enjoying himself; and also and especially 'ling'ring,' because it kept him at study and at college during days and months of his youth when he would have been already in the world.

Line 53, '*cross-bias*:' 'An image taken from the bowling-green.' So Donne, speaking of little sins leading a man to greater: 'it is impossible to say where a bowl may lie that is let fall down a hill, though it be let never so gently out of the hand' (Sermons, cliii.). Willmott. There is not the slightest reference to *bias*, much less to *cross-bias*, in Willmott's quotation from Donne. All he says is, Roll a bowl or a cheese or a stone down hill, and you do not know where it will stop—an idea that is not hinted at in Herbert. A 'bias' is an irregu-

larity given to a bowl, or a slope in the ground, both leading to the same, namely the curved or cross course of the bowl. So in drapery, to cut on the bias is to cut not straight, but cross-wise. The succeeding lines render it probable that to cross-bias is to roll a (bias) bowl with a curved course, so as to strike the adversary's bowl sideways out of a winning position. Such a stroke would be useless to the player except as taking the other out of his lie.

Line 65, '*Ah, my deare God, though I am clean forgot.*' In the Life of John Sharp, D.D., lord Archbishop of York, by his son, Thomas Sharp, edited by Thomas Newcome (Lond. 1825, ii. 90), we read: 'The last words he said were those of Mr. Herbert, "Ah, my dear God, though I am clean forgot," &c. He had these words often in his mouth while he was in health; but would add, that Mr. Herbert was much dispirited when he wrote them.' (Communicated by Professor Mayor, Cambridge,—one of many services throughout the Fuller Worthies' Library.)

Line 66, '*Let me not love Thee if I love Thee not.*' Cf. 88. Dulnesse, ll. 27, 8; 99. Love Unknowne, l. 59. Were it not that in all the MSS. and printed texts this line runs as in our text, I should have been strongly tempted to read 'lose' for the first 'love.'

17. *Repentance*, p. 54. Line 3, '*quick.*' Here, as elsewhere, 'quick' is used in a double sense, but the primary one is rapidly blowing, rapidly fleeting, and (secondarily as it were) in its life. '*momentanie.*' Pickering (1853), Bell and Daldy (1865), and Willmott misprint 'momentary.' The meaning is about the same, but 'n' is Herbert's own spelling in 1632-3 and Bodleian and Williams MSS. Archbishop Leighton uses it, and also a kindred form, 'presentany,' from the Latin præsentaneus; as is momentany from momentaneus.

Line 7, '*Man's age is two hours' work or three*'=brevity of life. In the next line the day is said to see round about us, to see our rise and fall (Psalm ciii. 15 and Job xiv. 2), much as in 114. The Discharge, Death is said to environ and surround our hour.

Line 32, '*broken bones:*' Psalm li. 9.

18. *Faith*, p. 55. Line 9, '*outlandish root.*' An example of Herbert's 'full thought' and 'quaint conceit.' The injury which prevents his journey heavenward is the bite of the serpent, that has bruised his heel; the root is the antidote—Christ's sufferings—spoken of under the figure of a celebrated

antidote, viz. the snake-root of Virginia (Aristolochia serpentaria; botanic name *senega*), 'a most certaine and present remedy against the venome of the rattle-snake. . . Now the manner of the using thereof is this. As soon as any is bitten by that creature they take of this herbe and chaw it in their mouthes, and swallow downe the juice thereof, and also apply of the herbe to the wound or bitten place, which instantly cureth them. But if it so happen that any being bitten cannot get of this herbe in any reasonable time, he dyeth certainly. Yet if within twelve hours after the biting he doe use this remedy, it will assuredly recover him' (Parkinson, Theatr. Botan.). 'The powder of the herbe and roote taken in wine or other drinke hath been found a certaine and present cure for the biting of a madde dog' (Ib.). It was also used in agues, pestilential fevers, and the pestilence (plague) itself (Ib.).

Lines 15, 16. See Various Readings here.

Line 43, '*exact and most particular trust.*' See our Essay for Coleridge's remark on this place.

19. *Prayer*, p. 57. Line 1, '*Angels' age*'=that by which angels count their age—prayer being used in its fuller sense of prayer and praise.

Line 7. See Various Readings here.

20. *The Holy Communion*, p. 58. Line 22, '*subtile.*' 'The most fine, delicate, or retired feelings.' Willmott.

21. *Antiphon*, p. 59=The chant or singing of a choir in church, in which strain answers strain. Willmott. Dr. Macdonald uses the word for title of his charming book on England's Sacred Poets.

22. *Love*, p. 60. Line 4, '*in*' from Williams MSS. for '*on*' of 1632-3 and later. Line 20, 'pant [towards] Thee.' Line 24, '*goods.*' Willmott unhappily misprints 'gods.' Line 25, '*disseized*'=dispossessed.

23. *The Temper*, p. 61. Line 6, '*peere :*'

> '"And hell itself will pass away,
> And leave her dolorous mansions to the peering day"
> (Milton, Ode on Nativity, l. 140).'

Willmott. See next Note on l. 13.

Line 13, '*meet arms with man.*' The allusion is to the refusal of nobles and gentlemen to 'meet' any but their peers in combat. Wilt Thou, says Herbert—and the conceit is made here curious and complicated in thought by the reference to the stretching as by racking—wilt Thou stretch a crumb of

dust, so that being made more Thy equal Thou mayst contend with him?

24. *The Temper*, p. 62. Line 7, '*raise and race*.' The latter is thus spelled on account of the rhyme with 'grace,' but it is '*raze*.' The evidence of the context, l. 1, l. 5, ll. 8-10, is clear as to this, and Willmott's explanation in the place of 'race' as 'to set out' is a meaning of the verb to 'race' which is, I believe, entirely unknown in English. The change of spelling is a license indulged in by the old poets under the circumstances of the text. Cf. also 2. *The Sacrifice*, l. 66, 'raz'd and raised;' and our Sir PHILIP SIDNEY, Astrophel and Stella, xxxvi., vol. i. p. 25.

25. *Jordan*, p. 63. The title of 'Jordan,' given to this and 75. by Herbert, has puzzled his critics and even admirers. It seems plain that he had a double thought: (*a*) That he was crossing into the Promised Land; (*b*) That thereupon Jordan was to be his Helicon—the Lord, not the Nine Muses, the source of his inspiration.

Line 12, '*pull for prime*.' As suggested in the place in our edition of Dean DONNE, Satire ii., to 'pull is to draw from the pack' (vol. i. p. 22). Nares is of this opinion, founding on a passage in Beaumont and Fletcher's Mons. Thomas, iv. 9. He is doubtful under 'Prime,' but under '*Rest*' expresses himself as above; and to his quotation we add from The Church Militant (vol. ii.), l. 135, 'To this great lotterie, and all would pull,' where 'pull' is similarly used for drawing one at hazard from a number. I repeat here our note in DONNE, as *supra*: 'Stephens MS. reads "as men pulling for prime." "Prime," in primero, is a winning hand of different suits [with probably certain limitations as to the numbers of the cards, since there were different primes], different to and of lower value than a flush or hand of [four] cards of the same suit. The game is not unknown; but from such notices as we have, it would seem that one could stand on their hands, or, as in écarté and other games, discard and take in others (see Nares, *s.v.*). From the words of our text, the fresh cards were not dealt by the dealer, but "pull'd" by the player at hazard, and the delays of maidish indecision can be readily understood; albeit, as above, the Stephens MS. substitutes "men" for "maid"—the latter probably our author's later correction.'

Line 5, '*painted chair*.' Comparing this with preceding poem (l. 9) and with 81. The British Church (l. 16), 'painted'

is here=false, *i.e.* of false authority or dignity. A 'painted' face is false as compared with the natural face. So the 'chair' of grace filled by God is true compared with the 'painted chair' of mere love-poets' pattern. See also 109. Church Rents, l. 1, and 3. The Pilgrimage, l. 36.

Line 8, '*purling*.' See our Note (a full one) on this word in edition of HENRY VAUGHAN, vol. i. p. 275; vol. iv. p. 338.

26. *Employment*, p. 64. Line 16=and spend, but with delays (only in delays), a life as barren, &c. Line 21, I add finally might not 'make' be intended, as taken up again in next line? This yields a clear good sense. Line 22, '*a weed*.' See our Essay for Samuel Speed's fine adaptation of this (Prison Pietie, 1679).

27. *The Holy Scriptures*, p. 65. Willmott in contents oddly enters this and the next as on 'The Holy Sepulchre.'

Line 8, '*the thankfull glasse*'=the glass that returns with interest or with benefits that look into it, *i.e.* vouchsafed by the looker-in.

Line 10, '*washes*:' Willmott misprints 'wastes.'

,, 11, '*Lieger*'=Leaguer or confederate. Willmott and 1632-3 spell 'Lieger;' the Williams MS. 'Lidger.' Willmott here confounds 'Ledger' with 'Leaguer.' Leaguer is in Johnson a camp; but Webster also gives 'a confederate,' which, however, seems to be a more modern sense from the verb league. Herbert's meaning is 'an ambassador.'

Line 13, '*heaven lies flat in thee*.' Herbert's probable meaning here is that the sphere of heaven is mapped out on a plain surface, according to geometrical principles, the next line being a thought suggested by the words 'lies flat,' but not otherwise sequent, nor connected with it.

Line 21, '*watch a potion*.' The word 'watch' here has perplexed many. Willmott prints 'match,' and has this note: 'All the editions read watch, which is evidently wrong; match seems to make the line intelligible; the scattered herbs brought together from different places compose or make up the potion or medicinal drink.' Coleridge also wrote, 'Some misprint.' One difficulty in supposing a misprint is that 'watch' is found not only in the editions of 1632-3 onward, but also plainly written both in the Williams and Bodleian MSS. The meaning might be—forced no doubt, but characteristic—'as dispersèd [=scattered and various] herbs do watch [to be made into or are eager to be made into] a potion' [as 'glad to cure our flesh'—

64. Man], so the scattered and various portions of the Holy Scriptures unite in guiding the Christian—as if conscious and 'glad' so to do—to his 'destinie.' If it be said that we can only look for such plants as seize the opportunity of going into the pot in that land where roast pigs with knives and forks cry, 'Come, eat me,' I answer true, and equally grotesque and quaint are many of Herbert's fancies. Nor did he stand alone. In Hookes' Amanda (1653) there is a whole poem dedicated to a description—vivid and memorable—of the different flowers stretching themselves in their several places in eagerness to be 'trod on' by the feet of a Beauty in their garden.

I cannot say that I am wholly satisfied with above explanation: but neither am I with 'match,' which does not seem to yield a good sense. The herbs might 'match' one another, but it is rather out-of-the-way English to say that several herbs 'match a potion.' What is wanted—if 'watch' must be pronounced an error—is an equivalent to 'make up;' and it is just possible that the shortened *p* of old MSS. might be mistaken for a *w* by a scribe, and be overlooked in the Williams MS. by Herbert, and that the Poet, thinking rather of his main idea than his simile—though it suits that also—several put together to make one whole, wrote '*patch*.'

28. *Whitsunday*, p. 66. Lines 9, 10. Cf. the new Latin poems in Vol. II.

Line 23, '*the braves*'=bravadoes? *i.e.* boasting, challenge, or defiance, such as that of Goliath. So Lewis calls a similar speech by the Bastard 'a brave' (King John, act v. sc. 2).

29. *Grace*, p. 67. Line 7, '*thy works, Night's captives*.' As when the sun is hid all becomes dark, so when the sun of God's grace is hid His house becomes a dungeon and His works are 'captives of Night,' bound to darkness; without the illumining of Grace, God's service is confinement in a dungeon, and His works, instead of being seen of men in their glorious goodness, appear as bond-slaves to darkness and despair. The thought is the reverse of their being lights shining in dark places. Cf. Hamlet in his despondency in his contemplation of Nature.

30. *Praise*, p. 68. Line 13, '*a herb distill'd*.' The allusion is to the cordials in vogue and distilled from various herbs. Grace is like such a cordial, lifting the poor soul to the height of the soul rich in comfort.

31. *Affliction*, p. 69. Line 10, '*discolour*:' *i.e.* take somewhat from the brightness and fulness of the colour.

Line 15, '*imprest*:' a loan, or money in advance, given to the 'imprest' soldier or sailor, as binding him to his engagement. It has been derived from French prest, prêt, ready; the man being supposed to be ready when called upon, and 'prest' is one form of the English word; but the better derivation is prester, emprester, *i.e.* prêter.

32. *Mattens*, p. 69=Morning Worship. Line 14, '*Amounts (and richly) to serve Thee.*' This is a passage made difficult by Herbert's elliptical mode of expressing himself. As I take it, it is somewhat of a reversal of Hamlet's thought in his soliloquy (ii. 2). What is a heart? Dust and corruption. It is true indeed man's whole estate, according to his original creation, sums itself in this, the serving Thee, and richly was it so made—how noble in reason, how infinite in faculty=capable of admiring Thee and reaching to the First Great Cause through contemplation of himself and Thy works; yet though he created not the heavens, he studies them, but *not Thee*, the Creator of them and of himself. Line 20, cf. Parentalia, Vol. II. p. 63; ll. 9, 10 of III. Fac radios, &c.

33. *Sinne*, p. 70. Lines 2, 3, '*the devil.*' Cf. Burns' 'Address to the Deil:'

> 'But fare you weel, auld Nickie-ben!
> O wad ye tak a thought an' men'!
> Ye aiblins might—I dinna ken—
> Still hae a stake:
> I'm wae to think upo' you den,
> Ev'n for your sake.'

Herbert's thought (see l. 5) is that in so far as they had life and intelligence, both direct gifts of the Almighty and requiring His sustaining power, in so far there is some goodness in them.

Line 7, '*sad*'=serious.

,, 10, '*perspective.*' So in 1632-3; Bodleian and Williams MSS., Pickering (1853), Bell and Daldy (1865), Willmott, misprint 'prospective.' The error began in 1674 edition. He alludes to those toys where the drawing or painting seems haphazard confusion till looked at at a particular angle or in a particular-shaped mirror, when it is resolved into a landscape or portrait. So devils are not so hideous as sins, but confused resemblances of what, if seen as they are, would drive us mad. Perhaps 'perspective' also hints that 'devils' are just what bad men will ultimately resemble in fate and character.

35. *Church Monuments*, p. 72. Line 20: thought drawn from the hour-glass often sculptured on these monuments.

37. *Church Lock and Key*, p. 73. Line 11, '*yet like stones*' =stones in a stream check and cause the stream to 'roar' louder or murmur musically.

38. *The Church Floore*, p. 74. Line 14, '*neat*' = nice, delicate.

39. *The Windows*, p. 75. Line 6, '*anneal*' = 'annealing is heating glass, that the colours may be fixed.' Willmott.

41. *Content*, p. 76. Line 5, '*quest.*' 'Search, or act of searching. Milton uses the word in the Arcades:

> "Fair silver-buskin'd Nymphs as great and good;
> I know this *qu-st* of yours."' (Willmott.)

Rather here = asking, seeking, *i.e.* questing or requesting by another—here by each untrained hope or passion—of the help or companionship of such person.

Line 15, '*let loose to a crown.*' Probably a reference to Charles V., whose story has been recently well told by Sir William Maxwell of Keir. Though, the primary sense of the perhaps intentionally ambiguous phrase, 'let loose,' is different from the historical reference, and refers to the 'letting loose'—according to the technical phrase in archery—of an arrow (at any given mark), that is, which can aim at a crown, yet take up with a cloister. Cf. use of 'loose' in The Church Porch, vii. 5, and Note.

42. *The Quidditie*, p. 77. 'Originally a school-term for the nature or essence of a thing; but often used as a synonyme for a quip or quirk.' Willmott. See Various Readings. Line 12, '*Most Take All.*' This is written large in Williams MS. It has the sound of some proverb; but I do not see its application here. Some misprint 'must.' Is the saying founded on St. Mark iv. 25? and Herbert's meaning = Do Thou, Who art 'Most' [and Who already possessest the most of me], take all of me?

43. *Humilitie*, p. 78. Lines 13, 14. The conceit here is somewhat obscure. The calling the red ruff of a turkey a '*coral* chain' would seem to indicate some property common to both. In Lorell's History of Animals and Minerals, it is said of the turkey: 'the flesh is very pleasant and dainty . . . . recovereth strength, nourisheth plentifully, kindleth lust, and agreeth with every temper and complexion, except too hot or troubled with rheumes and gouts.' And among the various

virtues of 'coral,' it is said 'it exhilarates the heart .... also it maketh a man merry; but the black maketh melancholy.'

Line 29, '*bandying*.' Willmott annotates 'contending together.' It may have this meaning certainly, but in French the same verb 'bander' is to bandy, as at Tennis and as at the game of Bandy; and in its more usual signification to bend a bow, or bind with bands, swaddle. It is doubtless the origin of both our words, and indeed Howell and Cotgrave give: To bandie as at tennis: to bandy, to follow a faction: Bandyed, Bandé, and under Bandé is only given bent, swathed [and the like], filletted, also banded or combined together. In fact, they make to bandy and bandyed or bandied = our band and banded. Minsheu gives to bandie or tosse a ball at Tennis; but under Bandie only to follow a faction, and a bandying a faction. Coles, Kershaw, Dyche also give both meanings rightly, I think, placing the tossing a ball second, as this seems to be a derivative sense following on the forming a party to play Tennis or Bandy. We meet with bandied in the sense of banded; and this seems to be the primary sense in Romeo and Juliet (act iii. sc. 1); though Shakespeare, with his usual happiness of expression, makes it convey its double meaning. Here (in Herbert) it is the same; but the scope of the whole poem shows the sense to be they re-unite as a party to contend against their opponents.

45. *Constancie*, p. 80. See Psalm xv. Line 32, '*runnes bias*:' cf. Note on 16. Affliction, l. 53.

Line 33, '*writhe*' = inclining, crooked. The metaphor is taken from the strange wild gestures of bowlers when they would, as it were, make a bowl one with themselves, and influence its motions by their own. An old drawing illustrating this is given in Strutt's Sports, and the same may be seen in bowlers and curlers at the present day. There is some obscurity in the expression and some confusion in the thought, as must be expected in one so fond of far-fetched conceits. But the general meaning seems to be, that if the adversary's bowl, the world, runs bias from the mark, he does not follow it and strive, as it were, to make it go more bias for his own profit. This is intimated by the word 'share.'

Line 34, '*Mark-man*.' Pickering (1853) and Bell and Daldy (1865) print 'Marksman.' I adhere to 1632-3 text and onward; albeit 'markman' is just the old form of 'marksman.' Curiously, no old dictionary gives either one or the other; but

Richardson says 'Markman or Marksman,' and gives an example of former from Romeo and Juliet (act i. sc. 1), where the earlier editions give Markman, but folios 3 and 4 alter it to Marksman.

46. *Affliction*, p. 82. Line 8, '*tallies*.' 'A tally is a stick, cut to agree in shape with another stick, for the purpose of keeping accounts. Herbert remembered the Psalmist's prayer: "So teach us to number our days," &c. The tallies of a life are the reckonings kept of it.' Willmott. More accurately, as here =score or reckoning: 'Thou knowest the number of my days, and what each is.' I have removed the interrogatory from l. 9, which obscures the meaning.

Line 11, '*the sigh*.' 'Referring to the popular belief that the strength is impaired by sighing: so Shakespeare (Hamlet, act iv. sc. 7):

> "And then this should is like a spendthrift sigh,
> That hurts by easing." ' (Willmott.)

Line 18=They who lament that Thou for our sins didst once suffer on the Cross, praise Thee insufficiently; for Thou makest our griefs Thine, and so diest daily.

47. *The Starre*, p. 82. Line 19. Not, as might at first be supposed, Bethlehem, but its former place in heaven; ll. 1, 2, compared with ll. 21-4 and ll. 25-8 (rest and winding in their circuits) and ll. 29-32 (home, hive of beams, garland streams).

48. *Sunday*, p. 84. See Various Readings. Line 14, '*Thy release*'=the release given by thee. Lines 47-9. Cf. the new Latin poems in Vol. II. See our Essay for Leighton's reminiscences of this poem.

51. *To all Angels and Saints*, p. 87. Line 1, '*bands*.' If this mean after your bonds, it can apply only to saints, and not to angels. Probably Herbert therefore means, 'according to all your orders of precedency,' the nine orders of angels, of whom seraphim are highest, the throne and Presence, and among saints, apostles, prophets, martyrs, &c.

Line 5. Imagery from Revel, and the ceremonial of vassal princes doing fealty to their feudal superior; the kings in the court of the King of Kings.

Line 12, '*restorative*.' Gold was considered a strong restorative medicine. See Note in our edition of Dean Donne's poems, vol. i. p. 198.

Line 16, '*my*.' Usually 'our'=our common King—yours as well as mine—of whom we are all fellow-servants (Rev.

xxii. 9). But I have preferred 'my' from the Williams MS., as giving us one of the all-too-rare personal references found in Herbert—just as we prize infinitely William Cowper's 'There *have I*, though vile as he,' beyond the later generalisation, 'There may I,' in the priceless hymn, 'There is a fountain filled with blood.'

52. *Employment*, p. 88. Line 5, '*complexions*.' See previous Note on The Church Porch, st. xxxvi. l. 1.

Lines 11-15, '*elements*.' See Notes in our SOUTHWELL and DONNE, *s.v.*

Line 20, '*watch*.' See previous Note on 27. Holy Scriptures, l. 21.

Line 21, '*orenge-tree*:' because it has both blossoms and fruit on it at one and the same time. Lines 21-5. See Various Readings here.

53. *Deniall*, p. 89. Line 29. Then his verse would not be broken, nor his thoughts fly asunder. Hence 'soule' from the Williams MS. is deeper and better than 'minde' of 1632-3 onward.

54. *Christmas*, p. 90. Line 12, '*of all beasts*.' The allusion is to the 'beasts' in the stable of Bethlehem. See for parallel our edition of Sir JOHN BEAUMONT.

Lines 25, 26. There is some obscurity here. The context seems to show that 'he should' refers to the sun, spoken of before, and included in 'we'—I (Herbert) on earth, and the sun in his sphere; therefore 'he should' not tire and let night usurp his place, but still continue to hold a candle. The previous 'chide' and the whole sense of the after lines prove this. The obscurity, rather than difficulty, arises from Herbert's doing what was very common in writing then, and is very common in conversation now, allowing the noun of the pronoun to be discovered among two or three by the sense. In our Notes in various of the Fuller Worthies instances have been given, where two pronouns of the same person, number, and gender refer one to one antecedent noun, and the other to another; and such is also done in ordinary speech, though grammarians now object to it in composition. In Notes and Queries (3d Series, vol. v. p. 70) a very absurd punctuation and meaning are sought to be given to this place.

55. *Ungratefulnesse*, p. 92. Line 18, '*powder*.' This may be by way of miraculous contrast with the ordinary effect of dust so blown into the eyes; but it may refer to the blowing of

powders, sugar of lead, sugar, &c. into the eyes of horses and dogs, when their eyes are dimmed by a film or partial opacity. I like to think of Herbert noticing and being interested in such things.

Line 23, '*This box.*' Bodleian MS. 'bone.' See our introductory Note to Jacula Prudentum.

56. *Sighs and Grones*, p. 93. Line 20, '*turn'd viall*' = upturned, that the dregs may be drank. The word 'fill' shows this is the allusion.

57. *The World*, p. 94. Line 7, '*Balcónes.*' The old, and not many years back the usual, pronunciation of 'balconies.'

Line 11, '*that sycamore:*' the sycamore fig, supposed by some to have been the 'fig' mentioned early in Genesis. The Septuagint is ρυλλα συκης, and the Hebrew is different from that for sycamore. The latter was commonly used for building in Palestine, as may be seen by the references, and it was a large shady tree. Under one the Holy Family is traditionally stated to have rested in Egypt (which is still shown there). Could the text refer to a belief that it served Adam and Eve as a shelter? or that they built their first hut or booth with it?

Line 14, '*sommers*' = main or 'master-beams' of a building (trabs): also, it is said, lintels. Usually printed with a capital S, which is misleading.

Line 15, '*shor'd*' = supported. Line 19: see Various Readings.

59. *Vanitie*, p. 96. Line 7, '*aspects*' = the 'aspects' of the planets *inter se*. The aspects of the planets were their apparent positions in regard to one another as seen from the earth, and were generally or mainly divided into five. Conjunction = when in the same sign. Sextile = when divided by two signs or 60°. Quartile = when 90° apart. Trine = when 120° in opposition, when 180° or in opposite signs—a position which denoted the greatest enmity between the two influences.

Line 17, '*callow*' = bare, unfledged. This is a Wiltshire word, and appears in Ackerman's List of Wiltshire words. See further onward: 90. Providence, l. 63.

60. *Lent*, p. 97. Line 4: see Various Readings.

Lines 5, 6, *i.e.* obedience to rules and regulations. Corporation is corporate bodies generally, whether municipal or a company.

Lines 16-18 = Unless Authority, which has the power of increasing the obligation. The sense is obscured to us by the

peculiar use of 'should.' It is the reverse argument—fast at a seasonable time, yet not if Authority thinks fit to forbid that time.

Line 25, '*pendant-profits*'=the fruits which show in spring, and intimate a gathering in due season.

61. *Vertue*, p. 99. Line 7, '*its*.' Bodleian and Williams MSS. 'his.'

Line 15, '*though*:' some late editions 'when.'

62. *The Pearl*, p. 99. Line 13, '*vies*.' See previous Note on 10. Easter, l. 15. Here there is probably an allusion to 'vying' at cards, though the meaning being the same, it is quite intelligible without reference to such allusion.

Line 32, '*seelèd*:' see Various Readings. A technical term in hawking, for drawing a thread through both eyelids, so as to close the eye. See previous Note on The Church Porch, lxx. l. 1: cf. also our Sir PHILIP SIDNEY, *s.v.*

63. *Tentation*, p. 101: see Various Readings.

64. *Man*, p. 102. Line 1, '*I heard*:' probably in some sermon by one of his Curates.

Line 5, '*creation*'=not act of creation, but to his building up, for which animals are killed, trees felled, &c.

Line 8, '*more*:' from Williams MS. See Various Readings throughout. The misreading of 'no' for 'mo' is noted under the Various Readings *in loco*.

Line 12, '*score*'=they borrow or obtain on trust.

,, 15, '*world*.' According to a very favourite idea at that time, that man had such analogy with all parts of the world as to be a world in little, a microcosm: see ll. 23 and 47, &c. Line 25: see Various Readings—adopted.

Line 39, '*distinguishèd*.' Coleridge says: 'I understand this but imperfectly; distinguished—they form an island?' Willmott annotates: 'May we not rather seek an interpretation in the first chapter of Genesis (9, 10); the waters distinguished are the waters separated from the dry land, which then appears, and becomes the habitation of man; the waters united are the gathering together of the waters, which God called seas; below, they are our fountains and streams to drink; above, they are our meat, because the husbandman waiteth for the early and the latter rain. Both are our cleanliness. In the verses on Lent, Herbert had spoken of "the cleanness of sweet abstinence," the gentle thoughts and emotions which it gives, and the "face not fearing light." Perhaps in

this poem he employs cleanliness in the same wide sense; as expressing the beauty, freshness, purity, and delight of which water, in its many shapes and blessings, is made the minister to mankind.' Willmott's explanation is excellent; but it may be as well to read after 'called seas;' the distinguishing of the lower waters then leads Herbert to the Jewish distinguishing of waters above and below the firmament.

Lines 35, 36. All things are good, and of a nature sympathetic with our flesh, both in their being and in their coming down from the Father of all good; and they are the same to our mind, in their leading it to ascend from things created to the First Great Cause. So I take 'descent and cause' to mean, albeit with some tautology in the use of 'descent' in both clauses. The change to 'ascent' is perhaps more after the taste of that day, and therefore the 'descent' of Williams MS. might be pronounced either an author's earlier reading or a scribe's unintentional repetition.

Lines 40, 41. Coleridge continues hereon: 'and the next lines refer perhaps to the then belief that all fruits grow and are nourished by water? but, then, how is the ascending sap "our cleanliness"?' The great poet-critic's explanation is accurate; for it was a belief in hot countries, where rains were so essential and dry seasons parching and droughts not unfrequent, that water had a vivifying power which gave life to the inert seed in the womb of the earth: but it is not the 'ascending sap' that Herbert is speaking of, but the rains and consequent filling and overflowing of streams.

Lines 47, 48:

> 'Man is one world, and hath
> Another to attend him.'

Archbishop Leighton (on Psalm viii.) again remembers Herbert here, *e.g.* 'What is man, &c. These words deserve to be considered: Thou mindest him in all these things, the works above him, even in the framing of the heavens, the moon and the stars, designing his good; Thou makest all attend and serve him.' See Deuteronomy iv. 19: also St. Augustine's Soliloquies, cxx. cxxi.

65. *Antiphon*, p. 104. Lines 5, 6: There is no line without a rhyme; for these lines are—as may be seen from the last—parts in reality of one line.

66. *Unkindnesse*, p. 105. Line 16, '*pretendeth*'=stretcheth forth, seeketh.

67. *Life*, p. 106. Line 1, '*posy*.' 'Posie is a contraction of poesy; here it means a wreath, or cluster of flowers.' Willmott. This is incorrect. Posie here is=nosegay. I do not think it is anywhere found as meaning 'a wreath.' Minsheu, Cotgrave, and others give only 'nosegay, bouquet, bunch of flowers.' It was perhaps so called because the present of flowers was made by their symbolism or language to represent a posy, motto, or thought. For example of this, see Perdita's gifts (Winter's Tale, iv. 3), and compare also Ophelia's distribution of flowers (Hamlet, iv. 5).

70. *Charms and Knots*, p. 108. Line 3=the high-seated can be frequently helped by the most humble.

Line 14, '*powder*.' The hair-powder here spoken of was gold dust, talc flakes, and the like, sprinkled so as to make the hair glisten.

Line 18, '*drinks on*'=large draughts of man's wisdom (merely).

71. *Affliction*, p. 109. Line 22, '*store*.' No one seems to have noticed this word. It is still provincial for a 'stake,' and appears here in a collective sense. Perhaps of root, Fr. estorer, erect, raise, build.

72. *Mortification*, p. 110. Line 25, '*Marking*'=looking down to.

73. *Decay*, p. 112. Line 15, '*thirds*.' Sin, Satan, and God, being each in possession, had each a third.

74. *Miserie*, p. 112. Line 4, '*fill the glasse*.' The reference is to the saying in the Parable, 'Take thine ease; eat, drink, and be merry' (St. Luke xii. 19).

Line 16, '*curtains*:' Ps. cxxxix. 2. Line 25, '*quarrel*:' 'is found as a verb active in the elder poets; Ben Jonson (Every Man in his Humour) has it:

> "And now that I had quarrelled
> My brother purposely."' (Willmott.)

Lines 28, 50, 75: see Various Readings. Line 55, '*boure*:' that made by the leafing of Spring.

Line 69, '*posie*'=motto. So in Cartwright's Love's Conquest, act iv. sc. 8, p. 159:

> 'My rings shall all b' engrav'd with holy posies
> As "Constant untill death"—"Endlesse as this"—
> "So is my love"—"Not hands but hearts."'

75. *Jordan*, p. 115. Cf. Note on 25. Jordan. Line 4, '*burnish*.' In some of the old dictionaries (Bulloker, Coles,

Kersey, Blount) this word is given as used technically in venerie for the spreading out of a stag's horns when renewing. Though not noticed in dictionaries, there is also evidence that, whether from corruption and similarity of sound or other cause, the word was used much as burgeon, to bulge or swell as a bud (subst. burgeon, a bud or pimple). The context shows we have one example here. Another is to be found in Holland's Pliny, l. xi. 37: 'A man groweth in height and length until he be one and twentie years of age; then beginneth he to spread and burnish in squareness.' Another example, relating to the legs of whole-hoofed animals, is quoted by Richardson, *s.v.*, though he misses the sense: 'well may they shoot out bigger and burnish afterward, but (to speak truly and properly) they grow [after birth] no more in length.' Dryden also uses the word in the same sense:

> '*Burnish'd* and batt'ning on their food, to show
> The diligence of careful herds below.'
> (Hind and Panther, ll. 390-1.)

Christie, in his 'Dryden' Glossary and Notes overlooks the noticeable word. Halliwell gives *burnish* also same as *barnish;* and this is a Southern and Western word for 'to increase in strength and vigour, to fatten;' and this variation seems to confirm the word being a colloquial corruption of burgeon into the more familiar burnish (as the ship Bellerophon becomes Billy Ruffian), for burgeon a pimple is in Devonshire barngun. See our Glossarial Index, *s.v.*

77. *Obedience*, p. 117. Line 10, '*deed*.' Herbert's Country Parson was to be all to his parish, and not only a pastor, but a lawyer also (ch. xxiii.); here he adopts the legal expression for a conveyance—'I deliver this as my act and deed.' Willmott.

78. *Conscience*, p. 119. Line 21, '*bill*'=the favourite weapon of the English soldiery, which watchmen afterwards continued to carry—a bill-hook set on a staff battle-axe fashion. An engraving of a watchman so armed is given in Boswell's Malone's Shakespeare, vol. vii. p. 86.

80. *Home*, p. 121. Line 22, '*apple*'=Who (in Adam and Eve) would not leave an apple. Line 76. The word, by the rhyme 'pray' (l. 74) and by reason of his sins, should be 'stay.' It will be noticed that the word 'Come' (l. 76) neither rhymes nor is, according to man's logic, reason.

81. *The British Church*, p. 124. Line 20, '*double moat*.'

'Like a castle with two moats or streams of water round it.' Willmott.

82. *The Quip*, p. 125. Heading '*The Quip :*' '*a pleasantry*.' Willmott. Not exactly this. Minshen gives it=taunt. Cotgrave better—'flout, gird, nip,' &c. At its acme and in its most refined sense it was a bitter pleasantry or raillery, as here and as in Shakespeare's 'quip modest'—'I cut it to please myself;' and as explained by Lyly (Nares) : '*Ps*. Why, what's a quip? *Ma*. We great girders call it a short saying of a sharp wit, with a bitter sense in a sweet word.'

86. *Businesse*, p. 128. Lines 21, 26. As '*died*' is monosyllabic with us, and as 'd only makes that, I have not retained 'di'd' (of 1632-3 onward) here or elsewhere, as it is only a source of confusion.

Line 28, '*Two lives :*' the life in death now and the life in death hereafter. Lines 29, 30. Query — sinnes or sinnes', *i.e.* sinnes' [death] ? Probably the latter. There is no mean or resting-place between the two, between the death or death-life due to sin and the life given by the Saviour's death.

87. *Dialogue*, p. 129. Line 4, '*waving*'=wavering. So Samuel Speed in Prison Pietie (1679) :

> 'In Thomas 'twas a fault
> To hault
> In waving faith until
> His will
> Was satisfied.' (P. 136.)

The second stanza is the Saviour's reply, and I so inscribe it; and as it is the Son, not the Father, Who speaks, the 'That' of l. 16 must mean 'That' [sale]. The rest of the dialogue and its partition is not so clear, and has been made more obscure by its punctuation hitherto. I have thus arranged it: Man's reply from l. 17 to 26 inclusive. Then the Saviour's reply down to l. 31, 'smart.' I have also placed the side names over ll. 1, 17, 32, and 9, 27 respectively. Lines 24-27. I understand this to mean—I resigne, and that is all [*i.e.* and so an end]. Then comes an after-thought, 'if [indeed] that I could get without repining;' and here, as I take it, the words of our Saviour interrupt the man, just as afterwards man's words break in upon our Saviour's (l. 32). Hence our punctuation.

88. *Dulnesse*, p. 130. Line 14, '*That those*'=all perfections in one.

Line 18, '*window songs*.' See Sir Philip Sidney, Astrophel and Stella, Sonnet liii., and Donne's Songs and Lyrics.

90. *Providence*, p. 132. Line 2, '*strongly and sweetly movest*.' Cf. the Vulgate, 'Attingit a fine usque ad finem *fortiter*, et disponit omnia *suaviter*' (Sap. viii. 1).

Line 8, '*secretarie of Thy praise*.' Bacon was contemporaneously called 'The Secretary of Nature.' Cf. Herbert's Latin Poems to and on Bacon in Vol. II.

Line 9, '*Birds dittie*'=Birds would fain fit song-words to their notes.

Line 13, '*Man . . . . High-Priest*.' See our Essay in Vol. II. for Archbishop Leighton's reference to this place. Lines 41-44. So Pliny (N. H. li. c. 2), 'Rerum Natura nusquam magis quam in minimis tota est.'

Line 42, '*even praise*'=praise evening or equal to Thy deserts.

Line 47, '*poore sand*.' Leighton remembered this (on Ps. viii.): 'the Sea fitted for navigation, together with the multitudes of creatures in it, small and great, and the impetuousness of it, yet confined and forced to roll in its channel so that it cannot go forth; *the small sands giving check* to the great waters.' Again: 'To see the surges of a rough sea come in towards the shore, a man would think that they were hastening to swallow up the land; but they know their limits, and are beaten back into foam' (Sermon on Ps. lxxvi. 10). Luther said: 'Let our enemies indulge their transports of rage; God has not set up a stone wall to confine the waves of the sea, nor has He restrained them by a mountain of iron. He thought it enough to place a shore, a barrier of sand' (Tischredon, 447).

Line 51. It is clear from the context, the last half of l. 50, by 'birds' teaching us hawking, that he means to say now, fish teach us fishing, their nets being their wide mouths. Donne says something like this of the whale's mouth in Progress of the Soule, l. 331, &c.; the whale was then deemed a fish.

Line 63, '*callow*.' Here 'fledged' explains its sense, which is 'bare,' and thence secondarily, from the softness of the down of the unfledged bird, 'soft.' Cf. previous Note on 59. Vanitie, l. 17.

Line 71, '*streams*.' In accord with the old philosophy that streams ran into the sea, and thence returned to their spring-head by hidden ways in the earth, when, by percolation, the waters were drained of their saltness. See full Note, *s.v.*, in our SOUTHWELL.

Line 80, '*our art*.' Reads rather like a belief in astrology, and an apology for its shortcomings through the imperfection of our knowledge. There is a strange proverb in his 'Jacula Prudentum'—'Astrology is true, but the astrologers cannot find it.'

Line 85, '*Poysons praise Thee*.' Secondarily, he may mean, because the neighbourhood of their antidote (a favourite belief in olden times) shows the goodness of Providence; but primarily, judging from the succeeding line and a half, by their curative effects when used medicinally. He may also have thought of this, that what poisons a man or other animal is sometimes food for another—a piece of knowledge embodied in the proverb, 'What is one man's meat is another man's poison.'

Lines 91, 92,

> 'The windes, who think they rule the mariner,
> Are rul'd by him, and taught to serve his trade.'

In one profound and wondrous sense God alone 'rules' the 'windes;' and our blessed Lord nowhere asserted His supreme and absolute divinity more impressively than on the sea, when He 'commanded' the humanly-uncontrollable unreachable 'winds' and they 'obeyed' Him. Man *qua* man 'rules' much, but the 'winds' are uniquely beyond his control. (Cf. St. Matthew viii. 27.) Nevertheless there is another sense wherein man does 'rule' even the 'winds.' That is, given God's providence that allows them to blow as He lists, it is of God's providence that man in his reason can make them in the very act of opposing do his purpose, and carry him, by adjusted sails, whither he would. Nothing on the sea, unless in case of a storm, that shows the power of God and man's impotency beyond a given point, so strikes the imagination as this power of man over the winds and waters, through the reason granted him; and in this visible contention and masterdom lies the poetry of a sailing ship over a steamer. In the one you compel the winds to do your will and send you whither they would not; in the other you call in another power of nature, an irresistible invisible power, which has nothing to do with the winds, and which, in its irresistibility, does not need to bend them to man's will, and so diminishes the appearance of contention—man standing, as it were, idly by, as Solomon at the building of the Temple. It is suggestive that the lesser triumph of man thus more powerfully acts on the imagination than the greater.

Line 97, '*good cheap*'=pass at a cheap or less rate, are *bon marché*. See our introductory Note to Jacula Prudentum in Vol. III.

Line 114, '*broach*'=to tap. Still in common use. Lines 117, 118. So in Vaughan's 'Rainbow:'

'Rain gently spends his honey drops.'

Line 131, '*Whey*.' See new Latin Poems in Vol. II.

,, 133, &c., '*leap not*.' Created things are as a linked chain, not each kind separate, with gaps between. Mines, he says, unite earth and plants (l. 136), because it was, and with many is, a belief that ores grow. Rocks known by experience to be present when a vein is 'productive' or contains ore, are still spoken of in mining language as ore-producing or ore-bearing rocks.

Line 138, '*shiftest hands*.' The allusion is probably to the monkeys of America, whose thumbs are opposable only on the hinder limbs. Lines 139, 140. That a crocodile should be thought to move his upper jaw is an error of observation easily understood when we look to the small flat head and large lower jaw; and to this, that he must generally elevate and bend back the head to gape at width. That the lower jaw was stationary is a super-added theory. The kindred theory that the elephant had no knee-joints and could not lie down, seems to have been of mediæval origin; and it is curious to find it believed by so many not of the vulgar, considering that it was contradicted by the testimony of classical writers and by the exhibition of at least one elephant in Herbert's time.

Line 148, '*twice*'=he praises God his own ways, and in this hymn yet another way, by declaring and joining in the universal praise of all creation. The same thought is contained in and explains the subsequent lines.

91. *Hope*, p. 138. From their interest I have deemed it right to give in this place certain 'Notes and Queries' on this little poem in the publication under this title. Having been made the subject of a 'query' by G. D. (1st S. ix. 54) as enigmatical, two replies were sent and printed. The first was from F. C. H. (=the late venerable and learned Dr. Husenbeth, of Cossey, Norwich), and is as follows: 'The short poem of this author [George Herbert] entitled *Hope* turns evidently upon matrimonial speculation; though it may well serve to show the vanity of human expectation in many more things. The

watch was given apparently to remind Hope that the time for the wedding was fairly come; but Hope, by returning an anchor, intimated that the petitioner must hope on for an indefinite time. The next present, of a prayer-book, was a broad hint that the matrimonial service was ardently looked for. The optic glass given in return showed that the lover must be content to look to a prospect still distant. It was natural then that tears of disappointment should flow, and be sent to propitiate unfeeling Hope. Still the sender was mocked with only a few green ears of corn, which might yet be blighted, and never arrive at maturity. Well might the poor lover, who had been so long expecting a ring as a token of the fulfilment of her anxious wish, resolve in her despair to have done with Hope. After writing the above the thought occurred to me that the poet's ideas might be so expanded as to supply at once the answer to each part of the enigma. I send the result of the experiment:

"I gave to Hope a watch of mine; but he,
Regardless of my just and plain request,
An anchor, as a warning, gave to me,
That on futurity I still must rest.
Then an old prayer-book I did present,
Still for the marriage service fit to use;
And he in mockery an optic sent,
My patience yet to try with distant views.
With that I gave a phial full of tears,
My wounded spirit could no more endure;
But he return'd me just a few green ears,
Which blight might soon forbid to grow mature.
Ah, loiterer! I'll no more, no more I'll bring,
Nor trust again to thy deceiving tale;
I did expect ere now the nuptial ring
To crown my hopes, but all my prospects fail."' (x. 18.)

G. D. was not satisfied by this lighter interpretation; and so answered his own 'Query' with this 'Note,' thus: 'The reply to this, inserted in vol. x. p. 18, did not at all satisfy me. I now beg to offer the accompanying, given me by a friend, as seeming more suggestive of the author's probable meaning: "I gave to Hope a watch of mine (*i. e.* a timepiece representing fleeting time). I receive in exchange a sure and steadfast hope (the anchor). Then taking to prayer, I receive from him an optic (the eye of faith). I fall to repentance (the phial full of tears). He gives a few green ears (the promise of better things). I turn away impatiently (rebelliously). I did expect a ring (completion of my desires, not expectation merely). The whole seems the picture of man, impatient in *working out* his salvation,

dreaming his faith and repentance should at once obtain their full reward" ' (x. p. 333). Looking at these communications critically, it seems clear that Dr. Husenbeth has erred, led away by the word 'ring,' and from unmindfulness of Herbert's conceitful style. His suggestion, moreover, is against all we know of Herbert's life and marriage. The Friend of the Querist was in the main right. It is the picture of a man impatient of results when working out his salvation. The timepiece is his mute appeal that time has past, and the time of results, the expected hour, come. Hope replies with the anchor: the hope is sure, but you must ride out the tide. Man—that is, Herbert—gives a prayer-book: he has prayed and hoped long, and now the answer should come. Hope gives a telescope, which to the eye of Faith shows the desired end distinctly and near, though far off. Then are given tears, pleadings of misery, powerful with the compassionate; but with lesser kindness than before Hope returns a few green ears. So if you water and tend, your fruit shall be sixty-fold, ay an hundredfold; but be remiss, and the fruit will be blasted. This is the answer; and I looked for a ring of betrothal to Happiness, from whom joined of God no power should put me asunder. The poem is a narrative-picture of one of Herbert's many despondencies.

92. *Sinne's Round*, p. 138. Here again, as a conceit in accordance with the thought, these verses form a corona, or round, each stanza commencing with the last line of the preceding, and the last line of all being the same as the first. Cf. our Note on The Altar.

Line 5, '*cockatrice*.' 'For one cockatrice or basilisk, the diminutive king of serpents, half a foot long, but so venomous, that it slayeth serpents and all that hath life by his breath and by his sight, but is overcome by the weasel, who fortifieth himself against the venom by eating rue.' See Batman. The latter portion is based on tales of the serpent-killing and weasel-like mungoos of India, which, however, as now proved, eats no antidote herb. The mediæval basilisk, or cockatrice, was, however, a stranger animal, with legs, wings, a cock's head, a serpentine tail, and possessing the same venomous properties, and born of a cock's egg hatched under a toad or serpent (Sir Thomas Browne's Vulgar Errors, iii. c. 7). The allusion in the text is to thoughts working together for evil; as, according to another fable, the egg was borne aloft and along, hatching or to be hatched, by the busy intervening of a number of serpents.

Line 11, '*lewd*'=licentious, vile.

93. *Time*, p. 139. Line 19, '*this it is:*' *i.e.* the fact that our souls will be conveyed as above—this antecedent being, as often in old writers, not formally expressed in words, but implied in them.

94. *Gratefulnesse*, p. 140. Line 1, '*O.*' Either the 'O' is wrong, or we must scan 'that hast giv'n' as one foot or two syllables—a form not occurrent in Herbert elsewhere. I have ventured to omit it, and read not 'O Thou,' but simply 'Thou.'

95. *Peace*, p. 141. Line 15, '*Crown Imperiall.*' 'The flower with that name. Cowley, in his hymn to Light, has a beautiful allusion to it:

> "A crimson garment in the rose thou wear'st;
> A crown of studded gold thou bear'st;
> The virgin lilies in their white
> Are clad but with the lawn of almost naked light."'
> (Willmott.)

96. *Confession*, p. 143. Line 5, '*till*'=money-drawer.

Line 15, '*foot.*' To 'foot' it, is to walk. Here it seems to mean to get on the footsteps or track of.

97. *Giddinesse*, p. 144. Line 11, '*snudge:*' 'to walk along [or go generally] as it were wrapped in oneself, without regarding persons or things that may be in the way.' Dyche. Also, to go as one full of business. Greene, at the end of his Menaphon, says that Doron, having discovered the high degree of the lady he had loved, 'snudged him selfe up, and jumpte a marriage with his old friend Carmela,' where it seems to mean, betook himself to his own rural business, and settled down to it. The noun means a country churl, and like many living apart, a curmudgeon, a miser; and snudging was the miserly way of a miser. To 'snudge' also signified to go slily or sneakingly, and hence the noun also meant a sneaking fellow.

Line 19, '*Dolphin.*' Not the sea-mammal, the porpoise, or Delphinus, that carried Arion and others (Pliny, N. H. l. ix. c. 8), but the fish Coryphœna hippuris, whose brilliant hues show variously during his swift course and bendings, and whose colours still remaining brilliant, change and vary in hue when, taken out of the water, it is allowed to die.

Line 20, '*desires.*' 'If his outward appearance changed like his mind, and as often.' Willmott. But the belief that the dolphin changed its hues according to its desire is erroneous, nor do I know where Herbert found it. The chamelion may, perhaps, do so.

98. *The Bunch of Grapes*, p. 145. Line 4, '*vogue*.' Properly free course of a vessel with a fair wind and open sea, when not constrained by the wind to a particular line, but going free, and able to alter its direction. Hence secondarily sway, authority (the action expressed in swaying a sceptre illustrating the similar senses in which sway is used). Afterwards the esteem, estimation, or credit which anything had by common or general consent, as a fashion in vogue. Latterly—and later than Herbert's time—it has been used as nearly synonymous with fashion. Herbert here uses it as = a free course with full sail; and hence his use of the word 'air' in the immediate context.

Line 10, '*spann'd*' = measured out. The usual punctuation of a period (.) after renown obscures the meaning. Herbert says a deed that is single, and without consequences, is of small renown: but God's works are not so; they are wide, and are types bearing the future within themselves. Hence I place a semicolon (;) only, and perhaps a comma had been better still.

99. *Love-unknown*, p. 146. Line 38, '*to spread and to expatiate*.' An example of an idiomatic tautologic usage, much seen in our older writers (Shakespeare included), of using synonyms derived from the different languages of which our own is formed. Here, by reason of the ex = abroad, the Latinate word is a little the stronger.

Line 70, '*quick*:' in opposition to 'dull' (l. 66); but Herbert makes use of its double sense to imply the deeper sense of living—in Christ.

101. *The Storm*, p. 150. Line 6, '*object*' = 'throw forward, so as to comfort them.' Willmott. See our margin-explanation.

Line 7, '*Starres have their storms*.' The allusion seems to be to meteor-showers; but it is more difficult, perhaps, to understand why this and the next line are, as it were, interpolated here. The conceit is, that as there are storms in heavenly places, so our forceful storms, meeting not with a contrary region, but with one of like character, are able to ascend to Heaven's doors.

103. *The Method*, p. 152. Line 6, '*move*:' used much as it is in Parliament, &c. So 'motion' is used further on (ll. 19 and 23).

104. *Divinitie*, p. 153. Line 11, '*fine*' = had it been a fashionably-cut garment. The metaphor was suggested, no doubt, by the quaintly-carved, cut, slashed, and paned dresses of Herbert's time.

Line 25, '*epicycles*.' In the Ptolemaic astronomy, when it

was found that movement in circles would not accord with the observed positions of the planets, and as the circle, as the only supposedly perfect curve, was obliged to be retained, epicycles —circles upon or within the original circles—were added and superadded, to keep the earth-standing and sphere-circling theory in agreement with the more and more correct observations that were made. See Note on 146. The Foil, l. 2.

105. *Ephes.* iv. 30, p. 154. Line 30, '*crystal.*' The conceit is based on the 'clear stream.' If a clear stream, which typifies purity and sin washed away, run continually, why should not I, muddied with sin, run more continuously, that as a stream in its course cleanses itself, so may I? This is set to music by J. Blow, in 'Harmonia Sacra.'

106. *The Familie*, p. 156. Line 1, '*noise.*' As shown by 'part,' the word is here used in its then sense of a set or company of musicians; *e.g.* Sneak's noise (Shakespeare) or Rupert's noise meant Sneak's or Rupert's set of players or band. Cf. 144. Aaron, l. 8.

Line 3, '*loud*' and the rest of the context show that 'pulling' is=puling (as in margin).

Line 10, '*plaies.*' 'Plays upon it like a musical instrument, and brings it into tune.' Willmot. It seems more agreeable to colloquial idiom and to the next line to interpret it as='acts as, takes the part of the soul, and like it regulates the whole commonwealth of man.' Cf. The Church Porch, st. lxviii. 'Play the Man.'

Line 20, '*shrill.*' Clear speaking without harshness: so we read of the waking of Adam from sleep:

> "Which the only sound
> Of leaves and fuming rills, Aurora's fan,
> Lightly dispersed; and the shrill matin song
> Of birds in every bough."
> (Paradise Lost, v. 6.)' Willmott.

107. *The Size*, p. 157. Line 39. I insert a missing line, =[If they did] 'At all times fall.' Curiously enough the lacking rhyme-line with 'all' has not been observed hitherto. In the singular MS. of most of The Temple described in our Essay, the verse runs:

> 'Wherefore sit down, O my good heart,
> Grasp not at much, lest thou lose all;
> If comforts after our desert
> *Upon us at all times should fall,*
> They would no doubt great frosts and cold
> With many whiter snows destroy:

For we in counting should be bold
To reckon up since the last joy.'

I have made the inserted line to correspond with the others throughout; but (;) has been inadvertently omitted.

Line 40, '*great frosts*.' Probably suggested by some great frost. There was a very great and destructive one in 1614, which would be remembered for some years and 'counted from.' By the last lines, Herbert is speaking of himself and his feelings, not generally; and here, believing like David in his Christian integrity, and yet cast down, he says, 'Content yourself, my heart; if God's rule were comfort on earth according to desert, then would my frosts and snows have vanished; but it is not so.'

Line 43, '*opened*'=as a pocket.

108. *Artillerie*, p. 158. Lines 1, 2. Cf. new Latin Poems in Vol. II.

110. *Justice*, p. 161. Line 7, '*dishes*'=scales of the weight-holders.

Line 9, '*'scape*'=the upright in the middle of the beam, or that part of it which is, as it were, an index.

Line 10, '*tort'ring*.' Pickering (1853), Bell and Daldy (1865), Willmott misprint 'tottering.' It is 'tort'ring' in 1632-3, Bodleian and Williams MS.=torturing, which alone gives Herbert's meaning.

111. *The Pilgrimage*, p. 162. Line 147. Willmott in his introduction to his edition of Herbert writes on this: 'The characteristic of Herbert's fancy is fruitfulness. The poetry, like the theology of that age, put all learning into an abridgment. A course of lectures flowed into the rich essence of a single sermon. A month's seed bloomed in an ode. The 17th was the contradiction of the 19th century, the object being then to give the most thought in the smallest space, as now to sow the widest field with the frugallest corn. Herbert's "Pilgrimage" is an example. Written, probably, before Bunyan was born—certainly while he was an infant—it contains all the Progress of the Pilgrim in outline. We are shown the gloomy Cave of Desperation, the Rock of Pride, the Mead of Fancy, the Copse of Care, the Wild Heath where the Traveller is robbed of his gold, and the Gladsome Hill that promises a fair prospect, but only yields a lake of brackish water on the top. Such a composition would scarcely escape the notice of that Spenser of the people, who afterwards gave breadth and animation and figures to the scene' (pp. xxv.-vi.).

Line 14, '*the wold.*' Query—in calling the wild of passion a 'wold' or wasted place, did Herbert characteristically pun on the wold—the 'would,' that which one willed?

Line 17, '*angel*'=a play on the double meaning of 'angel'—one of Herbert's characteristic equivoques. Whether the angel be Faith, Hope, Grace, or any other, each must decide.

114. *The Discharge*, p. 165. Line 3, '*licorous.*' Though a licorous eye may become tempting to one also licorous, its true meaning is not tempting or inviting, and is not and cannot be so here. It is probably taken from the licking of the lips of men and animals when slavering and greedy-desirous, and is metaphorically applied to the eyes, &c. Lecherous is in fact the same word, but more confined by present custom to one form of desire.

Lines 13-14. A simile suggested, probably, by the 'pillar of cloud,' though the meaning be in part different. He sends crosses in joy and joy in crosses, darkness in light and light in darkness, yet all in love and guiding.

Line 23, '*future brow*'=beat in perplexity thy brow, endeavouring to forecast the future.

Line 32, '*breaks the square.*' The reverse of going upon or acting on the square = acts disloyally, breaks the agreement that the present is his, and the future his God's.

Line 36, '*environs and surrounds:*' explained by ll. 33-35.

,, 45, '*out an end*'=draw it out to the full, or to the dregs. The phrase is taken from tilting a cask on end to get all out of the tap.

115. *Praise*, p. 167. Line 7, '*working*'=labouring.

116. *An Offering*, p. 168. Lines 11, 12. 'The crimes or the faith of one may bring a judgment or a blessing upon a whole people; as in the case of David.' Willmott. This is again incorrect, in that there is not, and from the nature of the poem cannot be, a reference to the sin of one affecting a whole nation, but a reference only to the blessing that such one can be. The usual full-stop at 'nation' is clearly an error for (,)—an error most common in the printed texts of Herbert.

Line 22, '*All-heal.*' Marvell daintily introduces 'all-heal' into his 'Damon the Mower,' as follows:

> 'Alas! said he, these hurts are slight
> To those that dye by Love's despight.
> With shepherd's purse, and clown's all-heal,
> The blood I stanch and wound I seal.'

Whereon, in the place, I have this note: '. . . . the latter, in

Cole's English Dictionary, 1708, is called Clown's wound-wort. See some notes on mistletoe=All heal, in Notes and Queries, 3d Series, vii., by Dr. William Bell; also Dr. Prior's Popular Names of British Plants . . . . Gerarde's name for a species of Glidewort or Ironwort, or Clown's All-heal or Clown's Wound-wort; so called because a countryman healed himself with it of a scythe-cut in the leg, and so "famoused it to all posterity" ' (Works of MARVELL, i. pp. 71-2). Herbert finely applies it to Jehovah Rophi, Jehovah the Healer.

Lines 34-5. Taken from a boyish saying, where the cry, 'All of mine and none of thine,' insures the whole find to the first discoverer.

117. *Longing*, p. 170. This was set to music by Henry Purcell, in the 'Treasury of Music.'

Line 17. Their infants [suck] them.

,, 50, '*leaf:*' Willmott misprints 'lease.'

,, 52, '*interlin'd.*' So Henry Vaughan has 'Some silent star may *interline:*' also under Providence.

118. *The Bag*, p. 173. Line 6, '*eyes.*' He may wholly close His eyes. I note this, because the position of the 'well' makes its sense ambiguous.

120. *The Collar*, p. 175. Line 5, '*as large as store*'=as abounding in choice varieties as a store.

Line 21. From 1632-3 onward to Willmott this has been badly mis-punctuated, with comma (,) after fit—spoiling the meaning.

Line 29, '*fears.*' Like the death's-head, the monsters which encircle his abode or cage to prevent his going beyond bounds; the monsters put to 'fear' or frighten him. The imagery is drawn from the old tales of romance with their enchanted castles and encircling lions and the like.

Lines 33-36. Cf. Parentalia, Vol. II. pp. 71-2, ll. 7-10, 'Tandem,' &c.

121. *The Glimpse*, p. 177. Line 27=If Delight will stay. he will busy himself, as a woman with her spinning-wheel, that, being busy the time of stay may seem short.

122. *Assurance*, p. 178. Line 5=What poison is equal to doubt mixed with that wisdom, the knowledge of one's self.

Line 13, '*And what to this*'=What is equal to or greater than this.

Lines 39, 40=Thou hast cast a bone of contention, which has rebounded on thyself and chokes thee.

Line 41=What one began not so much through love to God as in love to one's self, that is through a desire to save one's self, now, &c.

124. *Clasping of Hands*, p. 180. Line 8=that having died, he restored himself, putting on man's spiritual body. 'Me' is therefore=myself.

125. *Praise*, p. 181. Line 1, '*mean*.' See 135. A True Hymn, l. 2.

Line 13=blow as an opposing wind against a traveller.

Lines 33-5=hoisted flags, &c., on steeples on days of public rejoicing.

128. *The Priesthood*, p. 184. Line 29. The sense is 'O what pure things, [O what] most pure [things] must,' &c. I punctuate accordingly. Henry Vaughan quotes this in his 'Mount of Olives.'

Line 42. The poor give praise to power by submission; nobles show it by their ostentatious magnificence, which only proves to the king how much greater he is than such subjects, and how great he is in having such great subjects. The thought would be more readily understood in Herbert's time, when the nobility vied with one another in extravagance of apparel; while James was not given to pomp, unless on great occasions, as on the marriage of his daughter.

129. *The Search*, p. 185. Line 14, '*simper*'=sparkle, as in a smile.

Line 59, '*bear the bell*.' See previous Note on The Church Porch, st. xxiii. l. 1.

130. *Grief*, p. 188. Lines 1, 2. Throughout a reminiscence of Jeremiah ix. 1.

Line 10, '*of a lesse world*.' Of man the microcosm or world in little; the world, itself the greater, is but small, &c. See Note *antea*.

132. *The Flower*, p. 190. See our Essay for Coleridge's Note on this poem.

Line 3, '*demean*'=demain, domain, dominium, or lordship; *i.e.* the flowers' true and inalienable possessions. It was applied, at least in France (see Cotgrave), not only to lands or possessions, but to (royal) imposts or dues.

Line 18, '*chiming*.' See previous Note from Southey on The Church Porch, st. lxv. l. 3.

133. *Dotage*, p. 192. Line 1, '*glozing*'=false, flattering.

Ib. '*casks*.' A cask of happiness, much more 'casks,'

would be a very pleasant thing and not a 'guilded emptinesse,' but a solid pleasure. Our idiom does not allow of taking 'cask' as a mere empty cask in such a phrase. It will be seen also on examination that there is some attempt to keep up a parallelism of difference in the two stanzas—one of pleasures in the world, the other of its sorrows; and the phrase set against this in the second stanza is 'rooted miseries.' A cask, *i.e.* a casque of happiness, would signify emptiness, but would be the strangest of expressions, and in nowise corresponding with 'rooted miseries.' The word I feel inclined to substitute would be 'husks:' this perhaps, by thought of the grain or seed that was wanting, might have suggested 'rooted miseries;' the grain of misery sown would produce a rooted plant itself, bringing forth miseries forty-fold or more. There is indeed the word 'lask,' which became almost a technical term for diarrhœa, and this, in both old and new dictionaries and glossaries, is the only meaning given it; but it was also used for a syringe, and this, and the word *lasschynge* quoted by Halliwell,

> 'For lyze lasschynge flame alle the londe over,'

and similarly used indeed in our day, might allow us to read 'lasks of happiness'=jets or gushes of happiness. But we want an example of the word in that sense, and I doubt whether in Herbert's time the word was used for anything but diarrhœa or a syringe. The latter sense is found in Parkinson's Theatr. Botan. I have not dared to insert 'husks,' but submit above considerations.

Line 2, '*night-fires*:' ignes fatui.

,, 3, '*chases*' = hunting-scenes embroidered. See The Church Porch, xlv. 6, &c.

Line 4, '*career*'='The ground on which a race is run or a combat fought.' Willmott.

Line 8, '*in grain*'=in substance, anguish throughout the substance, and perhaps with the farther punning conceit 'anguish in full fruit.' See full Note on 'grain,' in our Sir PHILIP SYDNEY, vol. i. pp. 136-7.

134. *The Sonne*, p. 193. Line 3, '*coast*.' See our Sir PHILIP SYDNEY, as before, for a full Note on 'coast,' vol. i. p. 118; also Wright's Bible Word-book, *s.v.*

Line 5, '*neatly*'=nicely, fittingly.

135. *A True Hymne*, p. 193. Line 2, '*meaning*.' Here, as in 125. Praise, l. 1, and as in legal phraseology in Scotland, the

word signifies 'declare' or 'set forth,' just in fact as 'signify' is used in the same sense of declaring or setting forth. In older books 'mean' is used in the same sense in such phrases as —— and so, —— meaneth in his book, &c. Whether also it was the speaker's word, or a mere professional phrase put into his mouth, we find that, in Mead and Penn's trial, in 1670, Mead says: 'Take notice he [the witness] means now a clean contrary thing to what he swore;' where there is no question of 'meaning' in our sense of the term, but a pointing out that the plain statement of the witness was a different statement from that he had sworn before the Mayor at the committal. See Note in our SYDNEY, as before, vol. i. p. 121. Sydney also uses it as 'declare,' Astrophel and Stella, XXXV. (vol. i. p. 24), on which see our Note. In the next piece, l. 9, Herbert uses the word in a sense of which I can recollect no other example, except in The Church Porch, lvi. 4. It would almost seem that because 'mean' is a synonym for 'intend' in such phrases as 'He means well,' Herbert therefore thought himself entitled to use it in the primary sense of intend, and one in which it was in that day often used, namely, to stretch towards, seek, aim at.

Line 14=That there is somewhat behind [that is, 'wanting'] to make verse or hymns fitted in their nature for him; in other words, they want sincere affection over and above rhyme.

136. *The Answer*, p. 194. Line 9, see note on 135, l. 2.

Lines 13, 14. Characteristic humility.

139. *Self-Condemnation*, p. 196. Line 6, '*That choice may be thy storie*'='As if he said: What the Jews did may be told of you; your own wicked life and denial of the Saviour being shown in the very story you condemn.' Willmott. Rather= their story may be applied to you.

143. *Marie Magdalen*, p. 199. Line 14, '*dash*.' It is curious that almost alone Minsheu gives 'bedash, dabble or bemire with durt,' and no other meaning. It is here used in this sense, and is so far different from splash that it indicates what is intended to be indicated by Herbert, a wilful act. Plasterers, &c., use it as a technical term for throwing on mortar or the like.

144. *Aaron*, p. 200. Line 8, '*noise*.' See Note, 106. The Familie, l. 1.

145. *The Odour*, p. 201. Line 2, '*amber-greese*.' I transfer here from my edition of MARVELL'S Poems a note on 'ambergreese,' as follows: 'sea-born amber=ambergris, then spelled at full amber-greece or -griece, but in French as two words,

amber gris. It was considered one of the varieties of amber. Cotgrave enumerates "Ambre blanc [query—a variety of ambergris ?]. Ambre crud, as it is before it is polished and made transparent (by the fat of a sucking pig). Ambre gris, Ambre-greece, or gray amber (the best kind of amber), used for perfumes. Ambre noir, the worst kind of amber (jet, or in which jet was included), usually mingled with aloes, storax, and such-like aromaticall simples for Pomander chains [Poma ambræ]. Ambre de Paternostres, bead amber, the ordinary yellow amber.' See more in the place, MARVELL, vol. i. p. 44.

Line 10, '*fat*'=fattens. The old Puritans did not disdain the use of this word even to alliteration, as we have 'The soul-fatting Feast and Fast,' &c.

Line 16, '*pomander*'=a scent-ball, derived, says Johnson and others, 'from Fr. Pomme d'ambre;' but the existence of such a phrase is doubtful and requires proof.

146. *The Foil*, p. 202. Line 2, '*sphere.*' The circle and sphere being held the most perfect of figures and forms, and the heavens being regarded as perfect and unvarying, it was a supposed necessity that each body and each motion conformed thereto. Hence the elements had their spheres, the sky its, each planet and star its, and hence also, when it was found that circular motions did not accord with astronomical observations, the epicycles spoken of in Divinitie were super-added. See previous Note on 104. Divinitie, l. 25.

147. *The Forerunners*, p. 203. Line 1, '*harbinger.*' An officer of the king's household, who went before to allot and 'mark' the lodgings of the king's attendants in a 'Progress.' Nares quotes a passage so illustrative of the text as to warrant citation:

> 'I have no reason, no spare room for any,
> Love's harbinger hath *chalk'd* upon my heart,
> And with a coal writ on my brain "For Flavia,"
> This house is wholly taken up, "For Flavia."
> Albumazar.'

Harbingers of course brought the earliest and last news, and hence the word has obtained a secondary meaning different from its derivation, from harbergh, harbour, or lodging. See our edition of Dean DONNE's Poems, *s.v.*

Line 3, '*dispark.*' To understand the full meaning of this, it must be remembered that a 'park' could only be such by immemorial prescription or by royal license, and could only be 'disparked' by royal authority. The owner was placed, as it

were, as a royal gamekeeper, with sole power to destroy the royal game. In land enclosed without such authority the animals were, as in unenclosed land, wild beasts, *feræ naturæ*, and no action would lie against any one for killing them, but for trespass only. Of course harbingers could not 'dispark,' except as king's messengers sent with special mandate to that effect. But the thought that Death's harbingers are dispossessing the whole family of a man for new tenants, that is, for worms, naturally leads to the thought of new possession under altered tenure.

Line 9, '*passe*'=I passe not, exactly equivalent to let it pass [me], let it go by=I care not. So Cotgrave, 'je ne m'en soucie point.'

Line 26, '*canvas*.' See previous Note on The Church Porch, st. xlv. l. 6. Arras was the best kind of tapestry or woven hangings, which reached its perfection in the Gobelin tapestry. Canvas=the painted cloths which, as cheaper, came to be used instead of arras—canvas painted with figures and moral sayings in prose and verse. Falstaff recommends them when the hostess says she will have to pawn her plate and tapestry [arras, &c.] to furnish him with money (2 King Henry IV., act ii. scene 1). And in As You Like It, act iii. scene 2, Orlando says, 'I answer you right painted cloth, from whence you have studied your questions;' and in Lucrece we have,

> 'Who fears a sentence or an old man's saw,
> Shall by a painted cloth be kept in awe.'

Line 35, '*chalk the doore*.' See Note and quotation on l. 1.

149. *Discipline*, p. 205. See new Latin Poems in Vol. II.

150. *The Invitation*, p. 207. Line 8, '*define*'=give an (ill) character to, by the qualities it dulls and the qualities it brings out. Cf. The Church Porch, st. vi.; and see Note on '*third glasse*.' It would not be unaccordant with Herbert's style and the word-conceits of the time (as witness the same in Shakespeare) to suppose a kind of pun or double meaning intended, where 'define' would not only suggest define him by his then qualities, but also that his fineness or propriety peculiar to man is taken (de) away or from him—a sub-play also on 'finis.'

Line 18, '*the fright*'=frightfulness, terror.

151. *The Banquet*, p. 208. Line 4, '*neatnesse*.' 'Milton has the word in his sonnet to Mr. Lawrence:

> "What neat repast shall feast in light and choice."' Willmott.

Line 25, '*pomanders*.' See on 145, l. 16. In both instances the accent is on the first syllable.

152. *The Posie*, p. 210. Lines 3, 4. From Genesis xxxii. 10.

153. *A Parodie*, p. 211. Used in the sense of the Greek verb, well defined by Jones in his Lexicon, as 'I cite the words of a poet, and apply them slightly changed to another purpose.' The original is a love-lyric by Donne (vol. ii. pp. 235-6. of our edition). After the first verse, however, Herbert diverges both as to words and sense. Cf. too Marvell's Parodia to Charles, after Horace (Works by us, vol. i. pp. 398-9).

154. *The Elixir*, p. 212. See our Essay for Archbishop Leighton's reference to this poem.

Line 7, '*prepossest*'=make Thee possest of it beforehand.

,, 15, '*his tincture*.' So in Williams MS. and the Bodleian, 1632-3 edition, and all the earlier save 1656 and 1674, which read 'this.' Unhappily Bell and Daldy's (1865, &c.) follows the misprint. His=its, as usual with Herbert. Nothing so mean with its (his) tincture (viz. 'for Thy sake') but will grow bright, &c.; *i. e.* by the admixed colouring or virtues of the ingredient 'for Thy sake.' Dr. Macdonald thus speaks of Herbert's use of the word 'tincture' here: 'The Elixir was an imagined liquid sought by the old physical investigators, in order that by its means they might turn every common metal into gold, a pursuit not quite so absurd as it has since appeared. They called this something, when regarded as a solid, *the Philosopher's stone*. In the poem it is also called a tincture' (Antiphon, p. 175). So too Dr. Donne's use of the word is pointed out by the same critic, as follows: 'As an individual specimen of the grotesque form holding a fine sense, regard for a moment the words,

> "He was all gold when He lay down, but rose
> All tincture."

Which means that, entirely good when He died, He was something yet greater when He rose, for He had gained the power of making others good. The *tincture* intended here was a substance whose touch would turn the basest metal into gold' (Ibid. p. 124). Cf. our edition of VAUGHAN, i. 193. Thankful for Dr. Macdonald's all-too-few critical remarks, and speaking under correction, I rather think he is mistaken in making the Philosopher's stone, Elixir, and Tincture synonyms. The stone is the transmuting stone, as in last stanza. The Elixir is the *elixir vitæ*, that which refreshed and prolonged life. A Tincture, again, is neither one nor the other, but an admixture in

painting, dyeing, chemistry, &c., where one part, the vehicle, receives the colour, or the properties or virtues of the other part, forming such a compound as is fitted for the use intended, or such as possesses or appears to possess the purer and subtler parts of the substance whose virtues are extracted. Hence, first in general usage it came to mean the effects of such admixture, and was equivalent to staining or colouring. Secondly, it was used sometimes in a low sense, as when it is said a man has a tincture of learning—meaning an outward colouring or staining. Thirdly, a tincture in the arts, medicine, or alchemy, represented something more refined than the original substance; and in this view what were called the tinctures of the metals were employed in the processes for obtaining transmutation and the philosopher's stone and elixir. Here in Herbert it appears to be used in the sense of purifying the baser material to which it was applied or with which it was incorporated.

157. *Doom's-Day*, p. 214. Line 22=and through the violence of the winds a friend may drown at sea. Herbert had no knowledge of unseaworthy ships that drown without the accessories of winds and waves.

Line 26=Relieve us in, or from, our state of decay.

158. *Judgement*, p. 216. Line 7, '*heare tell*.' See our Essay for Coleridge's mistaken reading of this line, which originated in the misprint 'here' of 1674 and 1679 for 'heare.' G.

⁂ The Editor very earnestly asks the Reader to correct these two inadvertencies: p. 56, l. 34, put comma, not period, after 'them'; p. 158, l. 40, place semicolon or colon=If they ['comforts'] did—At all times fall: a Herbertian ellipse. G.

END OF VOL. I.

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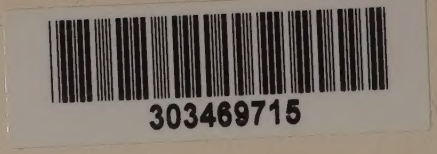
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